

THE LIVING AGE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THERE is variety enough this week, with one notable exception. Several pages of poetry have been crowded out, much to our regret. But they are always fresh.

Gower carries us back half a thousand years, to the infancy of the English language—to the beginning of English poetry. What a contrast to the new War Manufactures of the Woolwich Arsenal! Much of what still stands in finance and currency, seems to have been suggested 170 years ago by William Paterson.

The Reviewers all speak well of Dr. Kane, and are sorry that they find occasion of so much fault with the style of his biography.

Dear Mary Lamb comes upon the stage again. Who does not remember the tearful walk of herself and brother to the Insane Asylum which she needed!

The article on The Special Services in Westminster Abbey may remind us of what preceded them. Services had been held in Exeter Hall, by clergymen of the Church of England as well as others, and were attended by thronging multitudes. The continuous attraction, and unflinching attendance seemed to touch some sore point in the clergyman at whose "parish," and without whose "permission," other clergymen were thus officiating, and he forbade them. Whereupon the Dean and Chapter opened Westminster Abbey for evening Service. Whether "Christ was thus preached out of contention" or no, these additional evening services have been well attended, and to good effect. The services in Exeter Hall were at the same time continued by Dissenters—and some of these use the Liturgy, so as to supply, as nearly as they can, the constrained absence of the clergymen of the established church who had formerly officiated.

Were not these well attended services the beginning of the "Great Awakening" which has

taken place? Or did it come in different places at the same time, like the rain which sometimes falls over a whole continent at once?

It is an important point of this "Living Age" to record an impression that has fallen "without observation" upon thousands, perhaps upon millions of men. It has come as silently as dew upon the grass. Blessed are our eyes which see it. Ordinary business and political newspapers, some of those even which have been thought unbelievers in Revelation, have daily and respectfully,—almost reverentially, chronicled large gatherings, in the midst of the places and hours of business, of persons who appear softened and solemnized by the thoughts of the Eternity before them; and who come together, not to hear eloquent preaching, but to listen, with bowed hearts, to the simplest words of exhortation and prayer. We shall no doubt find future articles on this subject, which will become historical.

Our kinsman and friend, the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, is publishing in parts, the New Testament. The edition is noticed among the New Books. It is of very convenient size for the pocket, printed upon handsome paper and in large type; bound in flexible covers, and gilt leaves. The Acts of the Apostles, with an introduction by Horne, are comprised in one small volume—and we wish for the whole Bible in volumes of this quality and size. We are further indebted to him for the General Epistle of James, issued as a tract. Of tracts from the same source he has issued a great variety, ranging from 141 pages down to 6; and from 8 cents apiece, to 2 for a cent. "Suited to Sea and Shore."

In the next number will appear the French views of the flurry with England, by the highest authority

NEW BOOKS.

ANDROMEDA, and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

ROBINSON'S SERMONS. Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M. A. Second Series. From the Fourth London Edition. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

STOCKTON'S PERIODICAL NEW TESTAMENT. No. 5. Price 50 Cents, Post Free. Thomas H. Stockton: Philadelphia.

The Acts of the Apostles, the received version, in paragraph form. The verses are in the margin; the marginal readings at the foot of the page. There is an Index as a substitute for the usual head lines of the chapters and pages, and it is made very full and complete; an introduction, by Thomas Hartwell Horne, which will be found useful; and two attractive views in modern Jerusalem.

A NEW ORCHARD AND GARDEN; or, the best way for planting, grafting, and to make any ground good, for a rich orchard. Particularly in the North, and generally for the whole kingdom of England, as in nature, reason, situation, and all probability, may and doth appear. With the Country Housewife, Garden, etc., etc. Printed at London, by J. H., for Francis Williams, 1626. Reprinted by Robert Pearsall Smith. Philadelphia: 1858. Price, One Dollar.

Here we not only read, but there are pictures by which we can see, how to do garden work. Here we see how trees grew, both above and under ground, before they had received the enlightenment of the "nineteenth century." In one case the roots run as far as the cut will permit, and we are appealed to in the legend: "Imagine the root to be spread farre wider."

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From The British Quarterly Review.

- (1.) *Confessio Amantis* of John Gower. Edited and collated with the best MSS., by Dr. Reinhold Pauli. 3 vols. Bell and Daldy. 1857.
- (2.) *Poema quod dicitur "Vox Clamantis."* Edited by the Rev. H. O. Coxe. 1850. (Roxburgh Club.)
- (3.) *Balades and other Poems.* By John Gower. 1818. (Roxburgh Club.)

In the south aisle of St. Mary Overy's—a church well worthy an especial pilgrimage, alike for its architectural beauty and its many historical memories—is a noble canopied altar tomb, on which reposes the effigy of an aged man with closed eyes and uplifted hands. The collar of S.S., and the dependent swan, prove the occupier of this tomb to have been of gentle birth, while the three volumes, with their rhyming Latin titles, that instead of crested hemlet or brodered pillow support the head, seem to indicate some connexion with the literature of his day; but of the original inscription nought remains, save that touching supplication of the departing spirit, "*figs. meriti.*" which may still be read in the quaint "chapelet" that binds the forehead. Some lingering remembrance of how munificent a benefactor to the church he who sleeps here had been, seems, however, to have survived the lapse of centuries, for previously to the late alterations, a slab, hard by, duly informed the reader that in 1764 the churchwardens (name and surname at full length, that parochial species of immortality) "repaired and beautified," in true churchwarden style, this venerable monument. Still, who the John Gower was, who four hundred and fifty years ago was there laid to rest, few indeed among the crowds who for so many generations glanced a careless look at the suppliant effigy as they passed along knew, or cared to know. Not thus carelessly will the lover of early English poetry, the student who delights to trace the progress of our "faire language," pass by, for to them that altar tomb is a venerable shrine beside which they will reverently linger, for there sleeps the friend of Chaucer, the poet, in his age second only to him in fame, "the moral Gower,"—he who first told so many an ancient tale, untold till then to English ears, the poet who first taught our noble birth-tongue to assert, even within the King's court, its rightful supremacy.

Very capricious is literary fame, and very

capriciously has literary fame dealt with this once far-renowned poet—"Angl. poeta. celeberrimus," as his laudatory epitaph once termed him; for while many writers have advanced but a single claim to immortality, and have had that claim allowed, Gower preferred a threefold claim, in French, in Latin, in English; but who, until as yesterday, knew aught of him or his works? And yet Gower, in his day, was a most popular writer, and little did the grateful canons of St. Mary Overy's think, when they reared that fair altar tomb, and so carefully inscribed the titles of his three chief works on the volumes that support the head, that the *Speculum Meditantis*, his French work, should be utterly lost; that the *Vox Clamantis*, his Latin work, should wait four hundred years after the discovery of printing ere it was deemed worthy of letter-press; and that the *Confessio Amantis*, his English work—written at the express command of one sovereign, and dedicated to another—read and quoted by all the fair and noble, honored by being one of the few books of English verse printed by Caxton, and again twice printed early in the following century—should have sunk into such utter oblivion, that from the close of the sixteenth century to the days of Warton, we doubt whether a single reference to that pleasant storehouse of tale and fable could be found. Great indeed was the popularity of Gower during the fifteenth and the earlier portion of the sixteenth century—perhaps even surpassing that of Chaucer—and only amid the brighter glories of the age of Elizabeth did the fame of John Gower become dim. And dim, even to extinguishment, had it become, when Warton, to whom the lover of early English poetry owes no common debt, introduced the poet and his English work, almost as though it were a newly-discovered manuscript; and then George Ellis, among his pleasant specimens of early English poetry, gave a general outline of the poem, and several illustrative extracts. Thus partially resuscitated, our venerable poet awakened some attention, and when Chalmers, in 1810, edited his *British Poets*, John Gower headed the series. Meanwhile, an old French manuscript, which had been in possession of the Marquis of Stafford's family for many generations was found to contain fifty "balades" composed by Gower, and under the belief that he belonged to the

family—a belief now proved by the unquestionable testimony of the poet's arms to be unfounded—Earl Gower, some forty years ago, printed them for the "Roxburgh Club," in their fac-simile black-letter. In 1850 Gower's Latin work, *Vox Clamantis*, was printed for the same club, under the able supervision of the Rev. Mr. Coxe, of the Bodleian, and now his English, and most important work, the *Confessio Amantis*, which had been very inaccurately printed in "Chalmers," comes out, ably, and most carefully edited by Dr. Pauli, and in a style of typography which, we think, must gratify the most enthusiastic admirer of the venerable old poet. Thus, Gower again appears before us, and, singularly enough, although his larger French work is considered to be lost, he still prefers his threefold claim, as a writer of French, and Latin, and English verse.

It is very pleasant to be able to trace somewhat of a writer's history, especially if, as in the case before us, he lived in times which have left their impress on succeeding generations, and took part, perhaps, in events which have now become historical; but, unfortunately, very little can be ascertained respecting John Gower, or his family. The careful research of the late Sir Harris Nicolas

—to whom we owe so many valuable notices of Chaucer—has supplied us with all the direct information which can be obtained from legal documents, and this amounts to little more than that he was of a Suffolk or Kentish family, of gentle birth, and most probably born between 1330-40. Where he received his first education is, as well as the place of his birth, unknown; and whether as an ancient tradition has recorded, he went to Oxford, and there became acquainted with Chaucer, is very uncertain. This tradition, which dates as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, is, we think, although unsupported by direct testimony, very likely to have been correct; for it is difficult indeed to imagine where Gower could have gained his certainly extensive learning, save at a university. The same tradition represents him subsequently as studying with his friend Chaucer in the Inner Temple; and this too *may* have been the case, since we have continual instances, even down to the Restoration, of young country gentlemen being sent from the university to one of the Inns of Court. That

Gower did not study with a view to the legal profession, nor was at any time a lawyer, is, however, certain, for the name is not to be found in any roll of any law-court during all the latter half of the fourteenth century, while the bitterness, even virulence, with which he denounces all members of the legal profession in his *Vox Clamantis*, farther disproves the belief that he ever was one of their number. Taking the date of Gower's birth between 1330-40 (the most probable date, since in 1392-3 he represents himself with "locke's hore," and, in 1398, as a feeble old man), we shall find him a gay and courtly esquire, possessed of ample property, "disporting" himself, most probably, at the brilliant court of Edward III., during its greatest brilliancy, exulting in the victories of Cressy and Poitiers, holding right pleasant discourse with Sir Walter Manny on lady-love and chivalry, listening to Froissart's choicest "carolles"—for Froissart sang many a *virelay* and *triolet* ere he set himself in good earnest to compile his delightful *Chronicles*—and, perhaps, in emulation of that admired Fleming, composing those pleasant "balades" which have been so happily preserved to us. Whether Gower ever actually bore arms, and, like his friend Chaucer, witnessed the real strife of the battle-field in France, as well as the mimic strife of joust and tournament, cannot be ascertained; but, from the lofty views he entertained of the knightly character, and the high place he always assigns to prowess, we should think it not unlikely that *armiger*, in his case, indicated its true meaning.

Although, as we shall find from his works, Gower was well acquainted—we should think personally acquainted—both with Thomas of Woodstock, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, and with Henry of Lancaster, there is no proof that he was, like many other young men of landed property, a retainer in the household either of Thomas of Woodstock or John of Gaunt. Much later, it seems very probable that he took service in that of Henry of Lancaster, then Earl of Derby, as in one of the rolls of the Duchy of Lancaster (17th Richard, 1393-4) is the entry of a collar being presented to "un esquier, John Gower," probably that collar of S.S. which he is represented as wearing on his tomb. During the reign of Edward III., however, our notices of him are very scanty. In 1368,

we find the manor of Kentwell, in Suffolk, was granted to him; and there is another document, dated in 1373, relating to the same. In the first year of Richard II., we meet with a very interesting record which proves the close friendship subsisting between our two early poets; this is a deed, executed by Chaucer in May, 1378, appointing John Gower and Richard Forrester his attorneys during his absence from England. Chaucer had, the year before, been sent on a secret mission to Flanders by the late King; on this occasion he was sent to Lombardy—a proof that he still continued in equal favor with the advisers of the young King, and a proof, we think, that Gower was in some way connected with the Court, and resided in London. At the time of the insurrection of Wat Tyler, he seems to have been in London; and, at the close of the same year, there is an entry in the Close Rolls of a grant of the manors of Feltham in Norfolk, and Multon in Suffolk. Gower was therefore possessed of at least three manors, and must have been a person of some consideration. It may be remarked that in this document he is described as “John Gower of Kent.” Soon after, his *Vox Clamantis*, was certainly begun, for in it he laments over the unsettled state of the kingdom under the rule of a youthful monarch; and in the last book, which is almost entirely addressed to the King, he characterizes him as *tener anorum*. From the familiar manner in which he addresses his counsels to the youthful King, it seems evident to us that he was personally acquainted with him; and the authoritative tone of the whole work seems to indicate almost an independent standing. That the work met with a very favorable reception, is proved by the numerous copies extant—several of them expensively executed; and the title “moral Gower,” which Chaucer in the *envoy* of his *Troilus and Cresseid* gives him, we think has unquestionable reference to this work.

The composition on which Gower's fame must chiefly rest—his *Confessio Amantis*—has mostly been assigned to as late a period as 1392-3; and even that careful antiquary, Sir Harris Nicolas gives this date; but we fully agree with Dr. Pauli, that, although 1392-3 (the 16th Richard II.) might be the date of its conclusion, it was begun many years before. It is, indeed, utterly impossi-

ble to believe that a work, which fills three octavo volumes of nearly four hundred pages of letterpress each, could have been entirely written even within two or three years; we therefore agree with the present editor, that the *Confessio Amantis* was begun fully as early as 1386, although we should be inclined to assign it a still earlier date. It is curious, that while so little can be ascertained as to the author, we should have so minute an account of the circumstances which led to the composition of this work, how—

“Under the towne of New Troye,—
In Temse when it was flowende,
As I in a bote came rowende,
So as fortune her tyme sette
My liege lord parchaunce I mette.
And so befell when I came neigh
Out of my bote whan he me seigh
He bade me come into his barge.”—

And then, after conversing on other things,
“this charge upon me leyde” —

“That to his high worthinesse
Som new thing I shoulde boke,
That he himselfe might it loke.”

In the “some newe thing,” we think there is reference to the *Vox Clamantis*, and that the King wished, likely enough, a more pleasant poem—one which, if it did deal in moralizations, should also afford some entertainment. And we think this was the main intention of the writer, for, as he remarks in his prologue, that inasmuch as “al of wisdom

“Dulleth oft a manne's wit.—
I wolde go the middel way,
And write a boke between the tway,
Somewhat of lyste, somewhat of lore.”

And well has he succeeded; for the *Confessio Amantis* is neither, as its name might imply, a long series of Anacreontics, nor a wearisome allegorical poem, in which Love and his attendants speechify after the extravagant style of the troubadours, but a pleasant collection of tales and fables, each told to illustrate some virtue, or to warn against some vice. But in a more important sense might the words “some new thing” be taken. It was indeed a “new thing,” for the poem written at the express command of the King, to come forth, not in Latin elegiacs, like the earlier work, not in the language of the court—that language in which Froissart wrote, in which Gower had already won fame, in which the touching epitaph upon Richard's own father, inscribed “that all might see and read it,” on his tomb in Canterbury Cathed-

dral, not ten years before, had been composed—but in the common language of the people! It is this that renders the *Confessio Amantis* so interesting a relic of the fourteenth century, for it is a trophy of the hard-won victory of our noble birth-tongue. Many a pleasant “romaunt” had already been sung in rude English; and Langland had already wielded its forcible capabilities in those graphic “Visions,” which aroused a rude populace, who felt their wrongs, although they needed words to express them; and a greater poet than Langland or Gower, too, had, some years before, in his *Boke of the Duchesse*, and his *Dreame*, scorned it not; but Gower led the despised language of the commons into the very presence-chamber of royalty, and proved to knight and noble, and high-born lady, how far in copiousness and power that “English tongue” surpassed the long-cherished language of France—that “English tongue” whose “words have gone forth even to the ends of the world.”

It is difficult to ascertain whether English was adopted at the command, or suggestion, of Richard; although that he approved of it must be certain. Gower, in his earlier prologue, gives us rather to understand that the choice was his own:

“And for that fewe men endite
In our Englissh, I thinke make
A boke for King Richard’s sake,
To whom belongeth my leigance
With all mine herte’s obeisance,
In all that ever a liege man
Unto his king may dou or can.”

Thus wrote Gower at the commencement of the voluminous poem; but, ere its completion, very different were the poet’s feelings, and when the finished work appeared in 1392-3, the dedication was to Henry of Lancaster, and the foregoing lines were altered to these which follow:—

“And for few men endite
In our Englissh I thenke make
A boke for *Englande’s* sake,
The year sixteenth of King Richard,
What shall befall here afterward,
God wote, for now upon this tide
Men seen the world on every side
In sundry wise so diverséd
That it well nigh stant all reverséd.”

And therefore he offers the work “unto mine owne lord”—a phrase that seems to indicate Gower as one of the retainers of Henry of Lancaster.

Much obloquy has been cast upon the

poet for this transference of allegiance, and he has been charged with abandoning his sovereign in adversity, and paying court to the successful usurper of his throne; but the dedication proves that Gower offered his homage to Henry of Lancaster while he was only Earl of Derby, and when the chance of his becoming King was scarcely within the bounds of possibility. Indeed, at the period indicated here, Richard was perhaps as firmly seated on the throne as during any period of his turbulent reign; while Henry of Lancaster was viewed by the King with especial feelings of distrust and dislike—a dislike that eventually sent him into exile—that exile from whence he returned to claim the broad lands of his father, and then to challenge the crown. There seems little likelihood that any personal offence was the cause of Gower’s secession from the King. We have seen that Richard was evidently on familiar terms with his poet; and pleasing in manners, and most liberal as the young King undoubtedly was to all around him, Gower could scarcely have had to complain of neglect or niggard reward; we therefore think that we must seek for the cause in the political and religious strifes of that day. In his *Vox Clamantis*, Gower appears as the stern denouncer of the vices of his times, which he insinuates led to the insurrection under Wat Tyler; and pointing to the various baleful influences still at work—among which the doctrines of Wickliffe stand foremost—he warns the King that greater mischiefs still may be expected, if he relax in needful vigilance. It is but justice, however, to the old poet to observe, that if he abuses “lollardie” with orthodox heartiness, he also denounces an indolent and luxurious clergy with scarcely less bitterness. It is therefore rather strange to find that the work became popular among ecclesiastics—indeed, the finest copy extant, that in All Souls’ Library, Oxford, was written expressly for Archbishop Arundel—and that the poet whose graceful love-songs were quoted and sung by the knights and ladies of the court found himself quoted by fierce theologians, and hailed by church dignitaries as champion of “the good, old ways.” Now this could not but be distasteful to Richard, who, although he does seem not have leaned towards “lollardie” himself, yet numbered among his chief friends and nearest relations

warm adherents to the despised cause. His mother, Joan of Kent, if not actually a disciple of Wycliffe, was certainly favorable to his doctrines, for three of her executors, Lord Latimer, Sir Lewis Clifford, and Sir Richard Stury, were leaders among the Wycliffites; and his most cherished friend, Sir Simon Burley, also was numbered among them; while that Anne, his idolized wife, protected and encouraged them as much as possible, rests, we think, upon indisputable historical evidence. Meanwhile the rapid spread of these doctrines had excited the alarm of the clergy, and with the succession of Courtney to the Primacy, a kind of crusade was preached against them, and the King's uncles were appealed to as leaders. The reader will find ample information touching the machinations of the high church party during the whole of Richard's turbulent reign in Dr. Vaughan's *Monograph on Wycliffe*; and from the vehement efforts made by them, we may judge how eagerly the advocacy of a writer, who might be considered emphatically as "the court poet," would be hailed, more especially as the other great poet of the day was more than suspected of "lollar-die".

It was in 1386 that we find the first indications of the strife between "the lords appellant," as they were afterwards called, and the King—that strife which, with scarcely an interval, lasted until Thomas of Woodstock, the chief mover, and Richard himself, were both violently cut off. This is, therefore, the period which we should assign as that of Gower's secession from Richard; and we shall find this also the date of Chaucer's more immediate connexion with the court, and the beginning of the period at which, under the auspices of Anne of Bohemia, he composed his *Legende of Gode Women*, and that sweetest of allegories, *The Flour and the Lefe*, and began, although he probably did not finish, until sometime after, his *Canterbury Tales*. Not only tradition, but legal documents, as we have seen, record the friendship of Gower and Chaucer. The same tradition also records their subsequent estrangement; and, unhappily, their works bear some witness of it. In the concluding lines of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseid*, he dedicates it to "moral Gower," and "the philosophical Stroode," praying their corrections, if needful; and Gower, in the earlier

copies of his *Confessio Amantis*, introduces Venus as sending a complimentary message to his friend:

"And grete wel Chaucer, whan ye meto,
As my discyple, and my poete:
For in the floure of his youth,
In sondry wise, as he wel couth
Of diteés, and of songés glad
The which he for my sake made
The lande fullylled is over all:"

and she therefore bids him, as "myn own clerk," in these his later days, "to make his testament of love." These, and the accompanying lines, are omitted in the copies which transfer the dedication of the poem from Richard to Henry of Lancaster; but while Gower merely withdraws his eulogy on his late friend, Chaucer, in the *Man of Lawe's Tale*, twice sarcastically alludes to Gower's work, although he does not insert his name. Was Gower's homage to the son of Chaucer's early patron the cause of this hostility? Did the poet, so highly esteemed by John of Gaunt, deem himself sole laureat of the proud house of Lancaster, and therefore resent with the keen sense of actual wrong, the dedication of the *Confessio Amantis* to the heir of that house? It would be very interesting if we could ascertain the cause of that difference which separated, when past their middle age, the two poets who for so long had sung in friendly rivalry together, but nothing can be discovered, and thus another curious chapter in the history of the *Quarrels of Authors* must remain unwritten.

The dedication of his work to Henry of Lancaster in 1392-3 is the next event in Gower's history, and the bestowal of the collar of S. S. by his new patron in the following year was most probably the welcome reward. On his tomb the collar has the swan depending from it; but this was the badge of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, and was not assumed by Henry until after his uncle's death in 1397. From some allusions in Gower's latest work, his *Chronica Tripartita*, it would seem, however, as though he had received especial favor from Thomas of Woodstock, who, during the last years of Richard's sway, and at a time when Henry of Lancaster had made his peace with the King, was the great champion of popular rights. Evident is it that as years passed on, Gower expressed himself with increasing bitterness toward his former royal patron,—as the notes to the

later copies of the *Vox Clamantis* abundantly prove. Nor should the old poet incur censure for this: Richard's government, from the twentieth year of his reign to his deposition, was outrageously tyrannical, and, as Hallam remarks, "upon the same principle that cost James II. his throne, it was far more necessary, unless our fathers would have abandoned all thought of liberty, to expel Richard II."

During all these years nothing can be learnt of Gower's domestic relations. It seems very unlikely that he remained unmarried until 1397, but in the January of that year, an extract from the registry of Winchester proves that he then married Agnes Groundolf, at the church of St. Mary Magdalen, Southwark. Who the lady was, and whether a first or second wife, cannot be ascertained. In the August of that year "the Swan," as he was popularly called, and whose badge Gower had probably assumed, was most cruelly seized and murdered. We can scarcely be surprised at the bitter invective the poet heaps upon *ipse crudelissimus rex*, who that soft bright summer evening, after the duke had taken his supper—"for," says Froissart, "it was five o'clock,"—and was "disporting" himself with his wife and children, rode up to the gates of Pleshy, and prayed his uncle to accompany him forthwith to London,—there, too, in defiance of every chivalrous feeling, taking supper and the wine-cup from the hand of him he was about to betray, and then riding off with his unconscious victim, who, with only seven attendants, accompanied with him to Stratford, when, on Richard giving the signal, the Earl Marshal, with a great troop of men and horses, sprung upon the duke, saying, "I arrest you in the King's name."* During the two following years nothing is known of Gower, who was now advanced in age and threatened with blindness. He seems to have taken up his residence near St. Mary Overy's, to whose canons he was a liberal benefactor; and he soon after welcomed the return of his friend Archbishop Arundel from exile, and witnessed the accession of Henry of Lancaster. In the copy of his

Vox Clamantis, presented to Arundel about 1400, he styles himself *senex et cæcus*. This is the latest record of the venerable poet, whose last days seem to have been passed in honored retirement. His final record is his will, dated August 15, 1408, and, as it was proved, and administration granted to his widow Agnes in October, Gower's death must have taken place in the interval.

The will is an interesting document, as all such records which take us into the very homes of our forefathers are sure to be. As Gower distinguished himself by his hatred to "lollardie," it is curious to find that, although bequeathing large sums to religious establishments, and although executed beneath the very roof of the priory of St. Mary Overy's, this will is almost as Protestant in its preamble as those of the last century. "I, John Gower, sound of mind, and in the Catholic faith, commending myself wholly to the divine mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, do make my will in this form. First, I bequeath my soul to God my Creator, and my body to be buried in the church of the canons of blessed Mary de Overes, in the place specially appointed." Numerous bequests to the churches in Southwark follow, and similar ones to the chief London hospitals—St. Thomas', Southwark; St. Mary's Spital; Bethlem extra Bishops-gate, and St. Thomas' Elsing's-Spital. This last had a peculiar interest for the aged poet, for it was founded for the reception of a hundred blind men, and was situated in London Wall, almost on the site of Sion College. Then, he bequeaths vestments, one of blue baudekyn mixed with white, and another of white silk, "for the use of the chapel of St. John," in which he had founded a chantry, "where my body is to be buried." It is not unlikely that these were garments the poet himself had worn, and which were often thus bequeathed. He leaves also a "new chalice" and a "large new missal" for the altar of his chapel, and a "large book, newly written at my cost, called the *Martyrologium*, to the prior and convent of St. Mary Overy's." He leaves his wife, Agnes, who is executrix, £100 in money—equal to £1000 in the present day—"three bowls, one cup and cover, two salt-sellers, and twelve spoons"—the plate chiefly in use at this period, "and all my beds, chests, hangings of the hall, and all the other furniture, together with the

* This is Froissart's account, and he is one of the chroniclers most favorable to Richard; Gower's narrative exactly agrees with it. The beauty of the evening, and the domestic happiness of Gloucester when thus cruelly inveigled away, seem to have forcibly struck both writers.

rents arising from the manor of Southwell, in the county of Nottingham, and Multon, in the county of Suffolk." No directions whatever are given respecting either his funeral or his monument; it therefore is not unlikely that the latter was erected by his friends, and tradition has recorded that the canons of St. Mary Overy's—to the repairs of whose church he had been recently a most liberal benefactor—largely contributed toward it. Whether Gower left any children is uncertain; Sir Harris Nicolas thinks there might have been a son of an earlier marriage, who would, of course, inherit the entailed estates, which are not mentioned in the will, but this conjecture merely rests on the circumstances that the whole of his property was not specifically bequeathed.

In directing our attention to Gower's works, his French poems claim first notice—of these, none have been handed down to us, save his *Cinquante Balades*, printed in 1818 for the Roxburgh Club. From the singular gracefulness of most of these, we may be well pleased that the *Speculum Meditantis*, which seems to have been, like the *Vox Clamantis*, a doleful lamentation over the vices of the times, has been lost to posterity, rather than these interesting specimens of the love-songs of the chivalrous court of Edward III. Like all the "roundels," the "virelâys," the "carolles" of that age, these "*Balades*" have much sameness of construction; all are in the seven or the eighth line stanza, most of them have a *refrain*,—apparently indispensable to the song of this period, French or English,—and all of them consist of three stanzas, to which is appended the "envoy" in four lines. But trammelled as the modern poet would feel himself by these forms, Gower moves with remarkable ease and sweetness of diction. Indeed, if the reader chooses to look into M. Raynouard's specimens of troubadour poetry—if poetry it can be called—or read some of Froissart's "trioletes," composed for the especial "solace" of Queen Philippa and her ladies, he will be struck at the difficulties of construction and rhyme which they present—as though verse, instead of flowing sweetly and freely as a full gushing fountain, was a thing to be turned and twisted into twenty out-of-the-way shapes, or tied in double and treble knots like a piece of whiplcord. Compared with such, Gower's "*balades*" are in-

deed right pleasant reading. We subjoin translations of some three or four, in which we have kept as closely as possible to the original style and metre. This is a graceful picture of the lady in the days of chivalry:—

"Like to the sun that gladdeneth herb and flower,

And bids them blossom forth, would I compare

That fairest one, who, in her gentle power
Holdeth my heart, soul, mind and all they are,

In pleasant bondage, bondage without shame,—

For love doth make it sweet, and thus I fare

Leading a life most gladsome hour by hour,
Without one thought that hath or harm or blame.

"'Tis said that woman is of heavenly birth,
Altho' in earthly mould enshrined and true
I deem it, for I know full well the worth
Of her my lady dear; and when I view
Her many graces, her sweet gentle cheer,
Her saintliest converse, her all spotless fame,—

'Tis joy I wish to serve her ever near,
Without one thought that hath or harm or blame.

"Never within this wide world shall be found
Lady, like mine so fair and womanly,—
So royally attended,—for around
Stand honor, virtue, maiden dignity,
And shamefaced fear that chaseth guilt away,
So that no felon vice can entrance claim.
And therefore homage would I ever pay,
Without one thought that hath or harm or blame.

"Fair glass of honor! fair beyond all fame,—
In beauty, pureness, goodness far above
All others; lady, thee alone I love,
Without one thought that hath or harm or blame."

The following, of which we give two stanzas' anticipates the quaint and antithetical school of Donne—the *refrain* we insert in its original French, from the difficulty of compressing the words within the limits of a single line.

"A wondrous wight is love I ween,
A thousand thousand forms he weareth,
A tricky sprite, full often seen
And known, tho' ev'ry name he beareth.
He's rich, he's poor, he's noble, and he's mean,
The thornless briar, the nettle's rose is he,
'En toutz erreurs Amour se justifie.'

"His gall is honey sweet—his honey sour,
His toil is ease, and yet his rest is painful—
His griefs are pleasant, but his changeful power
Makes surety dangerous, yet losses gainful—

And high things low, and low things high to tower—

Weeping to laughter, sense to scorn turns he,
 'En toutz erreurs Amour se justifie.'"

Sometimes classical fable,—not quite so hackneyed then, as in later times,—is invoked to plead the lover's suit, or to illustrate the lady's cruelty. Indeed, in one "balade," addressed to a most obdurate fair one, Gower seems to have had a Lemprière's Dictionary at his elbow. She is "more cruel than Jason," more treacherous than the Syrens, or Scylla herself, although he has "suffered more for her than Paris did for Helen." The last illustration shows from whence Gower derived his classical allusions,—from those mediæval versions of the "tale of Troy divine," in which the fierce heroes of the Iliad fight almost with the courtesy of Christian knights, and the poor neglected women are invested with an importance that makes them the very arbiters of the strife. But Gower is seen to best advantage when he sings in simpler numbers, and from the heart, rather than the head. Here is part of another :

"Sweet lady, when those grey and laughing eyes

I saw, the young archer Love, his burning dart

Shot with so fell a purpose, that my heart
 Sickened with deadliest wound, which still defies

The leech's skill ;—but it shall be endured
 Until those eyes bring healing—let it smart,
 Better to languish still, than not by thee be cured."

As illustrations of the character of that "hommage aux dames" at a period when the chivalrous sentiment had attained its height, these "balades" are very interesting ; since as a collection of songs expressly intended, as Gower tells us in his short introduction, "for the use of all lovers," they must shadow forth the feelings of the age. How lofty that feeling was, has been shown in our first specimen, but all exhibit it. Here is part of another :

"In thee, my sovereign sweetest lady love,

Where is the excellence I cannot find ?—

If worth I seek, thou art all worth above ;

If beauty, 'tis in thy sweet face enshrined ;

If grace, all grace art thou ;—all that we love,

All that the mind can seek, in thee combine :

Then, O ! thrice blessed he, whose life were linked with thine !

"Fain would I hope,—but my sad fears alway
 Tell me of heart that may not softened be ;—

And yet, the lowliest service would I pay
 (Honoring all goodness, when I honor thee)—

And following aye thy footsteps heedfully,
 For to all good they tend : sweet lady mine—
 Then, O ! thrice blessed he, whose life is linked with thine !

The following "balade" is perhaps the finest of them all. Lord Surrey, even Sir Philip Sidney himself, might have written it :

"Even as a frail barque 'neath the raging wind
 Upon the wide seas rocketh to and fro,
 Lady, thus quaked my heart, thus tost in mind

Heard I the bitter speech that caused my woe :

That cruel blast hath laid my barque full low,

Nor dare I put forth sail ! yet sure 'tis said,
 The shipwrecked one is lost, unless he challenge aid.

"I've read how wise Ulysses heedfully
 Steered onward, fearing much the treacherous main,—

Not for its rocks and quicksands, but lest she,
 The fatal Circe, and the Syren train
 Should wreck his barque,—thus hath one light breath slain

My budding hopes ; I stand distressed, dismayed,

Yet he that's wrecked is lost, unless he challenge aid.

"A desolate mariner of love am I :

No word of comfort soundeth in mine ear,—

Like salvage lion dost thou scorn reply

To him, who danger threatened, wild with fear

Still toward the wished for haven on would steer

Though faint and lost to hope—O ! is't not said

The shipwrecked one is lost, unless he challenge aid ?

"To thee, sweet lady, still I turn. To send
 This simple lay, lest thou it scorn afraid,
 O frown not !—thou alone can succor lend,
 For I the wrecked one am, and lady, thou must aid."

These pleasant *balades* seem to have maintained their popularity even to the close of the poet's life ; for the sole remaining manuscript from which they have been printed, is a copy which was dedicated to Henry after he became king ; they are preceded by a Latin prologue, followed by some lines in French, in which the poet,

"Vostre oratour et vostre humble vassal

Vostre Gower,"

assures the "gentil rois" that he has collected them expressly

"Per desporter vo noble courte."

Far more voluminous, and far less interest-

ing, is Gower's second work, which, until its publication, was believed to be a kind of chronicle of the rising in June, 1381, under Wat Tyler. That insurrection, however, is only referred to in the first book, the remaining six being devoted to a wearisomely long lamentation over the increasing vices of the day, whence its name, for, as he remarks in conclusion,

"*Vox Clamantis erit nomenque voluminis hujus,
Quod sibi scripta novi verba doloris habet.*"

This poem—as in courtesy it must be called—consists of more than three hundred quarto pages of Latin elegiacs. It begins after the usual manner of long poems of the middle ages, French, Latin, or English. The writer goes out for a walk, and then,—mostly in a pleasant wood—sits down to meditate, or to hear stories, or, which is most usual, to dream a good long dream. Thus Gower sets forth into the pleasant fields. His opening description is pleasing :

"Tunc tamen a dextris stetit alba propinquior
æstas

Serta gerens, et eam cuncta creata colunt.

* * * * *

Rore refudit humum, dat terræ gramina,
silvis

Frondes, arboribus pomaque grata satis,

Mille fuit variis florum renovata coronis,

Herbifer in cujus lege virescit ager.

Flos sua regna petit, florumque coloribus
amplius,

Ludit agerque suus gaudia vultus habet,

Jam legit ingenua violas sibi compta puella

Rustica, quas nullo terra serente vehit.

Tot fuerant illuc quot habet natura colores

Pictaque dissimili flore superbit humus

Horta fragrant, clausis sicut Paradisus in
hortis,

Candida cum rubeis, lilia mixta rosis."

In the midst of this pleasant scene the poet falls asleep : ere long he is startled by wild outcries ; and a vision passes before him of a troop of monsters in shape of birds, beasts, and reptiles, all influenced by evil spirits, and all running wild. In the hands of Chaucer, with his keen sense of humor, or the author of that wonderful brute epic *Reynard the Fox*, this fierce outbreak of the rude commons might have been well illustrated by such machinery ; but Gower has no graphic skill, no power of making allegory speak plainly as fact, and thus he tells us that the asses tried to become lions, and the oxen shook off their yokes, while a jay was appointed leader, "qui vulgariter vocatur Wat." The allegory, clumsy enough, is now

flung aside, and he describes the gathering of the rustics armed with broken bows, branches of trees, stones, and even clods of earth. An address of Wat Tyler succeeds ; —would that the genuine speech in its rude English had been given, for this is merely a dull enumeration of those levelling doctrines, which have been assigned to every leader of a popular rising, from the days when popular risings first began ; and then, in most macaronic verse, which contrasts very amusingly with the florid elegiacs of the introduction, we are told how, "when Wat calls, Tom comes, nor will Sim stay behind,

"Fludde ferit, quos Judde terit, dum Cebbe
minat,—

Colle furit, quem Geffe juvat, nocumenta
parantis,"

while Wille swears he will go with them, and Grigge plunders, and Dawe roars, and Hobbe and Larkin do not think themselves the least ; but Jacke is fiercer than all the rest, for nothing but killing and burning down houses will satisfy him, while Hogge brandishes his flag, "deeming himself greater than every king, and almost greater than the nobility," and Ball the prophet hounds them all on to their work of destruction. The narrative then very prosingly goes on to detail how they entered the city on Corpus Christi day, and burnt John of Gaunt's proud palace of the Savoy, and entered the Tower, and beheaded that mild and tolerant prelate, Simon Sudbury—a cruel act, which Gower denounces in choicest Latin superlatives—and how finally they were dispersed by the singular promptitude and courage of the young King, who on this occasion proved his right to the name and the throne of the Plantagenets. But the whole narrative is given in the most general way, without one single trait which might bring the actors in this strange outbreak "bodily" before us ; and we learn really more from the accounts of Knyghton and Walsingham, neither of whom was on the spot, than we do from the poet who represents himself as being in London at the very time.

This is much to be regretted, for the insurrection under Wat Tyler is one of those historical events, which, if it could be fully explained, might throw important light on the religious and political state of the country. It is the *first* instance of the rising of the populace under leaders of their own

rank; the first instance too, and nearly the only one—of rude men banded together, not to demand any one specific right, or to protest against any specific wrong. Although the obnoxious "poll-tax" is said to have been the moving cause of the outbreak, it is never alluded to in those characteristic addresses which Knyghton—all thanks to him for his care—has preserved for us; but we find general remarks that pride and profligacy abound, and that now is the time for reform; that "the mylne" wants turning, and "looke that it goe arighte with the four sayles, and that the poste stande in stedfastnesse," and that rhyme, too, which embodies most important truths—

"With myghte and with ryghte,
With skille and with wille,
Let myghte helpe ryghte
And skille go afore wille
Then gothe oure mylne aryghte."

How different is all this from the "seven halfpenny loaves for a penny" of the later insurrection of Cade, or the local grievances which, in times still nearer to our own, have aroused an ignorant multitude. It is from this advocacy of general principles, probably, that the notion has been entertained that these men were lollards. But this could not be the case, for "they hated above all mortal men," says Knyghton, "the pacific Duke of Lancaster," that great champion of Wycliffe, who only four years before had stood beside him in St. Paul's. Nor did they display any peculiar bitterness towards the opponents of lollardy, or in any instance seek to destroy those church ornaments which the Wycliffite considered as idolatrous; but surest proof that they were not lollards will be found, we think, in one of the addresses which ends—"Now is tyme, Ladye, helpe to Jesus thy Sone." Such an invocation no lollard would use.

The "popular" histories of England dwell much on the fierce lawlessness of these men; this is most unjust, indeed untrue; for although the city was actually in their possession for more than ten days, what was the amount of mischief done? The Tower was seized, but it does not appear to have been plundered; the house of St. John of Jerusalem at Clerkenwell was burnt down, and the prior beheaded; and the stately palace of the Savoy destroyed. But there were many other stately mansions in London,

and they stood safely, and there were numerous ecclesiastical establishments more wealthy than the Hospitallers', but we do not find that either cup or vestment was taken. The rioters encamped in Smithfield, with the wealthy hospital of St. Bartholomew close beside them, and the still more wealthy house of the Grey-friars, with its gorgeous church, and almost priceless altar-plate, within a stone's throw, but we are not told that even one pane of glass in either was broken. All Westcheap, with its stores of plate and jewels and silks of the goldsmiths and mercers, was open to them, nor could these traders, though well aided by their "prentices tall," have prevented an attack on their tempting stores, although they might have repulsed it, but no attack was ever made; indeed Knyghton remarks with wonder on the self-denial of rude men, who, when at the burning in the Savoy, they saw a wardrobe that equalled the king's and costliest jewels, and plate that would more than have filled five large carts, cast it all into the fire, declaring that they were "vindicators of truth and justice, not thieves and plunderers." That their severe discipline began to relax ere their final dispersion is not unlikely, but when we compare the conduct of the followers of Wat Tyler with that of Lord George Gordon's "No Popery" mob, just four hundred years after, we shall perceive that the populace in the eighteenth century might well have taken a lesson from their scarcely ruder forefathers of the fourteenth. There are other peculiarities in regard to this rising which make us greatly regret that Gower, as a contemporary and eye-witness, should have left us such meagre details. Would that "the vision" had been described to us by Piers Ploughman!

The second book is wholly didactic. The poet begins with denouncing sceptical views of the Divine Government; a very lengthy confession of faith follows, declaring his belief in the Trinity and the Incarnation, and vehemently condemning image worship, a singular trait for one who expresses himself so bitterly against the followers of Wycliffe, who on that point were as vehement as he. In his third book he begins a dissertation on "all ranks and conditions of men," and whom he divides into three orders—the clerical, the military, and the agricultural. He next points out the faults of each, and urges

them all to reformation. Beginning with the prelates, among whom he includes the heads of religious houses, he bestows on them as severe a lecture as Wycliffe himself could have desired. They teach indeed, he says, but they act just opposite to their teachings; they seek the mitre, "*non ut prosint, sed ut præsent*;" they pamper themselves with every luxury, and exact the lowliest homage; and although the country is going to ruin, little do they care. Nor are the lower orders of the clergy better; they are greedily seeking after tithes and first-fruits and offerings, for "*mulctat laicum clerus*," and they love feasting far better than fasts, and the monks scorn sackcloth and wear the softest wool, and coax old and weak-minded people out of rich gifts. But chief in all such iniquities are the friars, for they—wolves in sheep's clothing—go about to hear confessions, only that they may gain gifts, and then their ill-gotten gains are expended upon profligate living. They also seduce mere boys to take the vows, if they possess any property whereby their convent may be enriched. Really, after going over this long bead-roll of clerical delinquencies, we feel surprised that Gower instead of viewing lolardy with such horror, did not join Wycliffe heart and hand in the much-needed work of reformation.

In his review of the faults of knights and nobles, the poet uses gentler language—language rather of warning than reproof. He bids the young knight beware of sloth, of extravagance, of luxury, and warns him against those fair ladies whose beauty is their only claim to notice. He expatiates with evident delight on the lofty principles of chivalry, and tells his readers that lady-love, properly understood, includes in it every virtue. There is a rather graceful description here of the kind of beauty, admired in the fourteenth century. The "broad fair forehead," the golden tresses, eyes that equal the sun in brightness, the "strait" nose, "the even teeth, whiter than milk," and the tall, graceful form, make up a pleasing picture of the stately "ladye" of Edward's or Richard's court. A chapter expressly devoted to the praise of good women follows; and then, after much wholesome advice to knight and noble, Gower turns to the third division of his subject; but passing over the tillers of the ground, he addresses himself

almost exclusively to artificers and tradesmen. Nearly the whole of this book consists of grievous charges against almost every class of tradesmen that supply either food or clothing; and the lengthened detail of the iniquities of butcher, baker, fishmonger, chandler, shoemaker, and tailor, in "choice Latin" elegiacs, becomes really laughable. Very indignant, however, would our venerable poet have felt could he have thought that his solemn denunciations against such evil-doers would even excite a smile—for does not the butcher sell tough beef for tender, and the fishmonger profess that his fish are actually alive, although he knows they have languished and died in hopeless gasping for the sea long ago. And then the chandler, he puts you off with adulterated wax-candles; and if you purchase cloth that is not moth-eaten, "fraud" cuts out the garment for you; while the silversmith sells you silver tankards with very little silver in them; and the jeweler makes you ornaments, with precious stones, he says, but which you too soon discover to be nothing but glass. In short, "you might as well count the sands on the sea-shore as the tricks of traders; for

"Sunt infinitæ fraudes in ore doli."

It is strange that at a period when mercantile enterprise had become so flourishing that the merchant took his place among the nobles of the land—when, only a few years before, a London merchant had feasted three kings at his table, and not two years since, another merchant, Philpot, had, at his own cost, manned his ships with a thousand mariners and swept the pirates from the "narrow seas," Gower should never allude to them. Let us trust that it was because "the marchaunte" stood high beyond all blame; we, however, rather think that Gower, country gentleman like, chose to ignore a class whose high standing he could scarcely comprehend, and for whom, in his threefold division of orders of men, he could find no place. We, however, need not regret the omission, for the whole of this fifth book which, in the forcible language, and told with the keen, rich humor of Piers Ploughman, would have been a very suggestive subject, becomes most wearisome in the lugubrious verse, and declamatory platitudes of Gower's *Vox Clamantis*.

But more evil-doers still remain—enormous evil-doers, for whom the poet selects

his most telling superlatives, and heaps up his sternest figures. Butchers, bakers, tailors, silversmiths, are all bad enough, but the lawyers, who can count up *their* iniquities? So the sixth book is specially devoted to them, and the rage with which the poet, who whilom sang of lady-love and duteous homage to beauty, so gracefully and so sweetly, now denounces "*causidicus*," is really startling. Like spiders, the pleaders spread cut their nets to catch rich clients, while the ignorant vulgar" they brow beat. "Stealthy, like the bat, they creep on, using either feet or wings, as best may serve their purpose. More than ravening Scylla can devour, will the pleader devour his country; more than the dog in the wild woods tears his victim with his teeth, does the pleader injure his client, and just as the trembling lamb dreads to fall into the paws of the wolf, when escaped from the dogs, or as the dove with bleeding plumage, flying from the fierce kite, trembles lest it meet another bird of prey," so are the victims of these wicked pleaders! Poor Gower, we think, must have suffered the anxieties and delays and losses of an expensive and protracted lawsuit—perhaps was smarting under a tremendously long bill of costs—when he wrote the foregoing passage. We have given a very short specimen of the poet's vituperation of "the pleader," but we doubt not that the reader will find it sufficient. He next goes on to accuse the judges of injustice, and the sheriffs of bribery—a very common accusation this last, and not improbably founded on truth. The reader may recollect, that when Maiden Mede (bribery), in *Piers Ploughman*, is to be sent to Westminster Hall to answer for her misdeeds, she is consigned to the care of a sheriff who carries her up from one assize to another until she arrives safely enough. The Ecclesiastical Courts and their officers are next denounced; and heartily, on this subject we know every reader would agree with the writer. The Parliament and the House of Lords are finally censured; and had but Gower here, instead of commonplace moralizings and vague allusions, made specific reference to the state of public affairs, or more valuable still, to the differences that existed among the young King's counsellors, much light might have been thrown upon a period of which we have but few authentic notices, but which is, as Hallam remarks, in

respect to the whole of Richard's reign, "in a constitutional light, the most interesting part of our earlier history."

After pointing out the judgments which might be expected to follow such a state of things, the poet finally addresses himself to the King, and bestows upon him several chapters of good advice, to which it had been well if he had attended. The character of these addresses determines pretty clearly that the work must have been written very soon after the insurrection of 1381. In both the earlier and the later copies, Richard is represented as very young; his queen is never mentioned, nor is there any allusion to his marriage, which took place in 1382; his singular beauty is dwelt upon, and he is warned both against excessive love of dress, and of the pleasures of the table. This last allusion, as Mr. Coxe remarks, seems to prove that Gower, at this early period, was personally acquainted with the young King, for an inordinate delight in dainty food and most elaborate cookery, was unhappily a well-known failing of Richard in maturer years. It is curious that the oldest "cookery book" hitherto published, is the one compiled for the cooks in Richard II.'s kitchen; this is the *Forme of Curye*, and very amusing it is to mark the labor and trouble of the Soyer of the fourteenth century expended upon the bootless office of rendering good food unwholesome. The reader who looks over this curious little treatise, will no longer be surprised at the high estimation in which the middle age writers held "notemeg, and gyngelofre, and cynamoun," for the quantity of spices used would almost exceed belief. There is a strange habit, too, of mixing sugar, or honey, with almost every kind of food—even *fish* have a sweet sauce. Ambergis and rose-water are largely used, and, as a "ryghte royal" piece of extravagance, almonds, pounded in rose-water, are the costly substitute for milk! This is a digression, but it will help to account for the beautiful young King becoming, ere he had attained thirty years, a bloated and diseased invalid.

Appended to *Vox Clamantis*, is another Latin poem, which Mr. Gough, in his history of Pleshy, has mistaken for a portion of it. This is the *Chronica Tripartita*, in which, under the titles of the Swan, the Horse, and the Bear, Gower celebrates the Duke of Gloucester, and the Earls of Arundel and

Warwick. In the first book they are triumphant over the King's favorites, for whom our poet feels very little pity; in the second, he details Richard's successful treachery, which resulted in the banishment of Warwick, the execution of Arundel, and the cruel seizure of the Duke of Gloucester, whom Gower, like his contemporaries, represents as having been smothered at Calais. This part of the poem was written very soon after these events, for while lamenting over the hard fate of Thomas of Woodstock, whom he certainly knew intimately, Gower remarks that he was even denied burial with his fathers, a proof that he wrote previously to Richard's deposition, for the body of the duke was removed to Westminster on Henry's accession to the crown. The third book celebrates the return of Henry of Lancaster upon the death of his father, and his triumphant career, and closes with the fate—considered by him as retributive—of Richard, whom he represents as having starved himself to death. That this hapless monarch was not killed by Exton's pole-axe, has been proved by the skull, which bears no mark of fracture; but it has been remarked that it was very unlikely that one so devoted to the pleasures of the table would undergo the self-denial of voluntary starvation. This might be the case could we suppose that the captive monarch in Pontefract castle had at his command his accustomed cooks and his accustomed luxuries, but a close prisoner, sick in body and in mind, what could be more likely than that he should turn from the food—wholesome though it might be—which was placed before him, and the feeble appetite, deprived of its wonted stimulants, utterly fail? We think some of our late inquiries into prison dietaries may throw much light upon those tales of prison-murder so frequent in our early history. Deprived of fresh air and active exercise, confined in places damp and ill-ventilated as the *donjons* of our ancient castles, there would be little need of knife or poison to bring the captive to a speedy end. The volume concludes with a few short Latin pieces, and although wearisomely prosing to the modern reader, it was read and quoted with admiration by the learned of that age, who perhaps rejoiced in the thought that the poet who had hitherto sung but to knights and ladies, would from henceforth “build the lofty rhyme,” not in the light and graceful

language of the court, but in the stately tongue of all Christendom. Startled must they have been, and ill-pleased enough, we think, when Gower's third and most important work appeared, and notwithstanding its Latin title, in the despised language of the commons.

The English “birth-tongue,” like the nation that boasts it, has had many a hard struggle for its rights; and very interesting is it to trace that final strife of which the crowning victory was, we think, the appearance of *Confessio Amantis*. Gradually did the Englishman's “birth-tongue” make its way during the earlier part of this century, increasing each year in vigor and copiousness; and that it was already dear to many, is proved by Edward III.'s proclamation in 1346, when he asserts that the design of the French King was “wholly to blot out the English tongue.” A curious proclamation this for a King to make, who, as far as we can learn, never himself held a conversation in English, although, much to the delight of his liege subjects, in 1349 he appeared at a tournament at Canterbury, with a shield bearing the white swan, and with an English motto. But still French was the language of the court, and of the mercantile world, too; for all the “pointees” or rules of the trading companies were in that tongue. Langland's fine *Vision*, though not a work to fail of a mighty effect, was still utterly unimportant, both as regarded the noble and the learned; nor do even Chaucer's exquisite earlier poems seem to have awakened much attention. We have incidental proof, however, that English was steadfastly making its way, in the fact that John of Gaunt himself should have chosen that the praises of his Duchess Blanche should be sung in English. But John of Gaunt was just then playing a deep game for popularity; and to patronize the speech of the commons was one way to their hearts. We must bear in mind, too, that the *Boke of the Duchesse* and the *Dreame* were not composed for Windsor or Shene, but for what might be considered as a kind of vice-regal court:—in the castle of Leicester we have little doubt that knight and lady, as well as yeoman and groom, spoke English.

Meanwhile, as though determined to fight *à l'outrance* for her language, even as for her native soil, France put forth, just at this

time, new claims for her literature—the literature, be it remembered, alike of France, of Flanders, and the North of Italy. That most popular of all the middle-age poems, the *Roman de la Rose*, had just appeared; numerous French allegorical poems, similar in form, were now courting notice, while a host of composers of “roundels” and “virelays,” among whom Froissart held high place, were seeking patronage and reward even at the court of the victor of Cressy. We can perceive how powerful “French influence” was in respect to its language, when we find Gower compelled to compose his *Balades* in French, and in the fact that the very tale of England’s prowess in France was commanded to be told, not in the language of that gallant yeomanry, the “deadly snow” of whose shafts won the field of Poitiers, but in that of their vanquished foes.*

Hitherto, it is very questionable whether any one of our Plantagenets spoke the language of the people; but with the accession of young Richard, England had at length a monarch who spoke her birth-tongue. Richard was the first King since the Conquest whose father and mother were English; and the son of the Fair Maid of Kent, whose children by her first marriage were thorough Englishmen, must—although born in a foreign city—have been brought up amid associations far more favorable to his native land and people than his ancestors had been. That he spoke fluent English is evident from the fact that, when Wat Tyler was struck down, he told the rioters that he would be

* The exclusive patronage of French literature by the nobility is strongly illustrated in the lists of books possessed by them. A very curious one is given by Mr. Coxe, “from the Escheator’s roll of the Duke of Gloucester’s effects at Pleshy, 1397.” The first part includes religious books only, and chiefly consists of those used for the Altar Service. This is, however, rather extensive, and several copies of the Bible are to be found. The next gives a catalogue of “livres de diverse romances et estoires,” and in it we find, in addition to other books, at least twenty romances, all of which had long before been translated into English in their original French. Many of them seem to have been well read, for nearly all are represented in bad condition, and some “rumpuz.” Not any (and the catalogue is a long one) are in English, save one, and strange enough, when we remember Thomas of Woodstock’s bitter hostility to the Lollards, this is “a Bible in English, in two great volumes, covered with red leather.” Was this a copy of Wycliffe’s Bible, furtively obtained by some retainer in that extensive household, and placed in the library with the hope that some one might “read it to profit?”

their leader. Had he spoken French, it would have been unintelligible to the greater part—nay, more, an insult—for most bitter was the anti-French feeling that then prevailed. It was their own household words spoken by the beautiful boy, who, though a Plantagenet, disdained them not, that told on the hearts of that wild multitude, and swayed them at will. And might not “the moral Gower” have thought over this? and when asked by the young King to “boke some newe thing,” determine to try the effect of those household words on the higher classes too?

Most triumphant was his success, for—judging from the numerous copies still extant—few works have been more popular, even from its first appearance. In the British Museum are several copies—one, the Harleian, 7184, is remarkably fine, with splendid initial letters; this has been adopted as the basis of the spelling in the new edition. There are some at Dublin, four at Cambridge, and ten at Oxford, besides many in private libraries, among which the Stafford manuscript may be noted—a most interesting copy and which Sir Charles Young believe to have belonged to Henry IV. Nor can we wonder at its swift popularity, for never before had the English reader—we might add, the French reader, too—a volume placed before him so full filled with pleasant stories, and narratives of strange and startling interest. Let not the reader, however, imagine that the *Confessio Amantis* would be found so delightful to him. We have been feasted on the poetry and fictions of those four hundred and sixty years which have passed away since the first English poem which claimed the notice of royalty, appeared; and Gower’s simple and undramatic way of telling his stories, his lengthened moralizations, which in these days of railroad speed we can willingly spare, and his many dissertations on all manner of subjects,—theology, mythology, history, alchemy, astronomy,—will ever prevent the worthy old poet from again becoming popular. Still, as the work is one which we ought not to “willingly let die,” we will give a short epitome of it.

The beginning is very similar to the *Roman du Rou* of Wace,—

“Of hem that writen us tofore,
The bokés dwell, and we therfore
Ben taught of that was writen tho;—
Forthy good is, that we also

In oure time among us here,
Do write of newe some matere
Ensamplerd of the oldé wise."

The reader will observe the singularly modern spelling of this extract; and yet it is verbatim from a contemporary manuscript. He next goes on to say that he wishes to write a book that should be both amusing and profitable, and then follow the lines we have quoted in his life; and in the *earlier* copies are found those narrating his interview with the King in his barge. Then he goes off into a lamentation over the past—not the past of his own recollections, but that visionary far-off past where the fond dreams of each generation have beheld a golden age; "for all is wrong now," he says, not forgetting "lawe with her double face," and worse than even that—

"This new secte of lollardie,
And also many an heresie
Among the clerkis in themselves
It were better dike or delve,
And stand upon the right feith,
Than know all that the Bible seith
And erre, as some clerkés do.
Upon the bond to were a sho,
And set upon the foot a glove,
Accordeth not to the behove
Of reasonable mannés use."

Gower, who certainly was rather aristocratical, is here evidently fearful of the levelling doctrines, as he thinks them, of Wickliffe. This prologue is so long and prosing, that we are glad when he begins his confession in good earnest, which, *selon les règles*, introduces us to "Amans," who has walked forth on a pleasant May morning into a neighboring wood—a spot where all knights seeking adventures, and all disconsolate lovers are sure to be found. Here, although everything is gay around him, the birds singing merrily, and a "swete grene plaine"—that especial delight of the middle-age poets—he throws himself on the ground in heavy case—

"For I was further fro my love,
Than erthe is fro the heven above."

So he made his moan both to the God of Love and to his mother. Cupid, who in mediæval poetry bears just the same character for wanton mischief as in classical, soon appeared; and, spiteful as of yore, shot another dart at the poor lover, by way of curing his former wound. Venus, however, also came, and bade him go to "Genius min owne clerk" and make full confession, giving

him meanwhile but sorry comfort, by telling him that perhaps he deserved all he met with.

Poor "Amans" proceeds to the priest, who, in a very orthodox way, takes the seven deadly sins as the foundation of his confession, and in the course of it tells various illustrative stories. Many of these are classical fables, now told for the first time in English; some are taken from that interesting collection of religious tales, the *Gesta Romanorum*, and many from the Old Testament; some we recognize as adaptations from the *romans* and *fabliaux* of the earlier century, and some may probably be traced to an eastern source. In his simple, easy mode of narrating these stories, in the absence of all striving after effect, and in the *naïve* remarks he occasionally makes, Gower bears a marked resemblance to the Anglo-Norman *trouvères*. Like them, too, he adheres rigidly to the octosyllabic measure, which he manages with much skill, though scarcely with the sweetness of Chaucer. Among the first stories are those of Actæon, and the Gorgons, and the Sirens; then we have the story of "Florent," with the same incidents as in Chaucer, but we think better told, for the light, octosyllabic measure of Gower suits this story much better than the statelier measure which Chaucer has adopted. "Genius," who seems to have quite a taste for story-telling, next relates the fate of Narcissus, expressing, as all the middle-age relaters of this story do, far more sympathy with the sorrow of disconsolate Echo than with the vain boy, who they seem to consider well deserving his doom. The solemn legend from *Gesta Romanorum*—"the trompe of dethe"—comes next; and then we have the story of Gurmund and Rosmunda to illustrate pride, and that of Nebuchadnezzar to illustrate vain-glory. Envy is illustrated by the story of Acis and Galatea, and the spite of "Geant Polypheme;" and then, to illustrate the kindred vice of detraction, the tale of Constance is told:—

"For as the nettle, which uppe renneth
The freshé red roses brenneth,
And maketh hem fade, and pale of hewe;—
Right so this fals envious hewe
In every place, where he dwelleth.
With fals wordés where he telleth,
He torneth preising into blame,
And worship into worldés shame."

It is very curious to observe what a strong hold this story of the king's daughter, so fair

and good, cast out through false accusation, and floating on the desolate sea, had for our forefathers. The first version we have found of it is *La Manekine*, a roman—a very pleasing one of Philip de Reimes, who flourished as early as the beginning of the thirteenth century, probably rather earlier (an outline of this *roman* will be found in the article on the Anglo-Norman Poets, No. IX. p. 183). It was next translated into very rude, though very spirited English, towards the close of the same century, and here the lady is named "Emaré." This is printed in Ritson's collection. The third version is Gower's; and Constance, as he has named her, again goes through all her cruel trials, until the whole family meet happily at last. The story, though told at great length; is very spirited; and, as it had been thus so lately told to knight and lady, we cannot imagine why Chaucer, within the space of only a few years, chose to tell it again. But told it is for a fourth time, with precisely the same incidents, by the "Man of Lawe." We think Chaucer's version the best; the seven line stanza which he adopts seems far better suited for a tale of solemn interest, than the lighter octosyllabic metre.

There were now *four* versions of this tale, three of which were in English, and two of these the composition of the two great English poets of the day,—indeed, the only two recognized by the higher classes as poets at all; and yet, most strangely, early in Henry the Fifth's reign, Occleve, the pupil, and most devout admirer of Chaucer, made a *fifth* version of this most popular story. Truly the "thrice-told tale" must have been right pleasant rather than wearisome to our forefathers.

After warnings against, and illustrations of deceitfulness, and anger, and revenge, which is illustrated by the story of "Horestes," "Genius" points out the danger of too great precipitation, by telling the sad tale of "Piramus and Tisbe." With the fourth book his warning against "sloth or lachesse,"—words which he seems to use in the sense of carelessness—begin, and then he tells the story of Queen Dido, a heroine whose cruel fate seems to have awakened much pity in the hearts of our forefathers, who would certainly have most severely punished "pious Eneas,"—(how unaccountable that title must

have appeared to them,)—if he had chanced to have come in their way. But although not so bad as carelessness, because not so wilful, "forgetfulness" is next to it in culpability; so "Amans" is straitly questioned as to whether he has ever offended his lady-love in this respect. "Amans" thus questioned, replies, that although she is ever in his thoughts when absent, and he frames goodly speeches, and even gets them by heart, yet, when he sees her all are forgotten, and

"the manner of my tale
But al nis worth a nuttēshall,
For when I come where she is,
I have it all foryete, I wis.
For as a man that soddenly
A gost beholdeth, so fare I"—

And he prettily describes how he stands dumb in her presence, and then goes sadly away upbraiding himself:

"Ha, fool wher was thine hertē tho—
When thou thy worthy lady seghe
Wert thou afered of her eye?
Why hast thou drede of so gode one
Whom alle virtue hath begone
That in her is no violence
But goodlyhede, and innocence
Withouten spot of any blame.
Ha! nicē herte, ha, fyre for shame,
A cowarde herte, of love unlōred"—

And yet it is not through forgetfulness, for—

"So nigh she my herte touchēth,
That ever all where as she goeth,
Mine herte followeth her about,
Thus may I say withouten doubte
For bet, for worse, for aught, for nought,
She passeth never from my thought.—
But when I come ther wher she is,
Myn herte as I you seyde ere this
Sometimes of her is so sore adrad,
And sometime is so overglad,
And oute of rewle, and out of space;
For when I see her goodly face,
And thinke upon her hygh prys,
'Tis as I were in Paradis."

The confessor next warns "Amans" to beware of too long absence,—a most needless caution, we should think, in his case,—and then he tells him the story of Demophoon and Phillis, informing us that the filbert owes its name to Phillis, it being the tree into which she was metamorphosed, and therefore it was "cleped philliberd." But then again "Amans" must beware of being too presuming; so in illustration we have next the stories of Phæton and Icarus,—neither of them particularly appropriate; and yet he must not be like those who are content with barely hoping, and thus idly

"Live all upon his wisshes,—
As a cat wold ete fisses
Without wetting of his claws."

Gower, we may observe here, is very fond of our old homely proverbs, and frequently introduces them with much humor. Indeed, in adopting the English language, nothing seems to have been farther from his thoughts, than to bring into use a kind of fine-gentleman phraseology, which should cast aside the forcible words and forcible modes of speech of the common people. There were no sickly notions in the minds either of him or Chaucer about the courtly, or the super-refined in phraseology but like every great writer since their days, they were well content to use "market language."

"Amans," in reply to the question thus naively illustrated, answers in one of the most graceful passages in the whole poem—

"In every place, in every stede,
Where'er my lady shall me bid,
With all my herte obedient,
I unto it am diligente.
And if so be she bid me noughte,
What thing into my thought,
Cometh first, of that I may suffice
I love, and proffer my servise,
Sometime in chamber, sometime in hall."

Attending her to the chapel, leading her palfrey by its silken rein, "if she list to ride out," for

"She hath fully overcome
Myn idleness, till that I sterve,
So that I might her bidding serve.
For as men sain nede hath no lawe,
Thus mote I nedely to her drawe.
I serve, I bow, I look, I lout
Myn eye followeth her about,
For what so she will, that will I,
When she wold sit, I knele by;
And when she standeth, then I stand;
And when she taketh her work in hand,
Of weving or of embroiderie,
Then can I not but muse, and prie
Upon her fingers long and small."

While if she be abroad, he plays with her "littel hounde," that especial favorite of the lady, or with her "birdes in the cage," while in the true spirit of knightly courtesy, he greets each servant in the household kindly for her sake, even the meanest,—

"For there is none so little page,
Ne yet so symful a chamberer,
That I ne make them all cheere."

"Genius" expresses himself well pleased with the lover's confession, and he then tells the story of Rosiphele,—another of Gower's tales which Chaucer has adopted,—showing

the punishment of those ladies who are hard-hearted to their lovers; from which he draws the chivalrous moral, that if *ladies* are thus severely punished, what will the penalty of the knight be, who grudges to serve his lady-love.

The stories that follow seem to be told rather because "Genius" thinks them worth telling, than as illustrating any particular vice or virtue. Thus we have the tale of "a noble duke Jepthe," and his hapless daughter, followed by that of Laodamia; then he turns to Scriptural history again, and gives us the life of Saul, and then we go back to classical fable, for Chiron the centaur, and his education of Achilles, and Penthesilea the queen of the Amazons,—ladies in whom the writers of the middle ages were greatly interested, and of whom there is a full account. "Genius" now breaks off his stories to make remarks upon education, giving some very good advice, and enunciating some very wholesome truths respecting true "gentillesse," which does not depend merely on high birth, since the lord brings no more clothes into the world with him than "the pore man," and he carries no more out. Therefore,

"A man that vice escheweth
Withouten sloth, and virtue sueth
That, is a verray gentilman."

He next eulogizes the advantages of learning, especially the sciences, glancing of course at the philosopher's stone, which he thinks may eventually be obtained,—let it be remembered that Bacon himself did not disbelieve the possibility of its attainment;—but with Chaucer he holds up to ridicule the wretched dupes of pretended alchemists, who wasted their days over the "beechen fire," and gave good silver in exchange for worthless dross. Indeed, as he naively says, "To get a pound they spenden five,
I know not how such craft shall thrive."

And then he tells the story of Midas, who was wretched enough, although with the philosopher's stone at every finger's end.

In the next book, "Genius" seems quite to have forgotten "Amans" and his shrift, for it is entirely occupied with a description of the gods of heathendom, beginning with the Egyptian mythology. And curious is it to follow the poet of lady-love in his learned dissertation upon "Isis and Osiris and the dog Anubis;" and then, in his descriptions of

the "fair false gods of Hellas," just as though he were a professor, lecturing some two hundred years later. An epitome of Jewish history follows; and then the priest of Venus most anomalously recites his confession of Christian faith! This seems to have been introduced for little other purpose than to afford the opportunity of making another attack on that *bete noire* of poor Gower's imagination, "lollardie." In the marginal notes, which Dr. Pauli considers to have been added by Gower himself, we find, *Fidés sine operibus mortua est*, placed as the preliminary text, and then he warns "Amans"

"Beware that thou be nought oppressed
With Antichriste's lollardie;
For as the Jewes prophecie
Was set of God for avantage,
Right so this new tapinage
Of lollardie, goth aboute
To sette Cristé's faith in doubt.

* * * * *

So much newe lore I rede eschewe,
And hold forth right the wey, and sue
As thin auncestres did er this,
So shalt thou nought beleve amis."

It never seems to have entered Gower's mind, that if he held to the faith of his ancestors he must have worshipped "Freya, Odin, and the Saxon Woden, and all the fiendes that be their feres." The warning, however, shows the anxiety, even alarm, which the progress of Wicliffe's doctrines excited; and it also, we think, proves that the *Confessio Amantis* was written earlier than has been generally supposed. In the conclusion of his confession, "Genius" most severely lectures the prelates, telling them that if their lives were more consistent, the "cockel" sown so widely would not thus abundantly spring up.

Having now made full confession of faith, "Genius" next proceeds to describe avarice, telling the story of Crassus, and many others, and then that wild tale of adventure, and peril, and enchantment, which our forefathers always listened to so eagerly, of Jason and Medea. This is told with great minuteness; and the description of that magical brewage, which was to restore to aged Eson his lost youth, reads strangely like the incantation scene in *Macbeth*. Strange, indeed, it seems for a lady, and a queen, to be represented polluting her white hands with such an infernal mixture; but Gower tells the story rather with admiration of her wondrous skill than with horror of her sorcery. Nothing

appears to us more striking amidst the many superstitions of the Middle Ages, than the total absence of all belief in witchcraft, such as it appeared in the sixteenth and the seventeenth centuries. The story of Bardus, which follows, illustrating gratitude, reads very much like an Eastern tale; while ingratitude is illustrated by the story of Ariadne. Gluttony is the next vice; and "Amans," naturally enough, feels indignant when questioned on this subject. The sight of his lady is more than meat and drink to him, he says, and her words are sweeter than all the dainties and spices of the elaborate dishes

"That any Lombard couthé make,"

Thus we perceive that the era of French cookery had not arrived, but that Lombardy provided our forefathers with their *maitres de cuisine*. Indeed, continues "Amans"—

"I say as for min own life
As be the wordés of her mouth—
For as the windés of the South,
Ben most of all debonaire,
So whan her listé to speke faire
The vertue of her godly speeche,
Is verily min hertés leche."

"Genius," however, must tell his stories, whether "Amans" needs the advice they suggest or not; so he relates the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, and the fable of Circe and her swinish herd. It would be wearisome to follow Genius to the end of his stories. He gives a long account of Olympias and her son Alexander, just as it had often been told before, and in the old English romance of *Kyng Alysandre*, very spiritedly, too. Then, in pursuance of the plan proposed at the beginning, of combining instruction with amusement, he devotes a whole book to the sciences; and although we should find little amusement ourselves in these lectures, doubtless the knights and ladies who, in their school-days had neither been starved upon Pinnock's Catechisms, nor been coursed through "all the 'ologies," found them pleasant enough. "Genius," after this long digression, again returns to his former employment of telling stories; among which, we have that of "Alcestis," and almost last in the work, one of the best tales, that of "Apollonius Prince of Tyre," better known to the modern reader as the "Pericles" of Shakspeare's fine play. The work ends rather abruptly. "Amans" sup-
plicates Venus and her son for their favorable

aid; when Venus tells him he has grown too old for her service, and therefore bids Cupid remove his dart, while she gives him most Christianlike advice to content himself by living in charity with all men. And thus he says—

“Forthy my finale leve,
I take now for evermore
Without making any more
Of love, and of his dedely hele.”

For the future contenting himself with that love which is—

“With a mannés herte affirmed,
And stant of charitie confirmed.
Such love is goodly for to have,
Such love may the body save,
Such love may the soul amende,
The high God such love us sende!
Forth with the remanaunt of grace,
So that above, in thilké place,
Where resteth love, and allé pees,
Our joíe may ben endéles.”

Thus ends the *Confessio Amantis*; and although, for our own part, we could rather have wished that Gower had bequeathed us a collection of English songs,—for his genius was certainly lyrical rather than dramatic or descriptive,—still, as a curious relic of thoughts and feelings nearly five centuries ago, and as the first English poem which

claimed the notice of the fair and noble, we rejoice that it has been published at length in a style that does justice to the once popular writer.

In estimating Gower's merits as a poet, and comparing him with his two great contemporaries, we think he must take the lowest place. Beside Chaucer, his inferiority is great; but then, with whom save Shakspeare can that wonderful painter of life, in its every phase, and of natural scenery in its every form of changeful beauty, be compared? But beside Langland, too, Gower looks dwarfed; for to the marvellous power of that rude painter, whose pictures startle us by their life-likeness, though dashed off with but a few rough touches, the author of the *Confessio Amantis* can lay no claim. He is the delicate illuminator of graceful ornament, while Langland is the mighty fresco-painter. But then, just as the delicate illumination, even in its slightest ornaments, preserves many a trait which cannot be found elsewhere, so Gower, as the graceful poet of chivalry and lady-love, supplies us with many a suggestive picture of manners and feelings, which have long passed away, and would, but for him, have been utterly forgotten.

WEATHERCOCKS.—I copy the following from one of my Common-place Books, but cannot refer to the work from which it is extracted:

“The mystical explanation which mediæval times attached to a weathercock may be learnt from a poem, taken from a MS. circa 1420, preserved in the cathedral of Oehringen, and published by M. Eidelestand du Meril. The following are some of the verses, a few corrections being made for the sake of the sense:

“Multi sunt Presbyteri qui ignorant quare
Super donum Domini Gallus solet stare;
Quod propono breviter vobis explanare,
Si vultis benevolas aures mihi dare.

“Gallus est mirabilis Dei creatura,
Et rara Presbyteri illius est figura,
Qui præest parochiæ animarum cura,
Stans pro suis subditis contra nocitura.

“Supra ecclesiam positus gallus contra ventum
Caput diligentius erigit extentum;
Sic Sacerdos, ubi scit dæmonis adventum,
Illuc se objiciat pro grege bidentum.

“Gallus inter cæteros alites cœlorum
Audit supra æthera cantum Angelorum;
Tunc monet excutere nos verba malorum,
Gustare et percipere arcana supernorum.

“Quasi rex in capite Gallus coronatur;
In pede calcaribus, ut miles, armatur;

Quanto plus fit senior pennis deauratur;
In nocte dum concinit leo conturbatur.

“Gallus regit plurimam turbam gallinarum,
Et solitudines magnas habet harum;
Sic Sacerdos, concipiens curam animarum,
Doeat et faciat quod Deo sit carum.

“Gallus gramen reperit, convocat uxores,
Et illud distribuit inter cariores;
Tales discunt clerici pietatis mores,
Dando suis subditis scripturarum flores;

“Sic sua distribuere cunctis derelictis,
Atque curam gerere nudis et afflictis.

“Gallus vobis prædicat, omnes vos audite
Sacerdotes, Domini servi, et Levitæ,
Ut vobis ad cælestia dicatur, Venite.
Præsta nobis gaudia, Pater, æternæ vitæ.”

The following lines are by Durandus:

“Vultis nunc presbyteri supremam rationem
Scire quare, nitens ære, Gallus Aquilonem
Dividit in apice Ecclesiæ, latronem
Errantemque spectans quæque? Omnibus
sermonem
Canit Penitentiam. Nam Petrum ad dolorem
Imprimis civit efficax, cum lapsus in soporem
Hic Dominum negasset; tu Gallum digniorem
Ad elevatam crucem revocare peccatorem.”

—Notes and Queries.

From The Spectator.

BANNISTER'S LIFE OF PATERSON.*

ALTHOUGH William Paterson was not quite so great a genius or so influential a person as his biographer supposes, still the founder of the Bank of England and the projector of the Colonization of Darien was a remarkable man. From an humble origin and (if the reports are true, that he was at one time a self-constituted preacher and connected with the Buccaneers) against obstacles of prejudice as well as fortune, he made his way to civic and political eminence, by dint of his knowledge and abilities; for at the palmiest time his property was not great even for the days of William and Mary. However acquired, Paterson possessed considerable knowledge both of history and of the principles of trade and currency of a sound kind. It must be remembered, too, that in his time there were no shilling short-cuts to universal knowledge; nor had such standard works as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* or Robertson's *Charles the Fifth and America*, with introductions, come into existence. In those days the man who wanted any knowledge of history, beyond what he could obtain from the most vulgar Grub Street compendiums, must resort more or less to original sources, and often draw his own conclusions from what he found there. Treatises on trade were then tolerably numerous, but often as likely to mislead their reader as to direct him. Political economy as a science or a system was nonexistent. The essays on particular branches of it that were published, though containing as we shall presently show, many just opinions on the true principles of trade, were desultory and of slight authority. A man who discarded the "balance of trade," and similar though less celebrated heresies, must do so by dint of his own judgment, as he must acquire his economical opinions by wide experience and original reflection. Yet the remarks of Paterson addressed to King William on the history of Portugal, Spain, and France, in reference, to trade and colonization, cannot be improved in our days as regards substance. It is only within these few years that his liberal free-trade notions

* *William Paterson, the Merchant Statesman and Founder of the Bank of England: his Life and Trials.* By S. Bannister, M.A., formerly Attorney-General of New South Wales. Published by Nimmo, Edinburgh.

have been reduced to practice, if they are now.

On a more difficult because a less palpable subject than free trade, namely currency, Paterson's ideas were not only in advance of many theorists of his age, but of ours also. The extension of trade, wealth, and war, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, had spontaneously originated the modern system of credits, loans, and paper money, which rash asserters like Mr. Disraeli ascribe to the Dutch and William the Third. The progress of events, coupled with the then depreciated state of the coinage, gave rise in England to a good deal of discussion about money, and to various projects. The celebrated Mississippi Law, it is well known, began by turning his attention to the subjects of trade and banking; and though we quite agree with Mr. Bannister in his moral estimate of that financier, we think he underestimates his theoretical ability. It strikes us that Law perceived, what some of his would-be practical followers do not see even to this day, that paper issues of mere promises to pay are nothing. Issues must be based upon substantial value, as land, or the national means. What Law did not see was, that paper, issued in greater amounts than the actual wants of society require, immediately begins to fall in value; and that the only means of preventing the depreciation is by convertibility—the realization of the paper for something of universal acceptance, and (within short periods at least) of steady value, as metallic money. Hence the specious notion of *putting the property of a country into circulation*, by giving every man money who could deposit property in some proportion to the notes issued, would end at last in their utter depreciation, though representing a real value. Of course the scheme would stop in practice by breaking down before it reached the extreme stage: but the French assignats are a remarkable instance of the extent to which this system may practically be carried.

William Paterson saw this error, and mastered the principles of currency as they are now generally received. Indeed, the first proposition in the following extract from the "Brief account of the Intended Bank of England," 1694, seems to contain Lord Overstone's great discovery of the self-working system. Paterson, however, did not

pursue his proposition to its logical conclusion. It is clear from other passages ascribed to him, that he went no further than convertibility, leaving that to succeed or fail at the discretion of the managers.

"1st, That all money or credit, not having an intrinsic value to answer the contents or denominations thereof, is false or counterfeit, and the loss must fall one where or other.

"2d, That the species of gold and silver being accepted and chosen by the commercial world as the standard or measure of other effects, every thing else is only counted valuable as compared with them.

"3d, Wherefore, all credit not founded on the universal species of gold and silver is impeachable, and can never subsist either safely or long—at least till some other species of credit be found out and chosen by the trading part of mankind, over and above, or in lieu thereof."

Sound principles, however, will not suffice to gain immediate influence for their author, even when set forth in a more taking style than Paterson possessed. It is true, his plans for the Bank fell in with the wants of England, and for the colonization of Darien with the aspirations of Scotland; but all new public measures on a great scale are sure to encounter opposition. It was not great wealth that gave Paterson the influence he undoubtedly had, for in the height of his success Mr. Bannister only estimates his whole means at ten thousand pounds. It is probable that his early practice as a preacher might have given him power and fluency of speech to set forth his views. If there is any truth in the description of his manners while at Edinburgh in the flush of the Darien project, painted by an opponent or rather a lampooner, he had an air of gravity, perhaps of piety. At all events, the testimony to his influence and popular reputation is strong—not unlike what Mr. Hudson's was some dozen years ago.

"At this time, and for some months afterwards, Paterson had more respect paid him than his Majesty's High Commissioner; and happy was he then that had the favor of a quarter of an hour's conversation with this blessed man. When he appeared in public, he appeared with a head so full of business and care as if he had Atlas's burden on his back. If a man had a fancy to be reputed wise, the first step he took to make way was to mimic Paterson's phiz; nay, some persons had such a conceit of the miracles he could perform, that they began to talk of an 'en-

gine, to give the island a half-turn round, and send the Orkneys where the isles of Scilly stand.'"

Besides his knowledge as an economist and his activity as a founder of joint-stock banks and of colonization, Paterson was a practical politician. As a staunch Whig, he was a great admirer and supporter of William the Third, though entertaining a mean and bad opinion of many of his Ministers. The King received him privately, and consulted him, or, strictly speaking, perhaps listened to his suggestions. Paterson advocated the Union, took a practical part in it, and for his services was recommended by the Scottish Parliament to the Queen. Nothing, however, followed the vote, and he got no part of the money granted by the first British Parliament as compensation for the Darien losses,—owing, Mr. Bannister thinks, to the ill-will of a Tory Ministry. It was not till the accession of the house of Hanover that Paterson received any recompense: that he had been reduced to considerable straits in the interval, is known from a memorial to Queen Anne, and from "entries of two or three sums of £100 and £50 in the Queen's Bounty List in 1712 and 1713 to his name." In 1715 his time of recompense arrived. He was granted a sum of £18,241 10s. 10 2-3d.; which seems to have been a good deal more than he ever possessed. It appears to have been paid in Treasury debentures, some of which bore no interest, or only for a limited period, and the interest of which (if any) was not very punctually paid in those days. In his will, dated July 1718, he bequeaths legacies to the amount of £7400, and considers there is small prospect of any residue. His will was proved on the 22d of the following January, but it is not known where he died. It is inferred that he was distressed for money, as he quitted his house in Queen Square, Westminster. "The entry of it in the parochial books of that year signifies that the tenant is gone away, the dwelling being 'empty.'" In a letter to Earl Stanhope, Secretary of State, dated the 18th December 1718, but a few weeks at the utmost before Paterson's death, he "explains in touching terms" his distress. Such were the closing days of the founder of the Bank of England.

Although a good many particulars of the last five-and-twenty years of Paterson's life

are known, they chiefly relate to him in a public capacity as an author or projector. Of his early career nothing is ascertained with certainty. Tradition states that he was born at the farm of Skipmyre in Trailflat, Dumfriesshire; and Mr. Bannister, on the authority of a statement in his will, which we do not find there, fixes the year of birth at 1655. From an incidental remark of Paterson in the Darien papers, that he had known a certain skipper "many years before in Jamaica," there is no doubt that he had, as his opponents assert, visited the West Indies. The name appears in the list of London merchants in the later years of Charles the Second, but the first positive trace of him is in another incidental remark of his own, which fixes the commencement of his "experience in commercial business" in 1686. His first definite appearance is in the following year. Mr. Douglas, a Scotch merchant, who wrote a very able paper, full of sense, information, and strong reasoning, against the Darien project, describing it as a rejected speculation of earlier years, thus particularly speaks of the plan and its author.

"This design he was carrying on in Holland and Amsterdam, some years ago, particularly in 1687, when I had occasion to reside in that city about six months together, and was oftentimes at the coffeehouse which Mr. Paterson frequented; and I heard the accounts of the design, which was to erect a commonwealth and free port in the emperor of Darien's country, as he was pleased to call that poor, miserable prince; and whose protection he pretended to be assured of from all who would engage in that design."

In 1690 he was in London engaged in founding the Hampstead Waterworks Company, which still exists, and supplies the "N. W." district. Soon afterwards he was occupied in plans for the formation of the Bank of England; and henceforth he is traceable by documents, published works, or printed allusions. But so little is known of him till he was past thirty, that the following sketch of his career, by an assailant, is perhaps as complete a coup d'œil as can be given. The unfriendly *animus* is obvious, the facts may be perverted, but they are "founded in fact."

"William Paterson came from Scotland in his younger years with a pack on his back, whereof the print may be seen, if he be alive. [He was very ill on his return from

the Darien expedition.] Having travelled this country some years, he seated himself under the wing of a warm widow, near Oxford; where, finding that preaching, was an easier trade than his own, he soon found himself gifted with an Anadab's spirit. Prophets being generally despised at home, he went on the propaganda fide account to the West Indies, and was one of those who settled the Island of Providence a second time. But meeting some hardships and ill luck there,—to wit a governor being imposed on them by the King of England, which his conscience could not admit of,—the prospects of their constitution were altered, and they could no longer have a free port and sanctuary for buccaneers, pirates, and such vermin, who had much need of being reclaimed into the Church. This disappointment obliged *Predicant Paterson* to shake the dust from off his shoes and leave that island under his anathema. He returned to Europe some twelve years ago, with his head full of projects, having all the achievements of Sir Henry Morgan, Batt. Sharp, and the Buccaneers, in his budget. He endeavored to make a market of his wares in Holland and Hamburg, but without any success. He went afterwards to Berlin, opened his pack there, and had almost caught the Elector of Brandenburg in his noose, but that miscarried too. He likewise imparted the same project to Mr. Secretary Blathwait, but still with the same success.

"Meeting with so many discouragements in those several countries, he let his project sleep for some years, and pitched his tent at London, where matters are never wanting to exercise plodding heads. His former wife being at rest as well as his project, he wanted a help that was meet for him; and not being very nice, he went no further than the red-faced coffee-woman, a widow in Birch Lane, whom he afterwards carried to the Isthmus of Darien, and at her first landing thrust her about seven feet under ground, to make the possession de facto of New Caledonia more authentic.

"While he sojourned in London, he found employment for his head; and, like a true quack, boggled at nothing that offered itself to his thoughts. He was concerned in the Hampstead Waters, [the Waterworks, still existing,] and had an original hand in the project of the Bank of England: but, being obliged, *so he says himself*, to communicate his thoughts to some eminent men who were more able to carry it on, they bubbled him out of his premium and the glory of the project. The man thinking himself ill-used by the managers of the Bank of England, studied how to be up with them; and, in opposition to it, he applies himself to the pro-

ject of the Orphan Bank, where he was afterwards some time a director; but their missing of the wished-for aim by reason of the clipped money, and he meeting with some disgrace there too, was resolved at once to be even with the body of the nation."

Although the absence of materials prevents any view of Paterson in his social or personal capacity, the untiring industry and research of Mr. Bannister have exhumed a variety of curious matter relating to the projects in which Paterson was engaged. This is more especially the case with the Darien expedition. In its full extent, the account from its inception to its conclusion occupies one-fourth of the volume, including Paterson's correspondence while the scheme was yet in petto, and his narrative of the whole adventure in the form of a report to the Company after the return of the survivors. Mr. Bannister takes his hero's view of the scheme. We differ with him. The project was based on an utter disregard of the law of nations; if, as Mr. Douglas argued, Spain had a title to any part of America, it was the place Paterson was going to settle on; "so that we may as well expect they will give him up their rich mines as suffer him to keep it." Could the colony have defeated the power of Spain, the soil and climate were not fitted for British settlers; in one way or another they seem to have lost ninety out of a hundred of the adventurers. The perfect freedom of trade and rule proposed by Paterson was too much in advance of the age. But even had all these obstructions been subdued, the colony could never have achieved the professed object of trade and a better route to the East Indies, unless, as Douglas pointed out, it could overcome the Spanish fleets in the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific, and the Dutch in the Indian Archipelago; for it was the interest of both those powers to destroy the project. One thing, however, is clear, that the directors and managers were quite unfit for their post. Paterson was altogether put aside for ignorant skippers; the colony was in the greatest distress before the proclamation of the Governor of Jamaica appeared forbidding supplies; and had that proclamation never been issued, the result would probably have been a little longer occupation, and a greater mortality.

The means by which so many particulars have been brought together in this volume have been a wide and laborious research that few would have undertaken, without the zeal for his hero that animates the biographer.

"The British Museum gave the first manuscripts which suggested the extreme value of Paterson's literary labor, long after the date of his supposed retirement from all public interests. The State Paper Office and the Treasury Papers, preserved at the Rolls, have added greatly to the means of establishing his official history; as the records of the Bank of England and the Parliamentary Journals have afforded many traces of him. The numerous Darien Papers in the Advocate's Library in Edinburgh, and a few rare documents in the Bodleian, in the Library of the City of London in Guildhall, furnished the best chapters of the work. The libraries of the London Institution, of Sion College, and the invaluable portion of the Manchester Free Library, from the collection of Mr. Magens, a banker and writer on finance in the last century, supplied copies of Paterson's best treatises, found nowhere else, and rare tracts. The books of the Hampstead Waterwork's Company establish his share in that undertaking; and the record of the Commissioners of Sewers in Middlesex, and of the parish of St. Margaret, fix his residence in Westminster nearly twenty years after he has been hitherto thought to have retired in obscurity to Scotland."

Mr. Bannister has not confined himself to manuscript records; he has extensively perused the fugitive and other publications of Paterson's age where a trace of him or his opinions was likely to be found. In one point of view this rather encumbers the book and lowers his claims for Paterson. Mr. Bannister ascribes some works to Paterson that are by no means clearly proved to be his, and which indeed contain political and commercial opinions not only opposed to those he appears to have entertained, but which would make him out an opponent of free trade and a friend to prohibitions, especially of wine, brandy, spices, &c., and even of wool. The author, in his zeal for his hero, also describes things to Paterson where the author is known. Sir Dalby Thomas in 1690 published a tract on trade and colonies: on no stronger ground than that Paterson and Thomas were engaged in the same undertakings as the Hampstead Water works, the biographer asserts that Paterson

"must have contributed largely to its pages," and devotes a chapter to the tract. This biographical defect however, gives a curious feature to the work. From the number of publications quoted or alluded to, one sees how the public mind was stirring on subjects connected with trade and finance, and how individual observation and reflection had reached true principles on those subjects. We think it not unlikely that an inquirer into the tracts and volumes of the time might extract a body of scattered opinions on those subjects as sound and extensive as there is in any modern book on the origin of wealth, the freedom of trade, and the practical questions of political economy. These opinions cannot be said to have failed of effect, since the *Wealth of Nations* appeared in less than a century afterwards, having been preceded by Hume's *Essays* some twenty-five years before. They failed in producing a general impression, because the author seem only to have reached particular truths, without mastering the principles on which they rested. Hence there was no certainty but what they might in some other direction fall into errors of a similar kind to those they eschewed, and they could not give completeness to their particular conclusions or unite them into a system. Above all, they had not the felicity of illustration possessed by Adam Smith, which renders his account of the origin of wealth and the effects of the division of labor one of the most impressive expositions ever written. The main truth, however, of the origin of wealth, had equally with Locke been reached by Dalby Thomas.

"The true, original, and everlasting support of wealth, is nothing else but labor; and if all the laborious people of the kingdom left working, to live upon the natural produce of it, distributed among them in an equal proportion by way of charity, as parish poor and beggars are supported, it would not be long before the nation became necessitous, naked, and starving; and, consequently, land and houses worth nothing.

"A short reflection will make us sensible that a very few years of idleness must complete the matter: whence one can no longer doubt, but that labor and industry, rightly applied, are the sole cause of the wealth of a nation; that money is only the scales, or touchstones, to weigh or value things by; and that land only will yield no rent, but as labor, employed for the support of luxuries as well as necessities, finds due encouragement and increase."

The same writer had arrived at a truth now generally admitted, but then denied by the ancients, as well as by the philosophers, divines, and moralists of the times.

"Though some men look upon the ornaments and delights of life as baits to vice and occasions of effeminacy, if they would but impartially examine the truth of matters, they would discern them to be true issues to virtue, valor, and the elevation of the mind, as well as the just rewards of industry. For it is certain, upon a right scrutiny, a man shall find more profaneness, dishonesty, drunkenness, and debauchery, practised in nasty rags, bare walls, and ale-houses, than in rich hotels, palaces, or taverns; and as plenty, splendor, and grandeur, can have no other fountain but wisdom, industry, and good conduct, so shabbiness, indigence, and contempt, rarely spring from anything but folly, idleness, and vice."

Many curious facts turn up in connexion with public characters and the mode of conducting public business. Among other persons that figure in the pages, is Law, whom Mr. Bannister treats as a sort of bad rival to Paterson. Law, like all other prophets, had but scant honor in his own country. Scotland had rejected his land-bank scheme. When he was at the head of the French finances, the Edinburgh authorities thought they might as well compliment a countryman who was supposed to carry fortune in his pocket.

"The authorities of Edinburgh solemnly resolved to send the freedom of the city to Law in a costly box; and their Provost, a Campbell, too happy to be allied in blood to the great man, penned an address to him in a strain of compliment that is read with shame at the thought of what honorable men will descend to before a golden image. Law treated the Lord Provost and the Council with cool neglect, that must have taught them a lesson of self-consideration. He did not acknowledge the letter for six months, and then signified that his great employments had prevented an earlier reply. This he wrote to his complimentary Scottish kinsman in *French*!"

We do not know that the following hints are needed by concoctors of public companies in our time, but they may furnish a warning to shareholders not to strike at the first heat. The passage is from the private letters of Paterson to his collaborateurs in Edinburgh at the outset of the Darien Company.

"As to the quality of the stock, they think

of £360,000., whereof the half, being £180,000, will be for Scotland; so that people may have notice enough to prepare their money. As for reasons, we ought to give none, but that it is a fund for the African and Indian Company. For if we are not able to raise the fund by our reputation, we shall hardly do it by our reasons.

"The Parliament of Scotland having given the kingdom of Scotland till the 1st of August come twelve months to come in for half the stock, this ought to induce us to make what private apartments we can, but not to think of appearing in public till within three or four months of that time. For if we should lay books open in Scotland for six or eight months or a year together, we should

become ridiculous at home and abroad. For that we have many instances here in England, where, when the Parliament gives a long day for money, that fund has hardly ever success, and where the days are short they seldom ever fail. The Bank of England had but six weeks' time from the opening of the books, and was finished in nine days. In all subscriptions here it is always limited to a short day; for if a thing go not on with the first heat, the raising of a fund seldom or never succeeds, the multitude being commonly led more by example than reason."

With this we may fitly take leave of William Paterson; for although he was a very able and remarkable man, his great speciality lay in the "formation" of joint-stock companies.

CENTRAL ASIA.—Whoever has been a careful student of history, will have in mind some remembrance of the great exodus of the Torgote Tartars; who, in 1500, flying from the savage wrath and persecutions of the Russians, took their weary way across the whole upper part of Central Asia,—beset by want, by winter, by an almost unknown and untravelled route, by the fury of the Calmucks and many nomadic tribes,—to the Western boundary of China, whence their ancestors had originally migrated, and where they were hospitably received, cared for and settled. Such another national exodus cannot be found on the page of history since Moses led forth the tribes of Judea from Egyptian bondage; and there were sufferings and dangers, endured by the Tartars, from which the Jews were wholly exempt. The region which their sufferings mapped, presented alternate torrid and frigid temperature; great steppes, barren of life and verdure, and either wholly destitute of water, or overflowed by tremendous torrents from the uplands. Excepting the squalid but ferocious Mongols, these regions are uninhabited by man, and desolate.

This country, so far away and so slightly known; lying as a debatable region between Russia and China, is now, it seems, to acquire importance, and become possibly, the theatre of a new and strange war. The solicitude of Russia to extend her frontiers, checked in its progress towards the Dardanelles; retarded in Moldavia and Wallachia; beaten back from Finland, and impossible in Siberia, seizes upon almost the only vent left, and flows over Central Asia towards the flowery kingdom. How far this tendency may be complicated with the effort to open a route across India, cannot at present be positively known. It may be an entirely independent movement, springing from the dreams and doctrines of Peter; it may be only collateral with the greater effort in the direction of Burmah. Whichever alternative is correct, and whatever the inciting cause may be, the fact is not the less notable and deserving of regard. The London *Star*, in an article copied by the Journal of Commerce of November 20th, says: "Russia is absorbing into her empire Mongol

tribes which have hitherto owned allegiance to the celestial monarch, and lines of forts are in course of construction to protect these advanced frontiers of Eastern Russia." If these are facts, they indicate a movement of some kind, in the direction of Central Asia; a movement, too, which can with little difficulty be so diverted and controlled as to co-operate with any other movement, to the South or West. Should Russian annexation cease with the conquest of the Mongols, and those semi-nomadic nations adjoining, there will be, nevertheless, a very great gain to the descendants of Peter; and one which, in everything except the means of water communication, should compensate for the failure of Moldavian and Wallachian schemes. Pekin will be nearer to St. Petersburg, and the overland commerce, carried on so long in despite of many obstacles, will increase in importance precisely as it decrease in difficulty. Whatever commercial advantages lie along the route so opened will naturally fall into the vortex, and be compelled to contribute to the welfare and aggrandizement of the pioneers. Those advantages, from want of sufficient opportunity and inducement for development, have hitherto been allowed to lie fallow. They will be cultivated with care so soon as occasion promises to render the labor remunerative. There are great difficulties to be met and conquered; great expenses to be encountered. If these are successfully met, Russia must reap some material and strategic values which will reach into a very distant future;—the values of new and ever increasing trade; of large area; of increased population; and, beyond any or all of these, of an avenue to China, superior to that now possessed; as well as an avenue from which she can look down upon Persia or marshal her forces for a descent upon India. The fact announced that a line of forts is in process of construction to protect these advanced frontiers of the kingdom, would induce the idea that a military tenure was the only point sought. It may, however, be but a means to an end, and that end one of a commercial nature which Russia must have long desired to circumvent.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce*, 12 Dec.

From The Quarterly Review.

1. *General Statement of the Past and Present Condition of the several Manufacturing Branches of the War Department, as called for by a Letter dated 8th May, 1856, presented to both Houses of Parliament by her Majesty's Command.* By John Anderson, Inspector of Machinery.
2. *Fourth Report from the Select Committee on the Army before Sebastopol, with the Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix.* 1855.
3. *Report from the Select Committee on Contracts for Public Departments, together with the Proceedings of the Committee, Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix and Index.* 1856.
4. *The Handbook for Travellers in Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire, including the Isle of Wight.* 1858.
5. *On the Government Factory, Waltham Abbey.* By Major Baddeley, Royal Artillery. 1857.

In the year 1716 the brass guns which Marlborough had taken from the French were being recast in the Royal Gun Foundry in Moorfields, when a young Swiss named Andrew Schalch, who was accidentally present, remarking the dampness of the moulds, and foreseeing the inevitable result, warned Colonel Armstrong, the then Surveyor-General, against being too close a spectator of the operation. As Schalch foretold, an explosion took place, and many workmen were killed. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the old proverb, and the bursting of the gun was the making of the young foreigner's fortune, for in a few days an advertisement appeared in one of the public papers requesting him to call upon Colonel Andrews, "as the interview may be for his advantage." Andrew Schalch attended accordingly, and was at once intrusted with the duty of seeking out a better locality for the casting of the royal ordnance. He selected a rabbit-warren at Woolwich, as the best site within twelve miles of the metropolis, for the threefold reason that it was dry, near to the river, and in the immediate neighborhood of loam for the moulds. Strangely enough, it has since been proved that the great nation of antiquity with whom the British possess so many qualities in common, had been here before. The Romans, whose second station on the Watling Street out of London is supposed to

have been at Hanging Wood, close at hand, seem to have appropriated the sloping ground on which the original gun factory stands for the purposes of a cemetery, for on digging the foundations of some new buildings, urns of their manufacture were discovered in large quantities, and a very beautiful sepulchral vase, which is now in the museum of the Royal Artillery Institution. Thus where the conquerors of the old world lay down to their last rest, we, the Romans of the present age, forge the arms which make us masters of an empire beyond the dreams of the imperial Cæsars.

As the visitor enters the great gate of the Arsenal he finds no difficulty in tracing the whereabouts of the labors of Andrew, for straight before him, with a stately solemnity which marked the conceptions of its builder Vanbrugh, stands the picturesque gun factory, with its high pitched roof, red brick work, and carved porch, looking like a fine old gentleman amid the factory ranges which within these few years have sprung up around. It is impossible to contemplate this building without respect, for forth from its portals have issued that victorious ordnance which since the days of George II. has swept the battle-grounds of the old and the new world. Up to as late a date as the year 1842 the machinery within these stately, old edifices was almost as antiquated in character as themselves. The three great boring-mills, moved by horses, which had been imported in 1780 as astonishing wonders from the Hague, were the only engines used in England in making her Majesty's ordnance till fifteen years ago. Such was the state of efficiency of the oldest of the three great manufacturing departments of the Arsenal! The more modern departments, known as the Royal Carriage Factory and the Laboratory, have flourished during the present century in an unequal degree. For fifty years the former of these branches of the Arsenal has been more or less in a high state of efficiency, through the introduction of machinery from the workshops of Messrs. Bramah and Maudslay, and of the contrivances of Bentham and Sir I. Brunel. The improvements which were due to their inventive genius rendered this department highly efficient during the French war, on the conclusion of which a long period of inactivity followed; and it was not until 1847 that symptoms

were manifested of renewed life under the able superintendence of General Gordon, and still later of Colonel Colquhoun. The Laboratory during the same period appears to have remained entirely stationary, and up to the year 1853 was far inferior to that of any third-rate power. The backward condition of the sole Arsenal of England during the long interval of peace seems at first sight remarkable, when we consider the amount of mechanical ingenuity which had penetrated into every factory in the kingdom; but when we remember that the instruments and munitions of war are special articles, wanted only for special periods, occurring at uncertain intervals of time, the wonder ceases. Private manufacturers had no interest in forging instruments of destruction, and the State having conquered "a lasting peace," Vulcan was allowed to fall into a profound sleep—a sleep so unbroken that the nation listened for a moment to the voice of those Manchester charmers who would fain have persuaded us the time was come when our swords could with safety be turned into pruning-hooks. In the midst of this amiable delusion, the Northern Eagle attempted to seize upon the sick man, and Britain instinctively flew to arms. This sudden spasm of war following upon a forty years' peace at once disclosed the fact that we were totally unprepared to wage it. There were not shells enough in the Arsenal to furnish forth the first battering-train that went to the East, and the fuses in store were of the date of Waterloo. A fourth part of the money which we joyfully expended, when the wolf was at the door, would have been thought the demand of a madman when Europe was supposed to be one big sheepfold. Economy prevented efficient progress; and though the authorities had latterly originated reforms, their exertions were limited by their scanty resources. As the war proceeded, the Ordnance were at their wits' ends for coarse-grained gunpowder, which, as it was not an article of commerce, had to be specially made for them. Small arms were wanted in haste, and could only be constructed at leisure. In these straits the private manufacturers of the country were applied to, but in many cases they had to learn a new art. Do what they would, with the power of charging fabulous prices for shot and shell, ammunition and small arms, their

powers of production were totally inadequate to meet the strain of the great siege, the proportions of which grew larger day by day. All the mills in England could not make powder at the rate at which it was shot away—a rate which consumed a hundred thousand barrels before Sevastopol was taken; nor could all the armories of London and Birmingham make rifled muskets and sabres fast enough for our men. Consequently we were obliged to go to Liège for 44,000 Minié guns, 3000 cavalry swords, and 12,000 barrels of powder, and to the United States for 20,000 barrels more.

It may seem passing strange that England, whose manufacturing power is so enormous, should have to resort to foreign manufacturers for the arms wherewith to fight. Money in such a country, it is often said, can procure anything, and money in this case was no object. The want of suitable machinery was the cause of the difficulty. The manufacturers could only make the articles demanded of them by skilled labor, which is a thing that must be acquired before it can be hired. Old machines can be put to extra duty; fresh machines can be readily supplied; but skilled labor is a fixed capital which cannot be suddenly increased. The result was a lamentable slowness of production and an extraordinary dearness of price. The munitions of war in some cases more than doubled in value. It is calculated that the shells for the Baltic fleet alone, which were fabricated entirely by private manufacturers, cost upwards of £100,000 more than they would have done had they been made by the new machinery lately introduced into the Arsenal. A still stronger case to show the extraordinary prices which the Government had to pay contractors when the demand was imperative and supply confined to two or three houses, was that of the six-pounder diaphragm shells. They were charged by the contractors at £73 per ton, whilst the very same article is now made in the Royal Laboratory at £14 19s. 2d. per ton! These exorbitant demands, and the rapid drain of the stores, led the War Department to consider whether it would not be better to organize a government establishment on the most extensive scale, and on the most improved system; and it was ultimately determined to adopt a plan by which it would be possible to expand or contract the productive power, according to the

exigencies of the service, by means of machines, which could be tended by untutored laborers and boys. Accordingly a very large number of the most ingenious machines were procured from the United States, where the Springfield and Harper Ferry Arsenals have long been famous for their admirable contrivances to save human skill, while others were procured from the Continent and at home, by Mr. Anderson, the superintendent of machinery. In a very short time a powerful factory of the munitions of war sprung into life, verifying for the ten thousandth time the truth of the proverb that necessity is the mother of invention, or at least, as in this case, of improvement.

The introduction of machinery on a large scale put to flight the old traditions of the Arsenal, and the manufacturing spirit had to be substituted for the military organization under which the establishment had been conducted before. Such was the energy and rapidity with which the old Arsenal reformed itself, that we question if any private factory in the kingdom is conducted upon a better system than is already at work there. Within these three years factories have sprung up on every side, and the whirl of wheels, and the measured stroke of the steam-engine, can now be heard over the whole of its immense area.

The three manufacturing departments into which the Woolwich Arsenal is divided are as follows:—The Royal Gun Factory, under the superintendence of Colonel F. Eardley Wilmot, R.A.; the Royal Carriage Department, under the superintendence of Colonel Tulloh, R.A.; and the Royal Laboratory Department, under Captain Boxer, R.A. Through these factories we will conduct our readers, and endeavor to give them an idea how human ingenuity has perfected the means to destroy human life. The Gun Factories, by right of age, take precedence, although in point of interest they present the least attractive features to the spectator. The fact which most strikes him as he threads his way amid the Cyclopean machinery is the slow, inevitable manner in which the different processes are carried on. Here you see a large lathe turning the outside of an eighteen-pounder, revolving as noiselessly and as readily as though it were only turning a brass candlestick—the fixed tool cutting off its thin shavings of metal with as much ease as

if it were boxwood. In the next machine a gun is being bored, the drill twisting its way down the fixed mass, and a dropping shower of bright chips proving how resistlessly its tooth moves on towards its appointed goal. A third machine cuts off the "dead head" of a cannon. All guns are cast in the pits in a perpendicular position, breech downwards, and are made at least one-third longer than they are intended to be when finished. The reason for this is, that the superincumbent metal forming the "dead head" of the piece may by its weight condense the portion below it which is to form the true gun—the extraordinary pressure of the powder requiring the metal to be extremely close in order to withstand the strain. Besides these lathes, which do the more ordinary work of the factory, there are what are termed exceptional machines to finish those parts of the gun which the lathe cannot touch, such as the projecting sight, the trunnions, and that portion of the barrel which lies between them. No increase has taken place in the size of the Brass Gun Factory, although, through the energetic action of Col. Wilmot, its produce has been doubled since the breaking out of the war. Fourteen pieces of brass ordnance, six, nine, and eighteen pounders, can be turned out weekly. Brass is used for field-pieces on account of its resisting power being greater than that of iron. Experiments which have lately been made, however, tend to show that steel is a far lighter and better material even than brass for this purpose. A German, named Krupp, has produced some steel pieces which bear an enormous charge; in fact, when well made, it is almost impossible to burst them. The Emperor of the French has already ordered three hundred and fifty of these guns to be introduced into the service, and probably we shall have to follow suit.

The fine building recently erected in connexion with this department is intended for the manufacture of iron ordnance, which has hitherto been produced exclusively by private manufacturers. The experience of the late war, however, determined the Government to furnish at least a portion of these stores themselves. A thoroughly reliable gun must be worth any price that its efficient manufacture demands; for the failing of a single piece may lose a battle, and bring with it consequences which would be cheaply

averted by a park of artillery cast in gold. In the late campaign we were prevented from striking a great blow through this very cause alone. At the bombardment of Sweaborg no less than seventeen of the thirteen-inch mortars were destroyed through a want of tenacity in the iron of which they were composed. Many of these ponderous engines split after a few rounds, and may now be seen on the wharf of the Arsenal cleft in twain as clean as Tell's apple. Yet these mortars were made by the Carron and Low Moor Companies, the most celebrated private manufacturers of such articles in England. Had they stood the strain, we should have utterly destroyed the fortifications of this stronghold, instead of burning a few sheds, which made a great blaze without doing much mischief; and had we possessed a sufficient number of these formidable engines, the destruction of Cronstadt and Sevastopol would only have formed the work of a few days. Though ours is a land both of iron and manufactures, our guns are of inferior quality to those of other nations. The cannon captured at Sevastopol are of better iron than the cannon we brought against them. Several thousand tons weight of the guns dismounted from Cronstadt, in order to make way for pieces of heavier calibre, were bought, we understand, the other day by an English firm with the intention of converting them into cranks and boilers, which require the very best material. The Americans insist upon a tenacity of cast-iron for their ordnance equal to a pressure of 34,000 lbs. on the square inch, and sometimes obtain it equal to 45,000 lbs., whilst we, the greatest manufacturers of iron in the world, have hitherto seldom obtained it of a strength equal to 20,000 lbs. This great deficiency Government hope to remedy by the institution of a series of experiments on all classes of iron both foreign and indigenous. There is a curious machine in the Gun Factory specially invented for the purpose of testing the tenacity of each sample, its capacity of withstanding compression, its transverse strength and its power of resisting torsion. It is curious to see this iron-limbed Samson wrestling with mighty bars of metal, and twisting and tearing them across the grain like bits of stick. The fractured remnants of the specimens and of the guns rent in the testing process in the Marshes and at Shoeburyness

are collected in a museum, the history of each specimen being minutely given. Thus a curious and instructive record is gradually being acquired, which will prove of infinite use in the manufacture of heavy ordnance. It has been already ascertained that guns are universally strengthened by having wrought iron rings put round them—a fact which was discovered during the course of experiments with the heavy cannon bored with an oval rifle to receive the Lancaster shell. Several of them having burst at the muzzle, this simple expedient was tried, and the guns so girded now bear the most extraordinary charges without flinching.

The new building for casting, boring, and finishing iron guns, is both externally and internally the most imposing-looking of all the structures erected to meet the exigencies of the Crimean war. These spacious factories present more the appearance of first-class railway termini than of ordinary workshops. They are lighted with what are termed saw-roof lights, having a northern aspect; for the Vulcans who can work all day in the burning blaze of furnaces do not, it appears, like to be distracted with the confusing rays of the sun! The number of turning, boring, finishing, planing, shaping, drilling, slotting, and punching machines that revolve, thump, and slide here in ponderous grandeur is prodigious, and there can be very little doubt that it will be the most perfect and powerful factory in the world of its kind. Travelling-cranes, which run upon railways poised in air overhead, command every inch of the factories, so that cannon of the heaviest calibre far both land and sea service—98-pounders weighing many tons—can be slung from machine to machine with the greatest ease. When the machinery is completed, the foundry will be capable of turning out ten guns of the largest size per week.

The most interesting portion of the gun department is the factory devoted to the construction of Lancaster shells. This odd-looking missile has a form very similar to a champagne bottle, and, unlike the ordinary shell, is made out of a single sheet of wrought iron. The slab of metal having been welded into a cylindrical form, it is submitted to an ingenious lathe, which, acting upon it simultaneously with a dozen different tools inside and out, speedily reduces it to a given weight

and a perfectly uniform thickness. The cylinder, about eighteen inches in length and ten inches in diameter, is then made red hot, and whilst in this state is placed in the grip of a powerful machine, which by a series of blows, equally distributed over every part, converts it into the likeness of a French bottle in less than five minutes, without the slightest sign of crumpling in any portion of the surface. The operation can only be compared to the manner in which a potter shapes a vessel upon the wheel. No less than forty machines are employed on this special manufacture, and upwards of a hundred shells can be turned out daily. The expense incurred in producing with extreme accuracy and speed these curious missiles for the first rifled gun adopted by the service, is an earnest of the determination of the authorities to carry the manufacture of artillery to the same perfection of finish as their small arms. Lancaster guns will in all probability play a very important part in the next war, if war there should ever unhappily be, as those in use in the Crimea made most splendid practice, firing with nearly the accuracy of a rifle, and attaining a range of 5000 yards, or very nearly three miles. As these shells cost about 25s. each, the expense of "passing the bottle" to the enemy is rather a serious affair.

By far the largest department of the Royal Arsenal is devoted to the construction of carriages and packing-cases for moving artillery, baggage, and the various munitions of war. At the present moment the carriage department employs no less than three thousand hands, together with three hundred machines, moved by twenty-three steam-engines, which do the work of an additional twelve thousand men! The bulky nature of the material dealt with, and the store-houses required for stowing it away, together with the numerous workshops called into existence by the Crimean war, have caused this department to burst its old bounds and to invade 250 acres of the adjoining marsh—the area of the workshops alone covering 255,152 superficial feet, and the entire ground occupied being no less than 1,445,440 feet. This immense amount of elbow room has enabled Colonel Tulloh, the superintendent of the department, to systematize the manufacture, and cause the timber to pass along in one unbroken progress from the time when it is

landed upon the wharf to the time when the finished articles are delivered over to the storekeeper. If we follow this stream from stage to stage, we shall catch a flying view of the operations of this department, whose province it is to provide package and carriage for the British army at home and abroad.

The timber which forms the principal raw material employed is brought by ships to the mouth of the canal which runs along the eastern side of the Arsenal; here it is transferred to lighters which convey it some distance inland to the quay in the immediate neighborhood of the timber field. By means of powerful derrick cranes which can make a long or a short arm at pleasure, it is next unloaded and swung upon the trucks of the railway which ramifies through every portion of the premises, and forms the means of communication between its different points. The trucks, when full, immediately start with their burthen for the contiguous timber field, a square space covering 20 acres. Here the huge logs are deposited in long lines, which extend from one end of the field to the other, having roadways between them laid with rails. Over each line or row of timber strides a powerful travelling crane which, with a slight impulse given by one man, is made to traverse from end to end of the row, depositing or taking up in its way logs of oak or teak of many tons weight as easily as Gulliver could have picked up the Lilliputians he bestrode. Before the introduction of this powerful machinery from fifty to one hundred pairs of horses were employed in this department alone, all of which are now dispensed with, and a saving effected of £6000 a-year.

At the present moment the timber-field stores amount to 60,000 loads of timber. The varieties of climate in which the British army has to serve are so many, that foreign woods have been introduced to supply the place of oak, which cannot be found in quantities equal to the demand. Thus we find in the timber-field sabicu, a dense East Indian wood which is used for the heavy blocks of gun carriages; pedouk from the same country, which is employed for a similar purpose; and iron bark, an Australian wood. Of English timber, such as ash, elm, and beech, there is a very large store. What is called wheel timber, on the soundness and proper adaptation of which depends the safety of the artillery and transport service, is entirely

composed of the most graceful trees of our woodlands; the spokes being made of oak, the naves of elm, and the felloes or rims of ash. Beech is also largely used for the fuses of shells and the woodwork of saddles. When any particular logs are required they are selected by the timber-master, picked up by the travelling crane, hoisted into the railway truck, and conveyed at once to the saw mills close at hand. On the threshold of the largest mill the logs meet with a grim reception from an immense circular saw 66 inches in diameter, which at once attacks the huge log and separates it as expeditiously as your Eastern soldier divides with his scimitar a floating handkerchief. This formidable instrument traverses a space of 30 feet, and is thus enabled to fix its teeth upon the log at whatever part of the entrance it may chance to lie. This transverse section performed, the divided portions are drawn up by machinery into the saw-frames, the largest of which is capable of receiving a log 4 feet square. Once within the mill's maw, as many saws are put in as are necessary to divide the wood into slabs of the required thickness, and a few minutes suffice to reduce it to planks. From the mills the timber is removed again upon the railroad to the seasoning shed, which covers 4 acres of ground. Here it is allowed to remain for years, so stacked that the air fairly circulates through every portion of the immense mass. The seasoning shed is to the timber master what his wine-cellar is to a bon vivant. Here he treasures his bins of nine years old oak as though it were wine of a famous vintage. This he keeps as carefully as a young whist player keeps his best trumps to the end of the game, but with far more judgment, for old oak is precious beyond price, and cannot be got for love or money at a moment's notice. In the dim shadow of this monster store are also piled the completed articles of land-transport that improve by age. That perpendicular wall of finished wood-work contains the bodies of a thousand carriages which were prepared to remove the British army from the plateau of Sevastopol in anticipation of an inland campaign; the round towers at the corners are their wheels built up and left to season. Upon the thorough preparation of this part of the carriage its safety depends. The wheels of omnibuses are always allowed to remain two years before they are

used, and by permitting them this grace they behave well when at work, generally running over 43,000 miles of ground before they are worn out. The wheels of gun-carriages require to be even better prepared and seasoned, as they have to bear the weight of enormous guns, and have often to run over the roughest ground, without being in any way relieved from sudden shocks by springs.

Upon this store of mellow wood the different factories draw; and the railway which traverses every portion of it speedily conveys the raw material to the benches of the workmen. As the visitor passes up the main avenues of these splendid shops he is bewildered with the activity of the swarms of artizans, the whirring of shafting, and the grating sound of circular saws. Clouds of sawdust are flying about, and in a moment cover the intruder from head to foot. The immense amount of work sometimes required to be performed at a brief notice has necessitated the introduction of machinery into this branch of handicraft, which heretofore was entirely carried on by manual labor. Let us take the ammunition and powder cases for instance; these have to be provided by the hundred thousand in time of war, and accordingly we find machinery employed in every direction to shorten the work. Circular saws cut the planks into the required size to form the sides and tops and bottoms of the cases; as these issue from the different machines, they are conveyed away upon a circular band of canvas, placed at right angles, to a broader band which runs from one end of the factory to the other; down this band, as on a broad stream, the various pieces sail until they reach the receptacle, from which they are again conveyed to the machinery which is to put them together. Here the drilling, mortising, and dowelling processes are carried on by wholesale with an exactitude and speed which would astonish the joiner of the old school. Upwards of a thousand ammunition boxes formed of cedar, for repelling the wood-eating white ants of the East, are now being prepared daily for the use of the Indian army. The powder boxes for the navy are made of a hexagonal form, to enable them to fit into the ship's hold like cells of honeycomb. They are carefully lined either with pewter or copper, and when filled are hermetically sealed with wax. The limber boxes for the field artillery

are also made here in large quantities. These receptacles are of a far more elaborate character than the powder cases, as they are fitted to take all the stores requisite for immediate action, which are stowed away in their different compartments, as neatly as the articles in a gentleman's dressing case. The common cartridge barrels are shaped out of the solid wood almost as fast as you can look. One machine cuts the oak into staves, curved to the right form; another cuts the edges, so that they may fit in a circle; a fourth turns the head; a fifth receives the staves, which are placed by the attendant on end in the form of a barrel, within the grip of a hydraulic press, claps a hoop on the top and bottom, and with one squeeze completes the operation. By such appliances a piece of solid oak plank is converted within five minutes into a finished barrel. The total produce of carefully prepared powder cases during the financial year 1856 was 25,331, and of boxes for ammunition, shell, &c., no less than 287,171. How many barrels can be made at a pinch we do not know, for the machinery is only just put up, but the number must be enormous, and when the visitor witnesses the nimble fingers of machinery galloping over the work, he wonders how the business was ever got through in the old time of the chisel, gouge, hammer, and plane.

In the shops devoted to the manufacture of the gun-carriages and trucks for the land and sea-service, skilled artisans are employed, except in the wheel department. The vast strength requisite to support and withstand the recoil of 56, 64, and 98-pounders, necessitates the most solid construction and the best workmanship. Some of these platforms for traversing cannon, made of teak, and bolted and finished at the ends with bright copper bands, look like handsome pieces of furniture rather than ship's gun-carriages. Compared with these ponderous articles, the light constructions fitted for the field-artillery seem like children's playthings. Here they may be met with in every variety and in every stage of progress, so substantially put together that the marvel is that they ever wear out. The sort of succession of earthquakes, however, to which they are subjected in a campaign tells even upon those solid joints, and but few of the gun-carriages employed in the Crimea, although new when they went out, returned fit for further service.

The wheel department is one of the most interesting sights in the Arsenal. Here the most ingenious machinery has been brought together to ensure sound and speedy production. Formerly the wheels were made entirely by hand; now they are turned out without the aid of a single skilled wheelwright. What is called the copying process, produces the nave and spokes of the wheel, three or four of which are seen working side by side, and the whole batch under the care of only one man. The circular rim of the wheel or felloe is cut out of the solid block by an ingenious ribbon-saw, imported from France. This saw is merely a narrow band of steel, toothed on one edge and running over a wheel like an ordinary leathern band attached to shafting. The exquisite manner in which it fashions the most intricate patterns from thick slabs of wood is really surprising. The felloes, after being thus roughly formed, are stacked to season in a shed by themselves, where they are piled one upon the other in vast pillars, down vistas of which the visitor passes, full of amazement at their number. There are at present in store some sixty thousand of these felloes and an equal number of naves, with their due complement of spokes.

As wheels are required, their component parts are brought to the shop, finished and mortised by machinery, and then lightly adjusted to each other. They are immediately placed within the grip of six hydraulic presses, which are so arranged as to thrust towards a common centre. Directly the wheel is adjusted within them, you hear the hiss of the resistless engines, whose motive power is only a few pints of water; the solid timbers groan, the joints painfully accommodate themselves to each other, and in less time than the process takes to describe, the wheel is lifted out solidly jointed, and only awaiting the tire to gravel at once under its superincumbent gum. The wheels of gun, limber, and ammunition-carriages are all made of exactly the same size, in order that they may be interchangeable in case of accident.

The effect of the sudden outbreak of the late war was, perhaps, more beneficially felt upon the laboratory department of the Arsenal than any other. Shells, of all the stores of war, were most deficient when the army left for Varna, and the want increased as soon as actual campaigning commenced.

The authorities accordingly permitted Captain Boxer to erect a model manufactory of shells in the autumn of 1855. This he did with surprising rapidity, and proved to their satisfaction that these formidable missiles could be manufactured five pounds a ton cheaper than they could be procured from the contractors—an important saving on an article of which several hundred tons had to be supplied per day. The success of this experiment led to the erection of the splendid shell-foundry which is now attached to the Arsenal, and which is capable of turning out sufficient shells for all the armies of the world. Here may be seen the process by which the old scrap iron of the establishment is transformed into the finished shot and shell, and transferred by its own weight to the transport ready to convey it to the seat of war. The smelting process is carried on in a dozen enormous cupola furnaces, into which the iron and coal are heaped indiscriminately. The fierce heat generated by the blast rapidly melts the iron, which is then allowed to flow into the shell-moulds. From the moment the metal enters these moulds, the shell, in war time, never touches the ground till it is landed at its port of debarkation! The rough shells, after they have cooled a little, are forwarded by railway to the cleaning-room, where they are placed in a revolving iron barrel, seven feet long and seven feet in diameter. This machine circulates with rapidity, and the friction of the contained shells speedily cleanses them of all sand and dirt. From this point they roll through all the succeeding stages of their manufacture. A slightly-inclined plane receives them at the cleaning-drum, and conducts them one by one to the machinery fixed in the great room of the laboratory department. Upwards of ten thousand shells per day passed through this apartment during the late war, and were, on their passage, drilled and brushed, or fitted with the socket made to receive the fuze. This simple fact will alone serve to show how energetically the work was carried on to meet the wants of the great siege. The shells, having rolled through the labyrinth of successive machines which operate upon them, now move onward to the painting department, where they receive a coating of black varnish, which prevents oxidation. Hence they continue their journey right across the open ground of the Arsenal to the

pier, under the platform of which they keep their course inside an iron tube which leads immediately into the barge alongside the transport in the river. From this barge, into which they sometimes shoot with a considerable impulse, they roll again, through the open port of the ship, to their appointed place in the hold.

The chief factory of the laboratory department is the great sight of the Arsenal, as here the visitor witnesses twenty or thirty most curious operations, the more important only, of which he can stop to examine amid the whirlwind of machinery that everywhere meets his sight and vibrates on his ear. The manufacture of elongated bullets for the rifles affords perhaps the most startling novelty of all. The rifle itself is not a greater advance upon old Brown Bess than is the Minié bullet upon the old one-ounce ball. The apparatus now employed to produce it contrasts as forcibly with the simple bullet-mould formerly in use. Instead of heating the lead to a fluid state, it is simply warmed, in which condition it is subjected to hydraulic pressure in a large iron vessel, which has but one small aperture at the top, of the size of the intended elongated bullet. Out of this hole the metal is driven in the form of a continuous rod of lead, which, as it issues forth, rolls itself upon iron reels as though it were so much cotton! The reels are then attached to a machine which draws the metal between its teeth, bites it off to the required size, moulds the cone, depresses the cup, and condenses the mass at the same moment. These wonderful bullet-makers, when in full work, turn out five hundred elongated bullets a minute, or upwards of a quarter of a million daily. To complete the missile, the cup has to be filled with a box-wood plug to insure its proper expansion whilst in the act of leaving the gun. Here again a partially self-acting apparatus is called into play, one lad being sufficient to feed several machines with square rods of wood, the ends of which are embraced by a circular hollow cutter, which instantly reduces them to the right conical form, and then cuts them off. These little plugs are produced at the same rate as the bullets.

An equally interesting operation is the manufacture of percussion-caps. The first process in this light and delicate work is the stamping of sheet-copper into pieces of the

required form to make the caps. For this purpose the copper is placed beneath the punch of the machine, and immediately it is put into action, small crosses of metal are seen to fall from it into a box in a continual stream, whilst the sheet itself is transposed by the punching process into a kind of trellis work. These crosses of equilateral arms are now transferred to another machine, which instantly doubles up the four arms, and at the same time so rounds them, that they form a tube just the size of the gun-nipple, and by a third operation of the same machine, a kind of rim is given to the free end, which makes the cap take the form of a hat. This rim marks the difference between the military and the ordinary percussion-cap—the soldier, in the hurry and confusion of battle, requiring this guide to enable him to apply the proper end to the nipple. The metal portion of the cap completed, it is transferred to a man who fills it with detonating powder. As this is a very dangerous process, the artisan upon whom the duty devolves sits apart from the boys, who perform all the other work, for fear of an accidental explosion. To fix the fine dust in the cap, a very pretty machine is employed, which gets through its work with extreme rapidity. The caps are placed in regular rows in a frame work, to which is attached a lever, armed with as many fine points as there are caps in a single row. The motion given by the hand alternately dips these fine points into a tray of varnish, and then into each succeeding line of caps. When the varnish is dry, the powder is fixed and effectually protected from the effects of damp. The caps are now finished, and are ready for the boy who counts and packs them. Machinery is even employed to perform the part of Cocker, and with one gentle shake does the brain-work of many minutes. A frame is constructed, into which fit a number of small trays, each tray being pierced with seventy-five holes. Upon this frame the boy heaps up a few handfuls of caps, and then gives the whole machine a few jerks, and when he sees that every hole is filled with a cap, he lifts out each separate tray and empties it into appropriate boxes. In this manner he is enabled, with extreme rapidity, to count out his parcels of seventy-five caps, the regulation number served to each soldier with sixty rounds of ball-bartridge—the excess of fifteen being

allowed for loss in the flurry of action. The British soldier's clumsy fingers are by no means well calculated for handling and adjusting such light articles.

Equally curious with the production of caps is the manufacture of cartridge-bags. The visitor, as he mounts the stairs to the upper floor of a large building close at hand is made aware by the hum and collision of shrill young voices that he is approaching a hive of children, and as he rears his head above the banisters, he finds that he is in the midst of a little army of urchins varying from eight to fourteen years of age, seated at long benches rolling up paper cartridge-bags. This process requires some little nicety, as each bag is made up of three distinct papers of different sizes and shapes, which have to be neatly adjusted round a roller one upon another. By long practice some of these little fellows complete the operation in a surprisingly short space of time—rolling, twisting in the end, tying and drawing it from the rod almost as quickly as you can look at them, the swaying of the body during the operation giving to the entire mass of eight hundred children a most extraordinary aggregate movement as the room is surveyed from one end to the other. Some boys are infinitely more nimble-fingered than others, and the sharpest can earn eight or nine shillings a-week at the work.

Nimble as their little fingers ply, however, the hands of machinery laugh them to scorn. In the room below we note as we descend strange wheel-like frames revolving horizontally, and others working up and down into tanks of paper pulp. These are the new machines destined to supplant the little children overhead, and to hush the ceaseless hum of their human labor. Throughout the entire range of the Arsenal there is no sight more interesting than is exhibited by these machines, the *modus operandi* of which is extremely simple. Circles of brass tubing have short upright tubes inserted into them, at regular distances. These upright tubes, or fingers, are pierced with fine holes, and the whole apparatus is attached to an exhausting-pump. Worsted mittens are fitted to the fingers, and when all is ready, the Briarean hand is dipped into the bath of pulp, the air in the tubes is withdrawn, the liquid necessarily rushes towards the fingers, and the water passing through, leaves the

pulp adherent to the mitten. The process is instantaneous, hand after hand drops into the trough, gloves its fingers with pulp, and rises with a thousand cartridges in its grasp, quicker than one of the boys up stairs has finished a single bag. The process is not complete, however, until they are dry. Each mitten is removed from its metal finger, and placed on a similar one heated with steam; in ten minutes the desiccating process is finished, and the cartridge-bag is removed, a far more perfect instrument for its deadly purpose than that which is made up stairs by hand. The hint for this beautiful machine was taken from the apparatus employed for making conical seamless sugar-bags without the intervention of the paper maker—so diverse are the developments which may spring from the same idea. Of these small-arm cartridge-bags, four hundred thousand can be manufactured in a day of ten hours; but as each cartridge is composed of a double envelope, one fitting within the other, in order to separate the conical ball from the powder, the product furnishes two hundred thousand cartridges—an enormous quantity, but scarcely equal to the demand of such campaigners as Havelock, whose men, day by day, consume their sixty rounds per head. At first sight it seems strange to find the Government turned paper-makers, and the visitor may think that these bags could be obtained, as the sugar-bags are by the grocers, from the private manufacturer, but it is absolutely necessary that they should be produced side by side with their deadly contents. They are far more delicate things to maintain in their integrity than even wafer-biscuits, which they very much resemble, and they are required in such enormous numbers that any mechanical impediment, such as crushing, interposed to the filling of them with powder and ball, would add immensely to the expense. The pressure in packing necessary to convey them to the Arsenal would flatten, and hence destroy them.

But where, asks the visitor, is the small-arms factory for the construction of those far-famed rifles which prevented a disaster at Inkermann, and at once doubled the effective power of the steadiest infantry of Europe? And well he may ask the question, for what more natural place for this important manufacture than in connexion with kindred Government establishments? When the War

Office decided upon erecting a factory to meet the sudden demands of the war, it was proposed by the Inspector of Machinery to plant it within the walls of the Arsenal; but the authorities, for some reason best known to themselves, decided otherwise, and it was accordingly taken to Enfield Lock, which is twelve miles from London, on the Eastern Counties Railway, and where they had before a small establishment for the repair and manufacture of a limited number of muskets. The traveller who gets out at the factory station finds himself at once in a road which leads him into a flat country laced with streams, where Paul Potter might have found a study at every turn. Here amid flocks and herds peacefully grazing, or standing in the shadows of the pollard willows, he espies the tall chimneys of the Enfield factory, looking like a stray fragment of Manchester that had wandered out of its way. In all England a more absurd spot for it could not have been chosen.

The establishment, however, is so worthy of a minute inspection, that we will proceed to give a general view of the whole. The threshold of the manufacturing process is the smithery, where the foreman presides to deliver out the raw material and receive in return the work done. To each smith is issued the particular size of bar iron or steel required for the article he works upon. Opening out of this shop is the smithery itself, with its fifty-five forges, together with steam hammer, hoppers, rider hammers, and other contrivances by which our modern Vulcan economises labor. In this department all the iron and steel work of the lock and stock are moulded, for the ordinary method of forging conveys a very inadequate idea of the manner in which the material is here manipulated. Every sportsman knows that the lock of a gun is made up of many small pieces of irregular form. To forge these with the hammer alone would be far too expensive a process, as it would require highly-skilled labor, nor even then would it be possible to produce the different pieces of exactly the same size, so that any one may fit into any other with perfect accuracy when the gun is ultimately put together. To accomplish this end, the essential principle of the manufacture, each smith with his helper takes in hand a particular piece of work. One man, for instance, makes

hammers, or cocks, as sportsmen call them. The irregular form of this part of the lock would seem to preclude the possibility of its being made by the hundred thousand, each one being the counterpart of its brother to the thousandth of an inch. Yet this is done, and with an ease that appears astonishing to the beholder. Let us watch the brawny smith before us. He draws a rod from the fire at white, heat lays it upon an indented part of his anvil, and, together with his mate, deals alternate blows in half a dozen different directions, and produces in a few seconds an irregular mass, which we see bears a resemblance to the indentation in the anvil, which, on closer inspection, we find to be a rude matrix of a guncock. This is the first process, called swaging. These two men go on from one year's end to another, giving alternate light and heavy blows and taps on all sides of the metal. These blows, though sometimes delivered through a swinging circle of eight or ten feet, fall upon exactly the same spot, for practice so nicely co-ordinates the muscles as to produce a motion as exact as that which draws from the bow of a Paganini the same delicate note for any number of times in succession. The cock thus swaged, the smith stamps his initials upon it, and transfers it to another smith, who works with a steam hammer, on which is a steel die of the exact form it is required to take. A single blow of this instrument gives it its final form, leaving the superfluous metal in the shape of a thin film, where it has been squeezed into the opening between the dies, which is cut off by a subsequent stamping process. By this method of swaging and stamping, the lock-plate, bridle, cock, sear, trigger, sightleaf, breech-screw and swivel are formed so perfectly, that the tool is scarcely required to touch them afterwards. Those parts of the lock made of steel, such as the mainspring, searspring, and tumbler, are simply swaged, the stamping process being omitted on account of the sudden blow tending to break the grain and thus destroy the elasticity of the metal.

A curious operation of the smithery is the bayonet forging. The bars for bayonet-work are never forged of such uniform width as to allow the smith to cut off to a nicety the length he requires: in order to rectify this difficulty, and enable him to tell how much will serve his purpose, he is pro-

vided with a water-gauge or tube filled with a given quantity of water; into this the rod is plunged, and withdrawn when the fluid reaches the top of the gauge. By this expedient the iron, however irregular in form, is measured accurately by the displacement of the water. When the bar is withdrawn, the smith cuts it off at the watermark, and his mate thrusts it into the forge fire. Whilst this is going on, the visitor becomes conscious of a strange machine close at hand, which perpetually gnashes together a mouthful of hardened steel teeth; this is that useful instrument called the rider hammer. These teeth bear upon their upper and under surfaces grooves of the form the iron bar is required to take. The short, white, heated bit of bar is thrust in, and by a series of nabs is instantly lengthened a couple of inches; the next tooth still further attenuates it, the third forces it into the triangular form, and a fourth and fifth reduce it to the graduated length required: thus the blade of this terrible weapon is rough-drawn. The ring by which it is attached to the barrel of the musket is forged separately, and welded to the shank at right angles; these are the first of at least seventy-six distinct operations before the weapon is fitted to fulfil its appointed design, that of making the ugliest and most irreparable wound possible in the human corpus. The work done, it is returned to the foreman, whose first duty is to see that the material with which the man has been debited has been wrought into the requisite number of pieces; if it falls short the waste is charged to him. The next scrutiny is into the quality of the work, and the last and not the least important inquiry is, does it gauge? Unless the work passes all these ordeals it is rejected, and the person in fault is known by the distinguishing mark of the smith who prepared it. In some cases as in the making of the bands which bind the barrel to the stock, this mark is ground off in passing through one of the presses; but it is immediately restored, that the work may be traced to the artisan who constructed it. The effect of thus fixing the responsibility of every single thing manufactured upon the maker is immense, and induces habits of carefulness such as are seldom seen in ordinary workmen. The foreman now issues the different pieces to the finishers, who convey them to the annealing room, where they

are rendered soft for working by heat, and cleaned of their scale or oxide by means of dilute, sulphuric acid, which would otherwise injure the tool.

The barrel is welded and finished in a separate factory. The piece of metal out of which the gradually tapering tube is ultimately fashioned seems to bear no relation to such a form. You see the smith take a small plate of quarter-inch iron, about a foot long by a few inches wide, heat it to a welding heat, and then place it between the lips of a rolling mill, with grooved instead of flat rollers, and in an instant it comes out a tube. It has next to be drawn out to the requisite length and tapered, which is done by passing it through a series of mills, each succeeding one being grooved smaller than the preceding. The bore is kept hollow during the operation by a central iron rod. The breech piece is welded on by a single blow of a steam-hammer, and the process of turning the bore begins. Four barrels are acted upon by one lathe, and the first operation is performed in fifteen minutes. Only a slight cutting is made each time, and the barrel has to be submitted to the action of many different boring instruments until the exact size, .577 of an inch, is attained. The outside is now turned, the tool taking off the superfluous metal in one continuous ringlet of iron.

It now undergoes the most delicate process of all, that of being "viewed." The viewer, who is a highly-skilled workman, with an exceedingly accurate eye, puts himself opposite a gas-lamp, about thirty feet distance, and which has a dark shade on its upper side. Towards this object he directs the barrel so as to bring the dark edge half way across his sight as he looks through the bore. By this device he is enabled to direct a ray of light with a defined edge down the tube, and by turning the barrel round, instantly detects the slightest deviation from the straight line. As the smoothest-looking sea is discovered to be a mass of dimpling ripples—(the Greek poet's "infinite laughings of the sea")—when the setting sun throws a golden shaft across its bosom, so the mathematically straight lines of light gauge the inequalities of the rifle bore in a more exact manner than any instrument that has yet been invented. When any irregularities are discovered, the viewer taps the barrel with a fine hammer on a small anvil, and

repeats the operation until the tube is perfectly true. Upon this depends the correct shooting of the gun, inasmuch as the least crook near the end of the bore would send a bullet far on one side of the mark long before it had attained the full range of 800 yards, to which the Enfield rifle is sighted. The rifling of the barrel in three grooves is performed by fixing it in a lathe and driving the cutter through it in a spiral direction.

In entering the finishing room, a noble apartment, 200 feet square, the visitor cannot fail to be struck with astonishment at the scene this vast workshop presents. He looks through a mass of wheels, levers, cranks, and shafts which fill the space from wall to wall, every foot alive with iron and human limbs, and the whole superficies seeming to writhe and wrestle like a cluster of worms. Although confusion looks triumphant to the casual eye, the utmost order prevails. On one side of the room, at regular intervals, small enclosed offices, with glazed fronts, are placed against the wall, a little above the level of the floor. These are devoted to the foremen of the different divisions into which the work is separated. Each of these functionaries from his eyrie rakes the long avenues or streets of machines, with their attendant workmen, which run in parallel lines across the room. The first avenue is devoted to bayonets; then come in the following order the divisions allocated to furniture, screw, sight, lock, and stock. The work is so managed that all the different parts keep pace together, and are finished in the required proportions, or in other words those pieces which are but slowly produced have allotted to them a greater number of machines. By this arrangement all the requisite items are brought at the same moment to the workmen who put them together in the finished article. The fifty-six pieces of which the rifle is composed work their way up one street of machinery and down another, constantly following on from right to left on their way towards the top of the room. Many of these pieces are passed through upwards of twenty different machines, each one performing some simple and definite action, by which means an accuracy is obtained that the most skilful gunmaker could never equal by hand.

The diversity of cutting-tools in these different machines strikes the observer with astonishment; the oddest shapes, the most

unlikely-looking forms, proving admirably adapted for the purposes they are intended to accomplish. Many of these work automatically—that is, they engage and disengage themselves; setting to work only when they are fed with material, and, when their rodent-like teeth have gnawed away as much metal as is requisite, they stop of their own accord. The effect of this is so extraordinary, that it almost seems as if those bright limbs of iron, which stop and move on without human agency, must be directed by some sort of metallic brain. The most common form of tool employed is what is termed the circular cutter or milling-tool, which is constructed to fit every class of work. These cutters will continue serviceable for months without requiring to be sharpened, in consequence of each being restricted to its own limited sphere. The amount of thought employed in the construction of many of these machines must have been immense, and when they were completed, two-thirds of the manufacturing difficulty was overcome, and the musket more than half made. A most ingenious machine, the parent of a numerous progeny, was, many years ago, invented by an Englishman, and applied to copying the fine lines of statuary, and transferring them to ivory and other materials. The applicability of this instrument to the production of the irregular forms in the gun trade was first perceived by our cousins across the Atlantic, and for many years they have employed it for the rapid and true production of many parts of the musket, whilst our own manufacturers in London and Birmingham have been content to execute the same work, laboriously, and expensively, by hand labor. The copying machines now at Enfield have been imported direct from America. They are principally employed in fashioning gun-stocks. They convert the rough slabs of walnut-wood, just outlined in the proper form, which come from France, Belgium, and Italy, into the finished article, with all its grooves, holes, and beddings for lock and barrel. This extraordinary apparatus may be said to work with two hands: the one feeling the outline of the pattern to be copied, the other directing a tool uniformly with it and cutting the object to the required form. Let us, for example, take the machine that hollows out the lock-bedding in the stock. Not only are the outlines of the

most irregular form, but they are sunk to three different levels, and it would almost seem impossible that a machine should excavate so complex a bedding with minute accuracy. Nevertheless it is done in a few minutes by an apparatus, which revolves and brings, one after the other, some new tool into play according to the work to be done. Whilst the operation is going on, a little blower clears out the chips as cleverly as though the machine had human breath. The different portions of the gun completed, they are, for the last time, gauged and passed on to the extreme end bench of the factory, near the west door, where the “assembler,” as he is termed, receives them in different bins, from which he takes the part he requires and sets up the gun. As there is no necessity for special fitting, this process is performed with remarkable rapidity, seven minutes being sufficient to combine all the different parts, which have never been near each other before—lock, stock, ramrod, and bayonet—into the complete weapon. They now pass out of the western door, packed in cases, and are taken to the proving-ground, where they are tested with high charges and their range and accuracy duly examined; and so perfect is the finish that not one in a thousand fails to stand the trying ordeal. They are now transferred by water to the Armory at the Tower, ready for service in the field.

The Enfield rifle was adopted for the public service in the year 1853, and is at the present moment the best infantry musket in Europe. There is still room, however, as Mr. Whitworth has shown, for improvement in the barrel. His rifle propels a bullet both farther and with greater accuracy in consequence of the greater care he bestows upon the barrel, which, instead of being welded, is bored, at a great cost, out of the solid metal. Its diameter also being smaller the bullet encounters a less resistance in the air during its flight. There is no reason why the smaller bore should not be substituted for that of the Enfield rifle, when this arm would be perfect. The difficulty the ablest minds experience in getting out of an old groove was exemplified by the late Duke of Wellington with respect to this question of the size of bore. His Grace was obstinately wedded to Brown Bess, whose crushing fire, so superior to that of the enemy, he had

witnessed in his Peninsular campaigns, and which he erroneously ascribed to the excellent quality of the arm instead of to the steadiness of the men—mistaking, in fact, a moral for a physical excellence. The longer the Commander-in-Chief lived, the firmer his faith in the large smooth bore, and the necessity of making a big hole in the enemy. When the rifle-musket of 1851 replaced this old arm, the large bore was still retained, and the consequence was that the bullet, being elongated, was heavier than when round, and the soldier had to carry a missile of 696 grains weight, instead of 490 grains. The bore of the Enfield rifle pattern of 1853 was very properly reduced, and the Prichett expanding bullet, of 530 grains, now carries its deadly weight in its length. Though the wound it gives is not so large as that inflicted by the old ball, it makes up for the deficiency by its power of penetration. An officer who was at the taking of the rifle-pits in the quarry before Sevastopol informs us that a brother officer was shot through the side by a Russian Minié bullet, which afterwards passed through an ass, and his two panniers of water, and did not stop in its career till it had broken a man's arm at some distance off! Its deadly aim at vast distances, which has made it the dread of the sepoys, who term it "the gun that kills without making any sound," contrasts strangely with the performances of Brown Bess of old, which at any range beyond a hundred yards was so uncertain in its aim that it has been calculated that the soldier shot away the weight in lead of every man that he hit. Before the breaking out of the war, our stores were hampered with small arms of all sizes and patterns. There were, at home and abroad, no less than 109,725 flint-lock muskets, of fifteen different patterns, and, 107,000 smooth-bore percussion-lock muskets, of eight different patterns. Very many of these were in service a few years ago, and as their bores were all dissimilar, it often happened that soldiers were provided with cartridges that would not fit their guns. In peace little difficulties of this kind are of no moment, but they are of the utmost importance in the time of war. At the battle of Waterloo the Brunswickers, who held Hougoumont, were, for a short time, rendered helpless, in consequence of cartridges having been sent to them that did not fit their muskets. A battle, which,

according to Professor Creasey, ranks among the six decisive combats of the world, might thus have been lost on account of the misfit of a cartridge. The necessity of preventing the possible recurrence of such mischances induced the authorities, at the breaking out of the Russian war, to make the bore of all muskets used by the different branches of the service uniform with that of the Enfield rifle. A thousand of these weapons can at present be completed in a week—a number which appears large, but which is in reality far beneath the real wants of the army. The private manufacturers of small arms in Birmingham denounced the establishment of this factory, on the plea that Government were not warranted in fabricating goods which the private trade of the country were capable of producing—an assertion which the Crimean war totally disproved, as the authorities were so pressed for rifles that they had to go to France,* Belgium, and the United States for supplies, and at one time contemplated giving an order for 350,000 rifles at Liège. The military rifle, like the shell, being a special article, required only by the army, the demand for it in large numbers is not constant, and hence the low condition of the mechanical power brought to bear upon it by the trade. The gunmakers of Birmingham have depended upon skilled labor for the production of the different parts of a musket, and thus labor, in times of pressure, becomes exorbitantly costly, to the embarrassment and loss of the

* The French manufacturer who executed the order addressed a letter to one of the Emperor's chamberlains, from which we take the following extract:—"It is, I believe, the first time that England, who was hitherto regarded as able to supply the most unforeseen wants of her army, should find herself obliged to have recourse to French industry. I had it too much at heart to sustain the reputation of my country in the eyes of our rivals to leave anything undone towards the execution of an order which was intrusted to me, and I have had the satisfaction of receiving from the English Government the most flattering compliments. With a view to perpetuate the memory of that operation, which is almost an event in industry, I have ordered a medal to be engraved by M. Louis Merley, who gained the great prize at Rome, and who is one of the artists of whom France is proud. I desire earnestly to obtain the favor of presenting this medal to his Majesty the Emperor, as also the model of the rifles fabricated for England; and I pray your Excellency to be good enough to solicit for me an audience of his Majesty." The audience was granted, and the medal and the model of the fire-arm presented in due form.

public service. It was this which led the Government to introduce machinery into the manufacture—a thing the trade declared impossible, but which they now see is not only possible but profitable, since the same musket for which they charged £4 10s. is now made of a superior quality by the Government for £3 15s. The experiment must be of the greatest importance to the Birmingham gun trade, which, through its own inherent vices, was fast yielding to the superior ingenuity of America and Belgium, and which can only regain its old position by taking a lesson from the organised mechanical resources of the Enfield Lock manufactory. The private manufacturers need not fear that Enfield will monopolise even Government work, the demands of the service being far beyond its productive powers. As the Ordnance supplies rifles to the East India Company's army, as well as to our own, no less than 400,000 are required for the infantry and marines alone: a number which has to be replaced every twelve years, even in times of peace. In active service the destruction is immense; and, now the cycle of war has returned, the annual 50,000 rifles turned out by the Royal Factory will prove but a small instalment of the vast store of arms that England will require.

At Waltham Abbey, not half an hour's walk from Enfield Lock, is situated the only establishment for the manufacture of powder which the Government possesses. Here dispersion, instead of concentration is the order of the day. The necessity of complete isolation causes the factories to be distributed over a very large space of ground, and the visitor has to walk from workshop to workshop through groves and avenues of willow and alder, as though he were visiting dispersed farm buildings rather than the different departments of the same manufacturing process. There are not perhaps more than a dozen detached buildings in the whole establishment, yet these are scattered over upwards of 50 acres of ground. To such an extent do meadows and woods and meandering canals predominate, that the idea of being in a powder mill is entirely lost in the impression that you are walking in a Dutch landscape. The visitor who enters the great gates of the mill, impressed with a belief in the dangerous nature of the ground he is treading, is somewhat startled on finding a

steam-engine at work on the very threshold of the factory, and a tall chimney smoking its pipe in what he supposed to be the vicinity of hundreds of barrels of gunpowder; but in reality these boilers and furnaces are placed many hundred feet from the mixing houses. The English Government powder is composed of seventy-five parts of saltpetre, fifteen parts of charcoal, and ten of sulphur. The ingredients being thoroughly powdered, prepared, and purified, are submitted to the action of a machine which completely mixes them. The product is then conveyed by a covered boat very much like an aldermanic gondola in mourning, some hundred yards along the canal to the incorporating houses, where the most important process of the manufacture is carried on, and where the danger of an explosion first commences. The incorporating machine is nothing more than a couple of runners or huge wheels weighing 4½ tons each, which revolve one after another on their edges in a bed of metal supplied with a deep wooden rim which gives it much the appearance of a huge kitchen candlestick. Into this dish the black powder is placed, together with a little water which varies in quantity from four pints in winter when the atmosphere is charged with moisture to ten in the summer, when the desiccating quality of the air is very great. For four hours this pasty mass is crushed, ground, and mixed by the action of the runners. The precautions taken against explosion teach the visitor the dangerous nature of the ground he is treading. Before he puts his feet across the threshold he must encase them in leathern boots, huge enough to fit Polyphemus, and guiltless of iron in any form whatever; even his umbrella or stick is snatched from him lest the ferrule should strike fire, or accidentally drop among any part of the machinery whilst at work. The machinery is even protected against itself. In order to avoid the possibility of the linch pins which confine the cylinders to their axles falling down, and by the action of "skidding" the runner, producing so much friction as to cause an explosion, receptacles are formed to catch them in their fall. As small pieces of grit, the natural enemy of the powder maker, might prove dangerous if mixed with any of the "charges," the axle sockets of nearly all the wheels are constructed to expand, so as to allow any hard

foreign body to pass through just in the same manner in which the fine jaws of the larger serpents are loosely hinged to enable them to get over at one gulp such a bulky morsel as a full-grown rabbit.

Accidents will happen, however, in the best regulated mills, and provision is made for rendering an explosion when it occurs as innocuous as possible. The new incorporating mills are constructed with three sides of solid brick work three feet thick, and the fourth side and roof of corrugated iron and glass lightly adjusted. As they are placed in a row contiguous to each other, the alternate ones only face the same way, so that the line of fire, or the direction the explosion would take through the weakest ends, would not be likely to involve in destruction the neighboring mill. It does occasionally happen, however, that the precautions are not sufficient to prevent danger spreading. In the great explosion which took place in 1842 a second house was fired at a couple of hundred yards distance from the spot where the original explosion took place. There is now a further security against the houses going one after another, like houses of cards. Over each mill a copper tank, containing about forty gallons of water, is so suspended that on the lifting of a lever it instantly discharges its contents and floods the mill. This shower or douche bath is made self-acting, inasmuch as the explosion itself pulls the string, the force of the expanding gas lifting up a hinged shutter which acts like a trigger to let down the water. "But," it may be said, "as the water does not fall until the explosion has taken place, this contrivance is very like locking the stable door when the steed is stolen!" And this is the case with respect to the mill where the original mischief took place; but the lever first acted upon discharges the shower bath over the heads of all the others also, and by this means the evil is limited to the place where it originated. From the incorporating mills the kneaded powder, or "mill cake," as it is termed, is taken by another funeral-looking gondola to small expense magazines, where it is allowed to remain for twelve hours before being taken to the breaking-down house. Here the hard lumps of mill cake are ground into fine powder by the action of fine-toothed rollers made of gun-metal, which revolve towards each other and crush the

cake which falls between them to dust. The broken-down mill cake once more travels between pleasant meadows fringed with willow until it reaches the press house, where the meal is subjected to hydraulic pressure between plates of gun-metal, and is thereby reduced to dense plates about half an inch thick. These plates are allowed to remain intact for a couple of days, by which time they become as hard as a piece of fine pottery. Very many advantages are gained by this pressure. The density of the powder is increased, which enables it to be conveyed without working into fine dust; its keeping qualities are improved, as it absorbs less moisture than if it were more porous; and lastly, a greater volume of inflammable gas is produced from a given bulk. The pressed cake is now transferred to the maw of one of the most extraordinary machines we have yet witnessed. The granulating house, where the important process of dividing the powder into fine grains takes place, is removed very far away from the other buildings. The danger of the operation carried on within is implied by the strong traverse 15 feet thick at the bottom, which is intended to act as a shield to the workmen in case of an accident. It was here an explosion took place in 1843, by which eight workmen lost their lives—in what manner no one knows, as all the evidence was swept away. To render the recurrence of such lamentable accidents as rare as possible, the machine is made self-acting. At certain times of the day it is supplied with food in the shape of fifteen hundred weight of "pressed cake." This is stuffed into a large hopper or pouch, and the moment the monster is ready the men retire beyond the strong traverse and allow it slowly to masticate its meal, which it does with a deliberation worthy of its ponderosity and strength, emptying its pouch by degrees, and by a triturating process performed by two or three sets of fine rollers, dividing it into different sized grains. These grains it passes through a series of wire sieves, separating the larger ones fitted for cannon powder from the finer kind required for rifles, and depositing them in their appropriate boxes, which, when full, it removes from its own dangerous proximity, and takes up empty ones in their place. All the larger undigested pieces it returns again, like a ruminating animal, to its masticating process

until its supply is exhausted. Then, and not till then, like Mademoiselle Jack, the famous elephant, it rings a bell for some fresh "cake." The workmen allow it about five minutes' grace to thoroughly assimilate the supply already in its maw, when the machine stops, and they enter with another meal. The floors of all the different houses are covered with leather neatly fastened down with copper nails, and the brush is never out of the hands of the workman: even while you are talking to him, he sweeps away in the gravest manner in order to remove any particles of powder or grit that may be on the floor; this he does mechanically, when not a particle of anything is to be seen, just as a sailor in a crack ship always holystones the deck, clean or dirty, the moment he has any spare time.

The powder thus separated into grains is still damp and full of dust. To get rid of this it is taken by water to the dusting house, where it is bolted in a reel like so much flour. It has now to be glazed, a very important operation, performed by placing it in large barrels, which revolve with their load thirty-two times a minute for three hours together. By the mere friction of the grains against each other, and the sides of the barrel, a fine polish is imparted to the surface of the grain, which enables it to withstand the action of the atmosphere much better than when it is left unglazed. It is now stoved for 16 hours in a drying-room heated by steam pipes to a heat of 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and is then finally dusted and proved. There are many methods of proving, but the simplest and most efficacious is to fire the powder from the weapon it is intended to serve. Thus cannon powder is proved by firing a 68-pound solid shot with a charge of 2 ounces of powder—a charge which should give a range of from 270 to 300 feet. If the powder passes the test, which it generally does, it is packed in barrels holding 100 lbs. each, marked L. G. (Large Grain), and F. G. (Fine Grain), as the case may be, and carried to the provisional magazine. When 500 barrels have accumulated they are despatched in a barge to the Government magazine at Purfleet, near the mouth of the Thames, the Lea forming the connecting link of water between the canals of the works and that river.

The produce of this establishment, which had fallen so low as 4500 barrels per annum

in 1843, is now so increased by improved machinery that 20,000 barrels a-year can be manufactured, and of the very best quality. Even this supply is far below the consumption during a time of war, and contractors have, and always will have, to furnish a portion of the required supplies; but it seems that a model mill is useful for the double purpose of keeping up a due standard of quality,* and of keeping down price. On the uniform strength of the powder depends the accuracy of artillery fire: hence the necessity of having some known standard of quality from which contractors should not be allowed to depart. The improvements which have taken place in the manufacture are very marked. About the year 1790, when powder was supplied to Government wholly by contract, the regulation weight of charge for a cannon was half the weight of the ball; it is now less than one-third: therefore two barrels are now used instead of three, a reduction of bulk which economises stowage on board ship as well as in the field. Formerly powder had a range of 190 feet only; the range is now increased to 268 feet! This vast improvement is simply the consequence of the care with which the powder is worked, and the attention bestowed on every detail of the mills since their direction fell into the hands of Colonel Tulloh, Colonel Dickson, and Colonel Askwith, the present Superintendent.

There is a department at the Woolwich Arsenal to which we must now return, of which the establishments at Enfield and Waltham Abbey may be considered but outlying offshoots. Beyond the canal, at the extreme end of the ground, lie the establishments devoted to the more dangerous portions of pyrotechnic manufacture, such as the filling of rockets, of friction tubes, the driving of fuses, &c. These ticklish operations used to be conducted in ill built sheds in the laboratory square, where a sad explosion took place during the war, and Captain Boxer, determining to reduce the risk of accidents, transferred the whole of them in 1854 to this open space, far away from the neighborhood of fire. The sixteen houses used for fuse driving and friction-tube making are isolated from each other much in the same manner

* The merchants are provided annually with a sample of Waltham Abbey powder to guide them in their manufacture.

as the incorporating mills at Waltham Abbey: we need not therefore describe them. The rocket manufactory is also so carefully arranged that accidents can rarely happen. The method of driving the composition into these frightfully destructive implements of war was, until lately, not only barbarous but dangerous in the extreme, being forced in by a "monkey," or small pile-driver, worked by eight men. The pressure of water now does the work silently, effectually, and safely. The rocket is so fixed while it is being filled, that in case of an accident the discharge will fly through the roof; grit and iron are as carefully excluded as in the powder mills; open spaces around the buildings are covered with turf and planted with shrubs, and a raised causeway of wood keeps the communications between the different magazines free from all substances likely to produce friction. The visitor may no more enter one of these carefully guarded buildings with his shoes on than he could walk into the mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople similarly shod. With equal care the process of greasing the bullet end of the small-arm cartridges is carried on in this portion of the Arsenal. For a long time no lubricating material could be found that remained unaffected in all climates—a very important desideratum, considering the manner in which our stores of war are moved about from the depths of arctic waters to the burning summers of the torrid zone. Captain Boxer, however, in a happy moment, thought of the little busy insect that builds a store-house warranted to keep in all temperatures, and adopted bees' wax, which added to a little fat, makes a compound which answers the purpose perfectly. The cartridges are dipped about an inch deep into a receptacle of this liquid kept fluid by the heat of gas. As we watched the process going on we could not avoid reflecting from what insignificant causes great events arise, and that a rebellion which well-nigh snatched India from our grasp sprung from this very cauldron seething with "hell-broth thick and slab."

The different departments of the Royal Arsenal are separated by large open spaces, in which the rougher materials of war are deposited. The roadways, laid with iron trams, which greatly facilitate the transfer of heavy guns, are lined here and there with pyramids of shot and shell, lackered and

shining in the sun. These missiles are continually circulating along the shoots from one point in the Arsenal to another, passing at one time under foot, at another overhead, the action of gravity being pressed into the service with other labor-saving contrivances, to remove 13-inch shells and 98-pounder solid shot, sometimes to very considerable distances. Vast as are the stores of these warlike implements—and far as the vistas of pyramids stretch (and there are no less than 688,000 in the Arsenal at present), they would speedily be drained by a short return of war, in which artillery now plays so prominent a part. At the siege of Sevastopol alone, which scarcely occupied eighteen months, no less than 253,042 shot and shell of all sizes were fired from our batteries, a number which the enemy surpassed, in one attack alone, if we are to believe the evidence afforded by some of the ravines, in which this iron rain descended so thickly that it paved the ground, and prevented the grass from springing up. The French were even more prodigal of these projectiles; for, according to the report made to the Emperor, 1,100,000 of them were sent by our allies into the doomed city.

The neighborhood of each department is generally indicated by the class of war stores to be seen at hand. We may be sure we are near the great-gun foundry, for instance, when we see the long files of iron guns of all sizes and patterns, from the light 32-pounders to the truly formidable 98-pounders of the naval service, flanking the road, compared with which the light brass field-pieces that fringe the walls of the building itself seem the merest toy-guns. Here and there trim grass-plats are seen with a neat edging of three hundred 13-inch mortars, and at the grand entrance of the foundry itself enormous shells, a yard in diameter, prepared for Mallet's mammoth mortar, are planted as if to show how daring are the ideas of modern war, which proposes to throw such Titanic missiles at the enemy. Here too may be seen veterans which have seen service—avenues of wounded guns from the Crimea. These are the picked specimens of the 88 pieces of ordnance either disabled by the enemy or worn out by their own fire in that ever-memorable siege. One, a 68-pounder, was shattered by a singular accident; just as it was being dis-

charged a shell fired by the enemy exploded in its mouth, and destroyed it after it had fired no less than 2000 rounds. Another gun, which is split in the muzzle, was hit thirteen times. There appears to have been luck in this mystic number, however, for by the aid of an iron band the mishap was repaired, and it went on doing duty until one of its trunnions was knocked off, and even then, like the gallant Widderington, at Chevy Chase, it fought upon its stumps; for, on being sunk into the ground, and fired at a high elevation, it was kept at work up to the end of the siege. Some of these guns are pitted with cannon-shot even as far back as the breech, and one or two are hit in their very sternmost parts. These wounds are the result of ricochet firing, a kind of practice which enables a shot to drop in the most unexpected places.

In the mounting yard, as it is termed, which lies between the gun and carriage factories, the field pieces are mounted upon their carriages and fitted up for service previous to their removal to the depot of artillery near the Common. Since the war the captured cannon from Sevastopol have been stored here preparatory to their being either broken up or distributed as trophies to the various towns of the United Kingdom. Of these guns 1079 are of iron and 94 of brass. They are of admirable metal, and would have proved very serviceable, except that unfortunately their bore does not suit any of our shot. Gun carriages rent by the bursting of guns, or so unscientifically constructed as inevitably to destroy themselves, like the iron carriages taken from the enemy at Kertch, are kept as lessons for the Captain Instructor to dwell upon, when he takes round his bevy of young artillery cadets. This official performs the essential duty of giving the future artillery officer a clear insight into the method of constructing and repairing all the more essential engines and tools he will have to work with—such as guns, gun-carriages, &c., and of obtaining a general notion of the relative strength of metals, and of the value of the various materials out of which the munitions of war are formed. The vast workshops of Woolwich afford an admirable field for the acquisition of this kind of knowledge.

The neighborhood of the Arsenal to the

chief Military Academy in the kingdom gives these embryo artillery officers an opportunity of witnessing the experiments which are constantly going on in the Marshes, either for the purpose of testing new guns, or of practically examining the capabilities of new inventions. The extraordinary energy with which projectors of all kinds (clergymen among the number) devoted themselves to the task of inventing new implements of destruction during the Russian war entirely belied that lamb-like spirit attributed by Mr. Cobden to his fellow-countrymen. No less than 1776 new projects were submitted to the Select Committee of Ordnance with respect to artillery alone. Of this number a large proportion were of the most imbecile kind—such as proposals to fill shells with Cayenne pepper, choleroform, and cacodyle, the latter a most virulent material which has the property of poisoning the air around it. The asphyxiating ball of the French was the true parent of the whole brood. Only forty-three of the propositions were favorably reported on, and of this number only thirty have been adopted into the service. First and foremost among these is the plan of filling shells with liquid iron. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the destructive effect of this new application of an old material. At the second shot fired in the Marshes against a perfectly new butt which cost £200, it set it on fire and entirely destroyed it. The engines of the Arsenal and the old expedient of heaping earth against the burning wood were of no avail, the moulton lead having penetrated in all directions deep into the timber. It is hard to believe that any ship will be able to resist the destructive effect of these shells, or that masses of men will be found courageous enough to withstand their devastating effects; for immediately the percussion shell comes in contact with any object, it explodes and throws the moulton metal in all directions—splashing and striking objects that are completely out of the way of the contents of ordinary shells, and proving far more deadly both to animate and inanimate substances than the famous Greek fire of old. This very invention was brought to the notice of the authorities as early as 1803 by a workman in a London iron-foundry, but the suggestion was so contrary to all the current notions of the

time, that it was rejected, and not heard of again until a new war brought into play more advanced ideas.

The new guns that were brought forward were innumerable, and many of them, such as the Mersey steel gun, and the great mortar, are still under trial. If this mortar, which is built up of a series of rings 9 inches broad and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, laid over one another, and fitting tightly, so as to form a barrel, should ultimately prove capable of resisting the full charge of 70 lbs. weight of powder, it will be the most destructive implement yet invented for the purpose of crushing fortified places. In some of the trials which have taken place in the Marshes it threw its 36-inch shell, weighing 26 cwt., upwards of two miles, and when the missile fell, it buried itself in the ground to so considerable a depth, that after digging down 12 feet, and probing for 15 more, it still remained undiscovered. The artillerymen say jestingly that it has dropped down to Australia. No casemate at present in existence could withstand the crushing weight of its fall, and its bursting charge of 200 lbs. of powder.

After contemplating this vast establishment for the manufacture of arms, with its sixty steam-engines, which, through the agency of upwards of three miles of running shafting, gives motion to upwards of a thousand machines, we must not omit to mention the human labor which directs this enormous manufacturing power. During the height of the Crimean war, upwards of 10,000 men and boys were employed in the Arsenal, an army of workers engaged upon the production of the materials of destruction equal to the entire force encamped at Aldershot, and double the number of men that besieged and took Delhi. When such masses of men as this have to be dealt with daily, it is obvious how necessary it must be to possess an organized system by which the loss of what might otherwise be considered mere fractions of time is noted. Let us suppose for instance that every man and boy in the Arsenal lost only five minutes per day, and it would amount in the aggregate to the loss of the labor of one man for twelve weeks to the Government.

The next problem to be solved is how to pay 10,000 men in any reasonable time. It would be clearly impossible to calculate each

man's wages at the time of payment, even if a little army of clerks were employed. It is therefore done beforehand by a staff of men employed for this purpose. The amount due to each person having been ascertained, the money is laid out on boards divided into partitions numbered consecutively. A corresponding number for each man with the amount to be given to him is distributed previously to the payment taking place, on what is termed a "pay ticket." On pay day the artisans take their places in single file, arranging themselves according to their numbers and passing in front of the pay boards, receive their wages, and surrender their tickets, which are receipts for the money. No money is exchanged if not brought back before the man reaches a certain point, and in this space there are persons stationed to watch that no exchange is made of bad money for good. To search every man as he left would be impossible, yet it is highly necessary to have some means of checking petty depredations of metal, &c. Formerly peculations of this kind were constant, and the aggregate loss must have been immense. When it was first determined to put a stop to it, the men were told only a few minutes before leaving work that they would be searched as they went out. The effect of this announcement was that the whole Arsenal was strewed with small pilfered articles, thrown hastily away. Now a couple of policemen at the gate touch indiscriminately a certain per centage of the men as they are going, and these have to pass through a side lodge to be searched. As no man can tell whether or no he will be touched, the whole mass is kept honest. The mere lodging of such a body of men was at first a difficulty even in so large a town as Woolwich: the demand, however, soon produced supply, and the means taken to insure the fall of Sevastopol caused the rise of a new town of at least two thousand houses in the immediate neighborhood of the Arsenal.

Complete as we have shown the organization of the Arsenal to be, both as regards its mechanical resources and its staff, it is generally understood that the Government do not intend to depend upon it wholly for the supply of the munitions of war. In the case of small arms, its powers, as we have seen, are wholly inadequate to the task. In those branches, however, where the manufacturing

power is ample, they will not attempt to push it to the point of excluding the private manufacturer from a share in the business. This is, we think, a wise decision; for, however excellent may be the present arrangements now everything is new, and the broom is fresh, it cannot be denied that the tendency of this and all other Government establishments is to go to sleep, since they neither possess the stimulus of private gain to teach them economy, nor that unity of direction which gives such vigor to private enterprises. The principle of competition ought therefore to be kept up, and we should run the private manufacturer against the public one in order to keep down price, and pit the Royal Factory against the trade in order to keep up quality. Another great gain will accrue from the determination of the Government, which is that the private manufacturers will not lose the art of making certain stores of war—an art which cannot be learned in a day. It would be unwise for the authorities to put all their eggs into one basket, and this they would most assuredly do by entirely depending upon their own powers of production, and in disassociating themselves from the great and fertile manufacturing power of England, which generally knows so well how to economize and progress.

If the Government have shown judgment and foresight upon this point, we cannot say as much for their inexcusable neglect to pro-

vide for the security of this enormous establishment, which contains within its walls not only the principal depot of warlike stores in the island, but also the means of producing them. We do not believe that our neighbors are going to sail up the Thames quite as easily as the Dutch did, or that any foreign army marching from Dover could destroy the Arsenal on its way to the capital without our having ample notice of their approach. Nevertheless we cannot think that the sole Arsenal of England, placed as it is in a very accessible part of the island, should be left entirely without the means of defense. The place itself could not be fortified, as it is commanded by the heights of Shooter's Hill; but the neighborhood is admirably adapted for the purpose. In the opinion of military engineers, it would not be necessary even to erect the requisite works until the moment their services were required. Half a dozen earth batteries, mounted with heavy guns, would command all the land approaches; and a few flats, posted so as to sweep the reaches of the river, would effectually prevent the approach of any hostile force by water. The scheme of these batteries should, however, be settled beforehand in all their details, so that in the moment of danger they could be completed almost in the presence of the enemy, in case an invader should give the Channel Fleet the slip some fine misty morning, and succeed in making good his footing upon our shores.

THE sea-serpent appears to have been completely established. Captain Harrington of the *Circassian* is a person of responsible position, and a letter he addresses to Admiral Hamilton shows him to be a sensible man. He, with his friends and companions, to the number of twenty, saw the animal within a distance of twenty yards of the ship. The facts now stated tend to corroborate the account given not only by the officers of her Majesty's ship *Dædalus* but by many other persons who have seen some animal at sea of great dimensions moving along the water at a rapid rate. All the rules of evidence make it more probable that there may be a sea-serpent than that persons under such totally different circumstances should concur on essentials,—some of these persons being educated, trained to marine observation, and perfectly trustworthy. The sea-serpent is there-

fore removed from the category of metaphors to illustrate impossibilities, into the category of realities. Its existence is one of the stories "told to the Marines" which turn out to be true; and it has not unfrequently happened that the belief of "the Marines" has been more reasonable than the scepticism of those who laughed at them. A question arises, is there only one sea-serpent, or are there more than one species of elongated "creatures in the sea's entrail?" Again, what brings them to the surface? Possibly the progress of marine navigation may attract these dwellers of the depths from the submarine valleys. It is still a further question, whether in some of these creatures we may not ultimately identify a few of our antediluvian geological friends—"Spec-tator."

From The Athenæum.

Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. (Philadelphia, Childs & Peterson; London, Trübner & Co.)

To Dr. Kane the world was little more than a garden, intersected by ornamental waters. It had its wildernesses, such as Lord Bacon says are proper to gardens; but the tight-footed Pennsylvanian rambled from one zone to another, as though he had been the universal landlord. If he spent the summer months in Greenland, his winter was comforted by the sun of Sumatra,—when he had interested himself in the barbarism of Sennaar, he compared it with the old-fashioned civilization of Persia. The wandering Cartaphilus was not more sudden in his flights across the globe. Before attaining the age of thirty, Kane had visited Madeira, Brazil, Ceylon, Luzon, China, and its islands, Borneo, Sumatra, Persia, Nubia, Sennaar, Greece, Mexico, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and West Greenland,—he had been upon the equator in the Oriental Archipelago, and he had reached the utmost limits of geographical research in Lancaster Sound. With the sunny side of Europe he was familiar, with Spanish oil, with Portuguese wine, with German beer, with Italian palaces,—he had chatted with the archers of the Tyrol,—he had received learned salutations in Paris, London had delighted to honor his great and intrepid exertions,—in the Nile Valley he had climbed up to the chin of Memnon,—in Luzon, dived into an unexplored crater,—and bathed in a forbidden asphaltic lake. Yet this was no man of iron, no lithe Hercules exulting in health and physical buoyancy. At twenty-one, feeling himself doomed to a painful life, he resolved never to marry; upon entering the naval service he avowed himself subject to “chronic rheumatism, and cardiac disturbance”—in Egypt he was attacked by the plague—in Africa by the coast fever—in Philadelphia he lay dangerously ill for weeks—wounded by a lance in Mexico he was reported dead—next he had a visitation of lockjaw—at sea he was smitten with paralysis, which ultimately touched his brain—and he died in January, 1857, in his thirty-seventh year. Here we have the example of a man chronically and acutely afflicted, not only bearing up under every form of suffering, but ransacking the whole earth in pursuit of his favorite designs, undertaking

gigantic toils, venturing into the presence of every species of danger, aiming at nothing for himself, but dedicating a life of daring devotion to the service of humanity. His character was conspicuously free from the common vices and frailties of his age; he was generous, charitable, just to rich and poor, modest and humane. The only accusation ever levelled against him has been satisfactorily dissipated. Such a citizen, such a memory, America does well to honor. The obsequies of Dr. Kane were like those of some mighty commander fallen on the field of victory. Populations followed the mortuary car; cities put on mourning. If ever a funeral resembled a triumph it was that with which the Republic of the United States exalted the labors and the virtues of their philanthropic traveller. Again, 30,000 persons have subscribed to Dr. Elder's Biography.

The book, however, is faulty in its construction, and written in a style of irregular and tumid exaggeration. Dr. Elder intrudes a variety of anecdotes, the most trivial conceivable, concerning the childhood of his hero, and professing that he “has not diluted his narrative with anything beyond his own personality,” is at no pains to explain why that dilution appeared necessary. Nevertheless, he had excellent materials to work upon, and, in spite of all defects, the story is most interesting. It begins, of course, with the parentage of the Arctic discoverer, traceable to the Irish Kanes, the Scotch Leipers, the English Grays, and the Low Dutch Rensselaers. In February, 1820, Elisha Kent Kane was born, the eldest of seven children, with “that sort of twill in the muscular texture which give tight little fellows more size than they measure, and more weight than they weigh.” To this he appears to have added a somewhat pugnacious disposition, and a tendency to that sort of enterprise which in children is denounced as mischief; he was called “a bad boy,” and this is the fashion in which Dr. Elder expounds him.—

“The boy had not a vice or a fault that could spoil the man; but he had scarcely an inclination that promised success in the life designed for him. There was riding at break-neck speed to be done; trees and rocks to climb; pebbles to pick; dogs to train; chemistry, geology, and geography to explore, with his eyes and fingers on the facts; sketching, whittling, and cobbling to do, with other

heroics of muscle and mind—all mixed in a medley of matter and system."

As a youth, he "could have beaten De Foe in his own style of writing," says this inordinate biographer. At twenty-three, he made his first voyage to the Eastern Ocean, in the frigate *Brandywine*. On the way, he explored a part of Brazil, the antiquities of Southern India, and the interior of Ceylon. Then, in Luzon, he descended into the unknown abysses of the volcano of Tael.—

"The walls which form this crater are fifty to seventy-five yards in perpendicular height from its base, which renders a descent into it impossible, without the aid of ropes or ladders. At the bottom of the crater, which is smoking, are seen four or five peaks or cones covered with sulphur. All the rest is a lake of green water which boils in several places, and should contain sulphuric acid. Neither basalts nor lava are found in all the mountain or volcano, nor scoræ and burnt clay, nor any pumice-stone. The lake in which stands this island, volcano, or *Pulo*, has a circumference of thirty leagues: its waters are brackish and bituminous: it is of great depth; the shallowest part is twenty fathoms; the soundings are forty fathoms, forty-five, seventy, one hundred fathoms, and in other parts no bottom has been found with a line of one hundred and twenty-five fathoms."

The descent had only once before been attempted by an European, who was unsuccessful. Dr. Kane would not be persuaded to desist.—

"The attendants very reluctantly gathered from the jungle a parcel of bamboos, and fastened them into a rude but strong rope, by which, under the guidance of the baron, they floured him over the brink. He touched bottom at a depth of more than two hundred feet from the platform he had left, and, detaching himself from the cord, clambered slowly downward till he reached the smoking lake below and dipped his specimen-bottles under its surface. The very next thing in order was to get back again with the trophies of his achievement. This he used to speak of as the only dangerous part of the enterprise. The scalding ashes gave way under him at every step of his return; a change in the air-current stifled him with sulphurous vapors; he fell repeatedly, and, before he got back to the spot where his rope was dangling, his boots were so charred that one of them went to pieces on his foot. He, however, succeeded in tying the bamboo round his waist, and was hauled up almost insensible. When he sank exhausted in the hands

of his assistants, the natives protested that the Deity of the Tael had avenged himself for the sacrilege."

In China he took lively sketches, drank samshou out of silver cans, chin-chinned with the Mandarins, and then suddenly struck off, making vast sweeps of the globe to the heights of the Himalayas and the shores of the Mediterranean, eating locusts in Sennaar, sipping coffee in the Temple of Sesostriis, losing his journals and baggage in the Nile—like another Raffles—and receiving a wound from a Bedouin. He saw a tablet, or lapstone, on the figure of Memnon, and undertook to climb it:—

"But, as the leg at the calf is about four and a half feet in diameter and thirteen in circumference, to climb it, as one grasps the bole of a tree in his arms to ascend it, was clearly impracticable. There was but one way of working his way up to the knees, which was by bracing his back or neck (as the varying interspace required) against one of the legs and his feet against the other, and so to wriggle his way upward. His attendants protested that the feat was impossible; and at first it seemed so, for he failed in several attempts. But, stripping himself to his pantaloons, which were no encumbrance in climbing, he was at last successful. It was slow and weary work: but he made good his ascent to the point he aimed at."

Though not robust in health, he must have possessed great muscular energy. Another page or two brings him to the top of Mount Helicon, cutting a walking-stick from the brink of Hippocrene; his next stride is to the Alpine glaciers; then we meet him in Dahomey translating a laureate ode, in honor of a naked king, greased and powdered with gold, and sitting upon a tiger's skin, with one hand resting on a skull:—

"Ho, tam-a-rama bo now,
Sam-a-rambo jug!
Hurrah for the son of the sun!
Hurrah for the brother of the moon!
Buffaloe of buffaloes, and bull of bulls
He sits on a throne of his enemies skulls,
And if he wants more to play at football,
Ours are at his service,—all, all, all."

English laureates have done worse. Despatched upon Government service to Mexico, he is at once in the midst of the fighting, and charges with the foremost at Nopalucá:

"At one period of the charge, when Dr. Kane was some distance ahead of the rest of his company, his fine horse carried him in

between a spirited young major and his orderly, who fell upon him at the same moment. The lance of the latter failed at the thrust, except so far as to inflict a slight flesh-wound upon the doctor, who, being able to parry the major's sabre-cut, ran that officer through the bowels. The fight over, Dr. Kane was attending to his own hurts, when the poor wounded youth seized him by his arm, crying, 'Father! my father! save my father!' The renegade Mexicans, having determined to slaughter their prisoners, had commenced operations by attacking their chief man, an aged person, who had surrendered to Dr. Kane. He was at the moment defending himself, bare-headed and unarmed, against his assailants. Dr. Kane saved him and numerous others; but it appears he did so with great efforts, and at considerable personal risk."

Dr. Kane had a picturesque pen; we have here an example of his manner in letter-writing:

"Who ever heard of Short's Hotel? A perfect little paradise, looking out upon the Bay of Mobile, and containing a four-post bedstead. Destitute of paint or whitewash or wash-basin is Short's Hotel; and yet it is the dearest, sweetest little abode of honey-suckled comfort that ever hung from the boughs of a live oak. Short's Hotel is about the size of our discarded wash-house. Short's Hotel floats on a velvet-lawned magnolia-studded clearing on the bluff bank. Short's Hotel, to give the climax to its beauties, is *completely invisible*. The limbs of a great gnarled live-oak, all covered with long grey moss, overhang it like the reliquary of a patriarch; and, save when the sea-breezes thrust away the venerable screen, you would think yourself looking at a thicket of Cherokee roses."

Here the breeze came to him, he says, "purple-stained with the sunset"; here, probably, he first heard the proposal of an American expedition in search of Franklin. A May breeze, in 1850, took him out of the American waters in the *Advance*, the *Rescue* in company, and on board of the former Lieut. de Haven in command:

"A capital officer, a daring sailor, with a dash of extra spirit for exigencies that more than once surprised the hardiest of his competitors in the struggles of the Northern Ocean. In one of their joint scrapes among the hummocks of Barrow's Strait, with the British tars holding their breath in strained expectancy, he gave them a taste of his quality that won for him on the spot the appellation of the "Mad Yankee." With seven feet of solid oak in the bow of his brig, he

used her as a battering-ram against the ice-rafts and opened a track for them."

This part of his career is the best known. We will only quote one or two of his own letters; the first is dated from Upernivick, in Greenland, in July, 1853:

"My dear Father,—Looking through the port-holes of this house-hulk, I see two hundred and sixteen icebergs floating in a sea as dead and oily as the Lake of Tiberias; yet I cannot warm my thoughts to talk about them. Time was when I could have piled epithets upon such a scene: but that time has passed; facts only are my aim now. The last week has been spent by me almost constantly in an open boat, striving to overcome the delays of an everlasting calm by making my purchases without coming to anchor. This is a somewhat novel service to routine naval men; but I have saved precious hours by it, and now write to bid you share with me congratulations. I have all my furs,—reindeer, seal and bear; my boot-moccasins, walrus lashings, my sledges, harnesses and dogs,—and all of these without delaying the brig an hour upon her course! Dogs are here, as horses are with you, matters of negotiation, and oftentimes not to be obtained. He (the dog) is the camel of these snow-deserts; and no Arab could part with him more grudgingly than do these Esquimaux. Congratulate me; for I have *all my dogs*, and the tough thews of the scoundrels shall be sinews of war to me in my ice-battles. In quest of them I have threaded the fiords between Kangeit (about twenty miles south of Proven) and Karsiek, and thence to Upernivick, once fifty miles at a single pull. During this hard labor we cooked birds upon the rocks, and slept under buffalo-robos. Human destitution—the filthy desolation of the Esquimaux settlements—was contrasted with glories beyond conception. I had never before realized the grand magnificence of Greenland scenery. It would be profanation to attempt to describe it."

The second bears date March, 1856, and presents the view he held so persistently:

"In my opinion, the vessels cannot have been suddenly destroyed, or at least so destroyed that provisions and stores could not have been established in a safe and convenient depot. With this view, which all my experience of ice sustains, comes the collateral question as to the safety of the documents of the Expedition. But this, my friend, is not all. I am really in doubt as to the preservation of human life. I well know how glad I would have been, had my duties to others permitted me, to have taken refuge among the Esquimaux of Smith's Straits and

Etah Bay. Strange as it may seem to you, we regarded the coarse life of those people with eyes of envy, and did not doubt but that we could have lived in comfort upon their resources. It required all my powers, moral and physical, to prevent my men from deserting to the Walrus-settlements; and it was my fixed intention to have taken to Esquimaux life, had Providence not carried us through in our hazardous escape. Now, if the natives reached the seat of the missing ships of Franklin, and there became possessed, by pilfer or by barter, of the articles sent home by Rae and Anderson, this very fact would explain the ability of some of the party to sustain life among them. If, on the other hand, the natives have never reached the ships, or the seat of their stores, and the relics were obtained from the descending boat,—then the central stores or ships are unmolested, and some may have been able, by these and the hunt, even yet to sustain life. All my men and officers agree with me that, even in the desert of Rensselaer Bay, we could have descended to the hunting-seats, and sustained life by our guns or the craft of the natives. Sad, and perhaps use-

less, as is this reflection, I give it to you as the first outpourings of my conscientious opinions."

Dr. Elder undertakes to describe Dr. Kane personally:

"Dr. Kane was five feet six inches in height: in his best health he weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He had a fair complexion, with soft brown hair. His eyes were dark gray, with a wild-bird light in them when his intellect and feelings were in genial flow; when they were in the torrent-tide of enraptured action, the light beamed from them like the flashing of scimitars, and in impassioned movement they glared frightfully."

The young explorer was once delighted to discover the warm and bright bud of a poppy under seven feet of northern snow, and his moralizings on this and other incidents illustrate the depth and feelings of his nature. We could have wished, for the sake of the public, a better biography,—but, however told, the story of Elisha Kent Kane is a treasure.

UNCLE TIMOTHY described a dinner party given many years ago by the late Thomas Hurst, the once eminent bookseller, at his hospitable mansion on Highgate Hill. Touched by his masterly hand, the company passed in review before us. "There," said he, "was Scott, then plain 'Watty' (as the Ettrick Shepherd, when skin-full of strong whiskey-punch, familiarly used to call him!) tall and stalwart; frank and hilarious; discoursing eloquently upon border feuds and forays; wizards and belted knights; and transporting us to the roaring cataract, the blasted heath, and the mountain glen—Campbell, nervous and irritable; with his sharp Scotch accent, and still sharper and most unmusical voice (not quite so high as Shelley's, when he was excited), pressing upon the company his conversation, which bore not the slightest proportion to his fine poetical genius—Rogers, cautious, and cold as an icicle; watching his opportunity, and, with a smile worthy of Mephistopheles! edging in a pointed and well-polished sarcasm—Moore (the Puck of the party!) joyous and sparkling; launching his lampoons, personal and political, right and left; and giving full scope to his Anacreontic and Bacchanalian sympathies—Crabbe (honest Parson Adams!) with his fatherly face, primitive manners, and suit of sables of ultra-clerical cut; at first, retiring and taciturn; but warming slowly into wisdom and wit—Wordsworth (Holofernes and Sir Oracle!) pompous and egotistical; the incarnation of the personal pronoun, and whose eternal talk was about himself and his writings; yet, to atone for these drawbacks,

with a vein of pure gold running through his discourse—Coleridge, dictatorial and dreamy; an indifferent debater; but in a set speech 'the old man eloquent,' scattering about his opinions and criticisms, which, however acute and fanciful, savored too much of the lecture room and the opium bottle—and Southey (touching no subject without adorning it), with his various learning, urbane humor, and beautiful literature, casting sunshine upon all around him—John Kemble, the beau ideal of an accomplished gentleman, and whom I never saw, and conversed with in private without thinking of Don Quixote, and Sir Roger de Coverley—and Miss Baillie ('Sister Joanna!') a choice specimen of a well-bred, literary lady of the old school, were also present. The smartest dressed men in the company were the two *Toms*; Campbell and Moore; though their taste in the color and cut of their clothes was somewhat *outré*. Campbell's coat (pea green, with black velvet collar preposterously high, and bright brass buttons!) was (like the Irishman's blanket) too short at the bottom, and too long at the top—Moore's (coffee-colored, with huge buttons of cut steel!) the very reverse; the skirts (out of all proportion) covering (as Scott said) 'too much of the calf!' Kemble recited some striking passages from the Pleasures of Hope, Marmion, and De Montfort; and Moore, whose voice was a melodious and plaintive chant very touching and beautiful, sang some of his most pathetic songs, accompanying himself on the pianoforte; and took his part in 'O, Lady Fair!' with exquisite tone and taste."—*Literary Gazette*.

From The National Magazine.

A HARD STRUGGLE.*

A DOMESTIC TALE, IN ONE ACT.

BY WESTLAND MARSTON.

Persons represented.

MR. TREVOR, a rich farmer,
REUBEN HOLT, Mr. Trevor's ward,
FERGUS GRAHAM, as urgeon,
LILIAN TREVOR, betrothed to Reuben,
AMY, Mr. Trevor's orphan grandchild, aged thirteen,

Landlady of the Old Swan,
SUSAN, Mr. Trevor's maid-servant,

SCENE: Partly at Mr. Trevor's house in the country; partly in an inn in the neighborhood.

SCENE I.

Drawing-room of the Grange, Mr. Trevor's house. A lawn and part of the grounds are seen through the window, which opens upon a conservatory at back of the stage.

MR. TREVOR, reading a newspaper aloud, and pronouncing many of the words incorrectly and with hesitation.

"In brief, the magnificence of the late flower show at Uppingham was without par-are-lel (parallel), whether we regard the exquisite specimens of hor-ti-cul-tur-al science themselves, or the unrivalled display of fashion and a-ris-tocracy congregated from all quarters of the—vi-nis-ity (vicinity)." Ah, that's something like style; that's real elegant language, just to my taste! "Hor-ti-cul-tur-al" is a capital word, so is "par-are-lel," so is "vi-nis-ity." I must make a note of 'em. [*He takes out tablets: shouts of laughter are heard from the grounds; he looks through window.*] What's that? Reuben and Amy again! Why, I declare he's letting her chase him up and down just as if he was a child like herself! He's as much a boy as when his poor father died and left him to my care.

REUBEN bursts in through the window; AMY catches him.

AMY (*laughing*). Caught! caught! I'm out of breath, Reuben, I'm out of breath! My side aches so!

REUBEN. Yes, lassie, I think that will do for one turn.

AMY. Grandpapa, it wasn't fair; he let himself be caught just to please me.

MR. TREVOR. Reuben, I'm amazed! If any of the gentry in the vi-nis-ity had seen you!

REUBEN. What then? They would have seen me making fun for a dear little girl who wanted a playmate.

MR. TREVOR. My good fellow, this will never do. I know you've many good points. You've helped me to manage the farm excellently. There's not an acre but what's made the most of, not a shed on the estate out of repair. But really you must give up these strange concen-

tric habits. Remember that my daughter Lilian, whom I sent to Maderia for her health, comes back to us next month.

REUBEN. Ay, and well, thank God!—

MR. TREVOR. That you're engaged to her. Consider that though I was at first a small farmer, we're now rising people, entitled to move in a super-incumbent sphere. You must get rid of your shyness, go into company, learn how to converse, sir. Look at me! I never met with a gentlemanly word in a newspaper or pamphlet, but I instantly make note of it, and add it to my concatenation.

REUBEN (*cheerfully*). Talk's not in my line, sir; I'm not glib at words.

MR. TREVOR. Don't say glib, there's a dear boy. You should follow gentlemanly sports—carry your rod and line, for instance.

REUBEN. What, to cheat silly fishes out of their lives with mock flies?

MR. TREVOR. Pooh! Shoot, then!

REUBEN. No; powder and shot have so much the best of a bird, there's no fair play in that.

MR. TREVOR. Well, you can hunt.

REUBEN. Hunt! What, when poor Reynard hasn't a chance; for if he gets to cover one time, he's sure to be killed the next. Hunt! Why, if it was a tiger in a jungle, and I saw death in his glaring eyes; or if it was to stalk down a desert lion—I here, he there, a strong man against a strong beast, a life against a life,—why perhaps I might take to it! But to scour after a helpless brute, doomed before he starts,—no, thank you, sir; there's no sport for me where there's no danger!

[*Amy steals up to Reuben, and places her hand in his.*]

MR. TREVOR. Well, you can talk when you've a mind: but it's very rough, very rough! However, I must abscond now. Old Stocks wants me to take his son as groom, and I've promised him an auditory.

[*He takes his hat, and goes out by window.*]

AMY (*playfully imitating Mr. Trevor*). Promised him an auditory!

REUBEN. Stop, Amy! Never mimic your grandpapa. He was your mother's father.

AMY (*earnestly*). I'm very sorry. Forgive me.

REUBEN. Yes, pet; but don't do it again.

[*Kisses her.*]

AMY. Indeed I won't.

REUBEN. That creeper's loose, Amy. [*Takes up a hammer*]. Just give me the list and the nails; we must have all tidy for Aunt Lily. [*He nails up a creeper by the entrance of conservatory*]. There, it's come down! I've broken it off. Clumsy fellow! what have such hands as mine to do with flowers?

AMY. You are not clumsy, although you choose to say so. Now, Reuben, shall I tell you what you always put me in mind of?

REUBEN (*laughing, and throwing himself into a chair*). Why a great furze-bush, that can touch nothing without tearing it.

AMY. You know better, sir. You're like the great elm-tree yonder; when I try to clasp its broad trunk, I say, "Elm-tree, how strong you are! just like Reuben." And when I look

* The acting right of this drama in London is for two years the exclusive property of Mr. Charles Dillon. The acting right in the country is the property of the Author. The right of translation is reserved.

up at its green leaves, and see the sun come through them, not fierce, but soft and gentle, I say, "Elm-tree, how kind you are!"—that's like Reuben again.

Reuben. Nonsense, chatterbox! [*She jumps on his knee.*]

Amy. Hush! It's of no use playing at hide-and-seek with me. I know who's gentle and good. I know who took the poor poacher-lad for a servant, and made him honest by kindness. I know who rode twenty miles through a snow-storm to get news of poor Lucy Thomson's sailor-boy. I know who has been brother and father to somebody who loves him as if he were both. [*Kisses him.*]

Reuben. Silence, prater! All that's rough about me is my own. [*In an undertone as to himself.*] If there's any thing better, it's the work of another.

Amy [*hearing him*]. And if she made you good, she ought to be pleased with her work. And so she will be. What joy to think that Aunt Lillian's coming home,—coming home well, though we thought she would die, like my own dear mother!

Reuben. Hush, hush, dear!

Amy. O, if there could be a little window before your heart, that she could see through! For although she loves you so, still I should like her to know how very good you've grown since she went. O, if you would only talk to people, that they might know what you really are!

Reuben. They won't know by my talking, then. I leave fine speeches to folks who write plays and stories and such-like trash.

Amy [*drawing from his coat-pocket a rather worn volume*]. And so, sir, you hide your trash there! How often have I caught you reading it! It's the very story Aunt Lillian used to tell me. I never liked it though, the people were so naughty to each other at last, though they'd been little man and wife from children, just like you and Aunt Lillian. O, see! here's the post-man coming up the walk. Let me run and see what he's got.

Reuben. Off she goes, then. [*He kisses her; Amy runs out. He takes up the book, and gazes on the title-page.*] *Lillian Trevor!*—Her own dear name, written by herself,—so light, so delicate, it seems like looking at her. I wonder at times that she could ever love a coarse awkward fellow like me. I suppose it was being used to me. We lived in this house together when we wore pinafores. To think that next month she'll be here!

Amy [*bursting into the room with a letter*]. It's for you; guess from whom. It ought to have been here before. See, it's marked "too late!"

[*Reuben takes the letter, and remains looking at the address.*]

Amy [*clapping her hands impatiently*]. Do open it, there's a dear!

Reuben. From her! why, she ought now to be at sea. If it should be to say that she's not coming,—that she's again ill! [*He compares the direction with the handwriting in the book.*] See how trembling the handwriting looks beside this. She is ill! [*He opens the letter with an effort, and reads.*]

"Southampton, Tuesday.

My very dear Reuben.—This date will surprise you; I myself can hardly believe that I am once more in England. I met with an unlooked-for chance of leaving Madeira; and I know that neither my dear father, yourself, nor my little Amy will be sorry to see me sooner than you expected.

I am a little tired with my journey; but do not suppose I am ill. To-morrow I take the rail home, and shall be with you by noon. God bless you all.

Your ever affectionate

LILLIAN TREVOR."

What can it mean? *Southampton!—Tuesday!*—the words ring like bells in my ears; but I can't catch the sense. [*Glancing again over the letter.*] *Southampton.—Tuesday,—an unlooked-for chance of leaving Madeira,—the rail home,—be with you by noon!* [*He stands silent; then turns suddenly, and catches Amy's arm.*] This is you, Amy?

Amy. Of course it is, dear. How happy we shall be!

Reuben. That's right. I ask; you answer. There's the hammer on the floor, and the list I was nailing round the plants. It's all real! And so she's— [*Pausing.*]

Amy. Coming home.

Reuben. When?

Amy. She wrote on Tuesday,—yesterday.

Why it must be to-day.

Reuben. Coming home to-day! Bless you for saying it! I know it now; but till you said so I couldn't take it in. And by noon! [*Looks at the letter, then at his watch.*] Why it's near noon already.

Amy. Well, let's tell grandpapa, and go to the station to meet her.

Reuben. Yes, yes. Let me tell him, though. Run and get your hat. [*She goes out.*] At noon to-day! O, shame on me; I'm almost afraid to see her! It will be the old tale when she comes back; I shan't have a word to say for myself.

Enter MR. TREVOR with a letter.

Mr. Trevor. Reuben, I must beg your attention. I've just received a most consequential letter.

Reuben. So have I, sir.

Mr. Trevor. We'll talk of yours by and by. Mine is about the family pedagogue, and therefore the most important.

Reuben. Ha, ha! You think so?

Mr. Trevor. Yes; it's on matters connected with our family.

Reuben. So is mine.

Mr. Trevor. Reuben, I mean the old family-tree.

Reuben. Well, I mean a branch of it.

Mr. Trevor. Indeed; I've distinct information as to two of my missing pro—pro—What's the word? [*Refers to the letter.*] O, about two of my missing progenitors.

Reuben. And I've distinct information as to one of your missing progeny.

Mr. Trevor. Progenitors, sir; they write it so at the Herald's College.

Reuben. Confound the Herald's College! Forgive me, sir; I speak of the living, not of the dead!

Mr. Trevor. Calm yourself; a gentleman should never be incitable.

Reuben. A man may be, though. Mr. Trevor, father,—ay, let me say father,—she's coming; she's in England!

Mr. Trevor. She! Who?

Reuben. Read, read!

[He thrusts Lillian's letter into Mr. Trevor's hand.

Mr. Trevor (reading). What, from Lillian! Lillian back again!—at noon! Why, that means noon to-day! What, my own precious girl! Thou'rt right, lad; thy news was best;—worth a bushel of mine! Hang the Herald's College! [Casts his own letter away, slaps Reuben heartily on the shoulder.] Come, look alive; let's be off to the station! Thou can ride the bay cob, and I'll drive the mare. Dang it, come along, come along! I'm not safe 't the house, I tell thee; I shall go up to the ceiling like a champagne-cork!

[Whirling Reuben to the window.

Reuben (laughing). O, but you know a gentleman's never excited!

Mr. Trevor. Why, here's Amy ready! [Enter Amy attired for a drive.] And what do I see? Why, Reuben, we're too late! Here comes a fly bowling up the drive,—a fly with luggage on the roof.

Reuben (retreating a few steps). So soon!

Mr. Trevor. Why, man, what art thou skulking to rear for in that way? Come out, and welcome here. Hark! the fly's stopped. Lily, my own Lily!

[He rushes out.

Amy. Come, Reuben.

[Attempts to drag him out.

Reuben. Leave me to myself a bit.

Amy. No, I sha'n't.

Re-enter MR. TREVOR with LILLIAN.

Mr. Trevor. Here she is, here she is; blessings on her!

[Embracing her.

Lillian. Dear, dear father!

[Reuben takes her hand between both of his and kisses it.

Mr. Trevor. Her lips, her lips, boy! Thou won't?

Lillian. Then Amy must give me a double one.

Amy. That she will, dear Aunt Lily. Now I'm mistress; sit down.

[She takes Lillian's shawl and bonnet,

Reuben (placing a footstool). And thou'rt well, quite well, Lillian?

Mr. Trevor. Well! to be sure she is. Now if we only had her brother back from America!

Lillian. What news of Fred?

Mr. Trevor. All right, and hearty. Fred will be here by winter. But I did expect, lass, thou would have brought back a pair of rosier cheeks.

Lillian (after a short pause, and speaking with sudden animation). Rosy cheeks, indeed! What does my father take me for, Amy? What does he expect of a young lady after a long sea-voyage, a night made sleepless by the thought of seeing you all, and eighty miles travelling by express? Isn't it hard that when I thought to surprise him by my strength, he should scold me for not blooming like a peony? [She rises, seizes Mr. Trevor's hands, and playfully swings

them together; then turns to Reuben with a sort of impetuous gaiety] And what do you think of me, Reuben?

Reuben. What do I think of you? Why you must know pretty well by this time. No; perhaps you don't [getting confused;] that is, nobody knows—I mean—Pshaw!

Mr. Trevor. Well, and our kind friends at Madeira, who took charge of thee—the Maxwells? Thou left 'em all tidy, eh? And the young surgeon, Fergus Graham, who attended thee on the passage out when thou caught the fever with the rest. A brave fellow that!—he seems to have cared neither for his sleep nor his life.

Reuben. Ay, tell us of Fergus Graham.

[Lillian sinks into a chair.

Mr. Trevor. Why, what ails thee?

Reuben (alarmed). Lillian!

Lillian (rallying, with a forced laugh). You make me quite ashamed. It was but a thought.

Mr. Trevor. Ay, of her past danger. What an old fool I was to put her in mind of it! Why, Amy, we're all forgetting that your aunty's nearly famished. Run and order luncheon.

[Amy runs out.

Lillian. No, indeed I'm not hungry; only a little tired.

Mr. Trevor. Come, then, Reuben, let's leave her to herself for half an hour. She'll leave her little nick-nacks to settle, and such-like. [With a return to his pompous manner.] Remain here, love, while I send your maid to conduct you to your own apartment. She's an excellent well-meaning sort of young woman; but I mean to engage for you a regular ed-u-cated French feminine-de-chamber straight from Paris,—a Frenchwoman who talks French! By, by, love; by, by, love!

[Kisses his hand to her, and goes out.

Reuben. Don't tire yourself, Lillian; please don't. Don't come down to lunch if it's too much for you.

Lillian. Thoughtful for me as ever, dear Reuben.

[She holds out her hand; Reuben again kisses it.

Reuben (aside). I'm not good enough for her; I know I'm not.

[He hastily follows Mr. Trevor out.

Lillian (who looks fixedly after them, then catches at a chair as if for support). They are gone, gone at last! O, that I should ever feel it a relief for my father—for Reuben—to leave me, so good, so loving as they are! [A pause.] O, if I could be already old and torpid! If the hours would but pass over me as over yon dial that tells, but does not feel, the flight of time! Or if my own mother had lived, and I could have told her my struggle! O, shame, shame! Is this my firmness? Let me reflect that I am Reuben's betrothed—that I became so by my own will—that I had strength to fly from those fatal shores while there was yet time. Yes, Heaven help me, and I shall conquer!

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. A gentleman has called, ma'am. I think he be a stranger in these parts; but he's very pressing to see you.

Lillian. Indeed!

Susan. It's most likely some one from the railway-station; for all your luggage arn't up yet, and he asked partickler if you was come home.

Lilian. I dare say you're right. Let him come in.

Susan. Yes, ma'am. [*She goes out, and immediately returns.*] The gentleman, ma'am.

[*She goes out.*]

Enter FERGUS GRAHAM.

Fergus. An old Friend.

Lilian. Fergus! Mr. Graham!

Fergus. My presence here is indeed sudden, perhaps abrupt, dear Miss Trevor; but let me hope not quite unwelcome. [*Taking her hand.*]

Lilian [*commanding herself*]. A friend to whom I owe so much can never be unwelcome. [*She motions him to a chair, and takes one herself.*] But I was, as you may judge, unprepared for this pleasure.

Fergus. It was only a few days since that I learned in Paris of your sudden departure from Maderia. I had looked forward, as you know, to find you still there on my return. Hearing that you had by this time probably reached England, I could not resist the impulse to see you—to see you in your home.

Lilian. It was a kind and friendly impulse.

Fergus. Friendly! Yes. And yet that word poorly describes it. Friendly applies to acts that consult the happiness of another; mine involved my own—all, all, Lilian, that I have at stake in life.

Lilian. Nay, life has so many stakes, at least for men.

Fergus [*drawing his chair towards her*]. Can you misinterpret me? You know that in Maderia I was privileged to enter the house where you dwell as if I had been of the family. You have not forgotten those morning walks when our common love of nature was a tie between us; when I bent over you as you sketched some bold headland, or caught some rare effect of sea and sky; or the nights when you were my scholar, and we read together some poet of our dear England, or some lay of Italy?

Lilian. No, Fergus, I have not forgotten how kindly you taught me—how you enriched the life that you had first saved.

Fergus. Our tastes were one, our sympathies one. At times I dared to hope our hearts also. Yet I trembled to speak. Then business called me from Madeira to France. She shall know all, I thought, on my return. You quitted Madeira suddenly. When I heard of it,—heard that you might already be in England,—I left Paris at once. And now I am here—here to say—ah, do you not divine what?—Lilian, I love you!

Lilian. Fergus, you have spoken! I have ever, must ever honor and value you; but those words part us.

Fergus. Part us! Has hope, then, so deceived me? May not a time come?

Lilian. Never! If, indeed, you care for me, leave—leave me at once.

Fergus. Pause, Lilian; those brief words of yours strike at a life's dream. Weigh them

well. If it must be, I accept my fate. You do not, then, cannot love me?

Lilian [*rising*]. Go, go! I—can never—be yours.

Fergus. Because you do not love me? [*A pause.*] Ah, you do not say that!

Lilian. Leave me, I say, at once, unless you would bring a curse upon the life that you preserved.

Fergus. One word first. You tremble; this vehemence is not indifference. Say either that you cannot love me; or if there be any barrier that you may not yet speak of,—one that time, however long, may remove,—tell, me, and I will wait, wait even till years have blanched my hair and sapped my strength, changed me in all except what cannot change, my abiding quenchless love.

[*He throws himself at her feet, and seizes her hand.*]

Here Amy appears at the entrance of the conservatory.

Lilian [*almost fiercely*]. Begone, sir. I am not at confession. When a woman does not admit her love, I presume that she denies it. Release my hand—leave me!—I command you!

[*Breaking away from him.* Amy retires.

Fergus [*rising, and speaking with mournful dignity*]. I obey you. You have spoken now. The friend, Lilian, may still think of you, though the lover dares not. Bless you! [*Aside, as she stands with her face averted.*] What not even a look! Farewell, farewell!

[*He takes up a light travelling-coat, and goes out slowly.*]

Lilian. He goes—goes without one kind word! Repulsed so fiercely, how heartless must he think me! He will return to the scenes where we were happy friends. We shall meet no more. That might be borne—should be. But that I should never cross his memory except as an image of pain and ingratitude, that I should lose all place in his esteem,—O, 'tis bitter, bitter! He will never know what I stifle here. Years will roll on, death will come, and even then he will never—never—

[*She totters, and is on the point of falling.*]

Reuben enters by the window; with a cry she throws herself into his arms.

Reuben. Lilian, dear Lilian! Why, what is this? Speak to me, my own, my darling! She has fainted—she must have air. Help, help!

[*He bears her out.*]

Enter MR. TREVOR from an inner apartment, meeting AMY, who emerges from the conservatory.

Mr. Trevor. What cry was that? It threw me into a state of positive conjuration!

Amy. Don't be frightened, grandpapa. I hope aunty will soon be better.

Mr. Trevor. Better!

Amy. Something happened to vex her. I saw it by chance, and—

Mr. Trevor. Where is she? Where is Reuben?

Amy. With her; he took her into the garden. O, pray don't go, dear grandpapa; the sight of you might be too much for her!

Mr. Trevor. Why, how you cling to me,

child! and you're shaking like a leaf. What has happened?

Amy. O, nothing very bad; nothing that I quite understand.

Mr. Trevor. What did you see?

Amy. Aunt Lilian will tell you; but not now, dear grandpapa,—don't ask her now.

Mr. Trevor. You'll drive me out of my senses. Let me go!

Amy. Nay, look; here is Reuben!

Re-enter REUBEN.

Reuben. Lilian's better now, sir; the air did her good. I left her with Susan, who will take her to her room. She begged me to tell you that she was but over-tired, and should soon be herself.

Mr. Trevor. That's well. She's had enough to overset her. But Amy spoke of some accident. What did you see, Amy?

Amy. It was so strange! I'm afraid to say.

Reuben (patting her head encouragingly). Amy will tell me, if she ever loved Reuben.

Amy. Then I think aunty has had a fright.

Reuben. A fright!

Amy. I was in the conservatory, and had pulled a nosegay for her. I was just coming into the room, when—

Reuben. Yes; go on, love.

Amy. I saw a gentleman,—a stranger. Aunt Lilian was ordering him to leave the house; so I suppose he had done something wrong.

Reuben (repressing Mr. Trevor, who attempted to speak). So—well?

Amy. But he wouldn't go,—not then. He threw himself on his knees, and grasped her hand—O, so tight! I suppose it was that that hurt her. I went back again, for I didn't like her to see me; but I just saw her look very angry, and tear herself away from him. She again ordered him to leave her, and spoke so! —O, I never heard her angry before. Then I heard him go up the walk, and your voice, Reuben, and what you said when you came in, and that's all that I know.

Reuben. He dared to insult her?

Amy. I am afraid so: else why did she speak so loud?

Mr. Trevor. The pertinacious rascal!

Reuben. Leave him to me, sir. This man, Amy; what did he look like?

Amy. Why, like a young man. He didn't look wicked, though I'm afraid he was.

Reuben. Young, you say?

Amy. Yes.

Reuben. What height?

Amy. About yours, but slenderer.

Reuben. What did he wear?

Amy. Nothing particular. O, I saw his light overcoat on a chair!

Reuben. The very man I met in the avenue; he had such a coat on his arm. That's enough!

[*Seizes his hat and riding-whip.*]

Amy. Stay, Reuben! You'll not hurt him?

Reuben. Let me but catch him.

Amy (intercepting him). You know how often when I was naughty, you said, "Treat her gently, and she'll mend." Ah, treat him gently! Besides, Aunt Lilian's better.

Reuben (muttering to himself). He dared to insult her!

Mr. Trevor (seizing Reuben's arm). Yes; Lilian's better. Don't thrash him, Reuben; that's low. What if he should be one of those dashing young sparks from London on a visit in the neighborhood? If so, you might call him out my boy. A duel would set the family on its legs. It's perfectly gentlemanly, quite illegitimate, and not at all dangerous.

Reuben (disregarding him). He turned to the right. He would get out through the copse by the oat-field into the Uppingham Road. Ay, that's the scent; now for the chase!

[*He breaks from Mr. Trevor, and darts at full speed down the walk.*]

Mr. Trevor (disconsolately). Come, Amy! Let's hear Susan's news of your aunt. [*To himself.*] As for that boy, he has no grand sentiments; he suffers from a complete vac—vaccination of gentlemanly ideas, and will do nothing to extirpate the family! But he has a good heart,—a good heart; so I suppose I must be intolerable to him. Come, Amy!

[*He leads her out by door at right.*]

SCENE II.

Room in the Old Swan at Uppingham. The open bay-window looks upon the road.

FERGUS GRAHAM and Landlady.

Fergus. That will do, landlady,—that will do. Have the goodness to order the fly at once.

Landlady (aside). Why, he don't ask after his change; and there's two shillings back out of his half-sovereign for the fly. I wonder whether it's good. [*Testing the half-sovereign.*] Yes, it is. Your change, sir.

Fergus. Give it to your servant, my good woman; but do order the fly.

Landlady. Why, you'll be at the station an hour before the train, sir.

Fergus. No matter. I wish to start at once.

Landlady (nettled). O, of course, sir, if you prefer the station waiting-room to the parlor of the Swan. Every gentleman has a right to his taste.

[*Landlady goes out.*]

Fergus (walking up and down). Motion! Action! I cannot bear to think. If it had only been that I mistook her feelings, and that she refused me, why that would have been a shock; but I could have endured it. I could still have honored her,—trusted in her. But to be ordered from her presence so disdainfully,—even fiercely,—as if the best homage of my heart were an insult to her! [*A pause.*] And yet, she once so gentle—so fearful of giving pain! Is it possible that she can be so utterly transformed? Was it indeed disdain, or was it misery, that I read in her face? What if there should be some dark mystery over her fate that she dares not even hint at? I would believe that—anything—rather than that she could be capricious and cruel. [*Walking to the window, he observes Reuben without gazing on him with a stern and fixed expression.*] Who's that? [*After a pause, Reuben moves away.*] That man's face quite riveted me.

[*He turns, and perceives Reuben, who stands with a menacing look at the door of the apartment, then locks it, takes the key, and walking steadily up to the table, confronts Fergus in silence.*

Fergus (after a pause, with haughty calmness). You mistake a house of public entertainment for your private dwelling. Why have you locked that door?

Reuben (speaking in a deep whisper). That you may not go out without my leave.

Fergus (aside). The man must be insane. I'll deal with him firmly, but quietly. My friend, I must trouble you for that key.

Reuben. Not yet. You're the young man who left Mr. Trevor's house a while back?

Fergus. The same, sir.

Reuben. You own it—the coward who broke into a lady's presence, insulted her, shocked her by his violence!

Fergus. Have a care. At first, I thought you a madman, and you have been safe; but there is coherence even in your falsehood. Do you dare—

Reuben (breaking in). Do you dare—you who stole in upon a woman alone, who laid hands on her till her cries of anger and fear were heard! Is it for you to say—dare?

Fergus. What do you mean?

Reuben (brandishing his whip). Mean! To give you a lesson.

Fergus. Stand back! stand back! or you shall rue to your last hour that you ever raised your hand to Fergus Graham.

Reuben (who drops the horse-whip and stands arrested). Who? who?—Fergus—Fergus Graham?

Fergus. Leave the room!

Reuben (going to the door, unlocking it, and returning). Stay! you're not—not the young doctor who saved Lilian's life at sea?

Fergus. My name is Fergus Graham; you should have asked it before.

Reuben. Sir, I humbly, humbly entreat your pardon. You could not have insulted her. Yet she fainted in my arms as you went. How came that?

Fergus. By what right do you ask?

Reuben. By the right of one who has been bred up under the same roof with her; her playmate in childhood, her protector now—one who has the right of a brother.

Fergus. Her brother! She has often spoken of you; but I thought you were abroad.

Reuben. No, no; you mistake. I'm not Fred.

Fergus (courteously). Pardon me. I was not aware that Miss Trevor had a second brother.

Reuben (aside, half-amused). Why, I can't blab my heart's secrets to a stranger and say—I'm her lover. Let him call me what he likes.

Fergus. Be seated, sir. And so she complained to you of my intrusion?

Reuben. She—O, never! But she was heard bidding you from the house. You were seen to force her hand.

Fergus. To take it. I will be frank with

you. I sought your sister's hand for my own. Heaven knows with what reverence.

Reuben (aside). He loved her, then—he loved her! Poor fellow, how could he help it? Mr. Graham, I feel for you. Take my hand—that is, if you can really forgive me.

Fergus (shaking his hand warmly). Freely.

Reuben. Yet I can't make it out. There could be no offence in an offer like yours. Yet why did she bid you begone?—why sink fainting into my arms?

Fergus. Did it cost so much, then? [*Moves his chair nearer to Reuben's, and continues in a low earnest voice.*] Do not think me presumptuous; but I have dared to think—

Reuben (authoritatively). Stop! I'll hear no more. I've no right to—

Fergus (persisting). To think that, after all, Lilian may still love me.

Reuben (compassionately). No, my dear fellow, you mustn't think that; you mustn't indeed.

Fergus. I will never breathe that hope without warrant; but still—

Reuben. No more, I beg. Sure, Lilian refused you?

Fergus. Ay, but her agitation; her trembling form; her look of wretchedness, that I at first took for anger—

Reuben. Again, I say, I've no right to your secrets.

Fergus. Nay, you shall hear me. What if there should be some mystery?

Reuben (laying his hand soothingly on Graham's shoulder). You mustn't give way to this. What mystery can there be?

Fergus. Fathers, before now, have forced children to marry against their will.

Reuben. Ah, that's not her case.

Fergus. Or there have been—forgive the hope that would clutch at a straw—there have been such things as childish engagements, engagements made before the young heart knew what love meant; yet which a cruel—a false—honor bound it to keep. Ah, that's a bitter wrong to both!

Reuben (sharply). What's that to do with Lilian?

Fergus. I can't say; very likely nothing. But she had lived long in retirement. It was only in Madeira—she told me so—that she first seemed to live. It is not only for myself I care. Put me out of the question; but, O, if any chance should bind her to one who could not understand her refined gentle nature,—to one with whom she would suffer, die uncomplainingly!—

Reuben. Silence, man! What d'ye take us for, us rough country-folk? We mayn't know much of books, we may be out of place in drawing-rooms,—we wi' the sun's tan on our faces, and the ploughed land on our heels; but when joy comes,—when grief comes,—we've hearts that bound or burst. We've that which makes man man,—love to God and each other!

Fergus. Right, right. I was selfish and unjust. You must forgive now.

Reuben. Enough, enough! I don't care for soft phrases. [*Walks away, seizes his gloves,*

and confusedly attempts to draw the left one on his right hand; then speaks aside.] What if I should seem a mere rude loon to her, now she's seen the world and fine people! O, no, no!

Fergus. I have one more request—

Reuben. Whist, whist; my head's too full for talk. [*Aside.*] I uttered his name this morning; she turned ashy pale. I thought she would have dropped. Why was that?

Fergus (looking at his watch). I've but a short time now.

Reuben (still aside). Dolt that I am! She was overdone by seeing us. What more natural? [*Turning cheerfully to Fergus.*] I tell you what, Mr. Graham, you must forget this folly. Work hard; root it out. Come back to us in a year or so. Who knows but she'll be married then, and you'll meet her as her friend,—her husband's friend. We'll mount you well, give you a morning gallop over hill and moor, find you a seat at night by the winter-fire. We shall be merry as the day's long. Come, come; you'll forget all else!

Fergus. If she forgets. Yet—

Reuben (again walking away, and aside). If! He doubts it still. And I,—do I doubt too? How, if it should be true? What did she tell him? That till she got to Madeira she had never lived. What threw her into that state when he left her? It couldn't be hate. He was her dear friend,—saved her life. If not hate, what was it, then? [*Walks a step or two, then resumes.*] Suppose she had gone in love with him, and felt bound by duty to me—ah, that would explain it!

Fergus (approaching him). One parting word.

Reuben (fiercely). You've said too much! You've put a thought into my heart that burns and rankles; and when I would tug it out, it goes deeper and deeper!

Fergus. I?

Reuben. You!

Fergus. I am sorry to part with you so.

[*Reuben waves him off; Fergus silently takes up his travelling-coat.*]

Reuben (suddenly seizing his arm). Stay! You said there was some mystery here. You shall not go till it's cleared up. I will know why Lillian bade you from the house!

Fergus (with quiet dignity). Remove your hand! I shall not shrink from inquiry. I will change my plans, and wait your return here.

Reuben. You will go back with me?

Fergus. If you wish it.

Reuben. I will speak to her first alone. If I find—Your fly's at the door. You had better go and countermand it.

Fergus. I will do so. [*He goes out.*]

Reuben. He's deceived himself. Yes, yes; all will be well! But—but—[*He stops short, greatly agitated.*—] I won't be mastered! I will look it in the face! But, if not—if not—why then I shall have cut out doubt forever from my heart. [*Rushes out.*]

SCENE III.

Drawing-room in MR. TREVOR'S house,—same as first scene.

Enter MR. TREVOR and LILIAN.

Mr. Trevor. But thou shouldn't have come down, Lily; thou really shouldn't.

Lilian. Indeed, dear father, I am better.

[*Aside*] O, for strength for one brave effort!

[*He places a chair for her.*]

Mr. Trevor. Well, thou must get up thy good looks, dear; for thou'lt be queen of the neighborhood, now thou'rt back again. [*Sitting by her.*] Thou knows thy promise that thou'lt never leave thy father, even when thou'rt married. It's mostly for thy sake that I've tried to raise the family. I gave a breakfast last winter to the members of the Roxbury Hunt. Sir Richard was here himself, and I never saw a man so abstemious. He devoured every thing that came within his reach. He grew quite urbane, and showed in fact the greatest animosity. "Dam'me, you're a trump, Trevor!" says he; and he positively slapped me on the back!

[*With great complacency.*]

Lilian (forcing a show of interest). And did he ask you to Roxbury, dear father?

Mr. Trevor. Why—not in so many words. But the truth is, all was confusion. He had a great conflux of the aristocracy at his house that winter, and—hem—in fact—I believe there was no beds. But he's coming from London soon, and then—

Lilian. Indeed, dear father, I desire no grand acquaintance. Your Lily's content with you and with dear—dear Reuben.

Mr. Trevor. Ay, ay! Reuben's a good lad, though he wants polishing up. Any how he deserves well of Lily. You should have seen how he rushed off to punish the fellow whose impertinence alarmed you—

Lilian (starting up). Punish! Whom?

Mr. Trevor. Why the person who obtruded on you this morning.

Lilian (excitedly). You are jesting! O, say that you are jesting! Send after them! Part them,—part them, as you value my peace—my life!

Mr. Trevor (soothingly). Nay, here comes Reuben to speak for himself.

REUBEN, his eyes fixed on the ground, is seen approaching the open window.

Lilian (darting towards the window). Speak before you enter! Is he safe? You have not—

Reuben (coming in). Not hurt a hair of his head.

[*Lilian throws her arms round her father. Amy enters.*]

Mr. Trevor (to her). There, I told thee all would be well. Sit down, love, sit down.

[*He leads her apart to a couch.*]

Reuben (aside). Is he safe?—she asked but for him. Well, she would see that I was safe. there was no need to ask about me.

Amy. Do speak to me, Reuben. If you could guess how glad I am to have you again, —to know that you've not done wrong!

Reuben (takes a chair, places her on his knee, and gazes earnestly into her face). Amy, I've a question for you. [*She regards him with wondering attention.*] Suppose, Amy, some one was to steal your love from me?

Amy. Reuben!

Reuben. I say, suppose so?

Amy (trembling). O, what have I done? You know that could never be—never!

Reuben. Well; let's put it another way. Suppose any one was to steal my love from you?

Amy. O, don't, don't!

Reuben. Nay, it's not likely; but suppose I was to choose another pet,—to find some other little face that would make me happier to look on than my Amy's?

Amy. That made you happier!

Reuben. Suppose so.

Amy. If it did make you happier—

Reuben. Well, go on, darling.

Amy. O, that would hurt me. But—but—

Reuben. Yes, yes?

Amy (stifling her sobs). I should pray to God; I should try to think how good you had been to me; how you ought to be happy. And if—if another pet made you so, I should give you up; and try—to love her for your sake.

[She weeps silently, and covers her face with her hands.]

Reuben (kissing her fervently). God bless you, darling! No fear, no fear! Now go play; I must have some talk with Aunt Lily. [Leads her to the door; Amy goes out; Reuben then approaches Lilian.] Are you well enough, Lilian, to have a short talk with me alone?

Mr. Trevor (sharply). No she's not. [Comes up to Reuben, and speaks to him apart.] Forgive me, Reuben; but she's really ill. For all she's so kind and does her best, it's plain she takes no interest in anything.

Lilian (rising, and coming to them.) Father, I am well enough to walk with Reuben. I wish it. I must.

Mr. Trevor. Well, thou knows best, Lily; but I maun't have thee overset or flurried! [Aside.] She droops just as she did before she went abroad. And such grand things as I was planning for her! Ah, perhaps that's it. I've been proud and foolish. What if this should be for—for a punishment! [To Reuben.] Be very tender of her. She's all that reminds me of her mother!

[He goes out.]

Lilian. Now, Reuben, you must tell me all. There has been no quarrel?

Reuben. No, Lilian: rest content about that. But you mustn't stand [He places a chair and footstool for her]: there's a breeze getting up. [Envelopes her in her shawl; then seats himself by her side.] Lily, I've something to say to you.

Lilian. Yes, Reuben.

Reuben. There have been a good many changes in this year and more, since you left us. You're changed a bit yourself. The girl's look is gone from you, Lily!

Lilian. Yes, I'm a woman.

Reuben. We're always changing, I suppose. The games we played at when children don't amuse us now. Our tastes change; our likings change.

Lilian. As we grow older.

Reuben. It's what we must look for. You wouldn't wonder, then, if I was changed too?

Lilian (after a pause). You would never change from being good. [Gives him her hand.]

Reuben. Do you know, I've often thought of that book you were so fond of. [Draws forth the book produced in first scene, and shows it to her]. I often think of those young folks in the story who were engaged to each other, like you and me. Don't tremble so, or I can't go on.

Lilian (in a whisper). What about them?

Reuben. Well, you see, they didn't know their own minds until they got separated. Then they both found that what they thought love was—a mistake.

Lilian. O, Reuben! What do you mean? [He remains silent]. Have pity on me—you don't know what hangs on it. You don't—you can't mean that you're changed to me?

Reuben (springing from the chair, throwing up his hands, and speaking aside). She's afraid of it! She's afraid of it! She loves me still! [Returning to her]. And would Lilian find it hard if Reuben was changed to her?

Lilian (after a short pause, and turning away her face). Very hard! If he thought ill of her.

Reuben. That's no answer. Would it cost you much to think I was changed?

Lilian. I cannot bear this!

Reuben (smiling). You can't bear to think so—eh? Is that it? Silent? Nay, a word will do—a smile. [In an altered tone, and laying his hand on her shoulder]. Lily, I've been honest with you all my life. You'll speak to me truly? What can't you bear?

Lilian. To give you pain. I would rather die.

Reuben. Do you know any thing, then, that would give me pain if I knew it too?

Lilian. Reuben! Reuben, this is torture!

Reuben. Be calm. It's only a word, and it must come. When we two kneel together in the church—when you take the vow that can't be unsaid—the vow of heart's love till death and after—

Lilian (starting up). Spare me, spare me! I'm very wretched!

[She is about to sink at his knees; but he prevents her.]

Reuben. My poor child!

Lilian. Reuben, I must speak now! I was so young—I had seen no one but you. I had not dreamed that there was another feeling,—a master feeling different from a sister's love—one that is not merely affection, but part of one self! And it came so unperceived; it dawned on me so softly, rose so gradually, that it was high up, quickening every pulse, mingling with every breath, steeping all life in brightness, before I knew its power,—before I felt that when that light was blotted out the whole world would be darkness.

Reuben. Well—and then?

Lilian. Then came misery. I had not been willingly guilty; but the thought of your great goodness haunted me like remorse, I strove to break the spell, and fled. But I could not fly from myself. And now, Reuben, that you have made me see the truth, I must go on.

Spite of all, the fatal power still conquers. And O, if I once sinned in yielding my love to another, I shrink from a sin yet darker! I cannot—dare not—take a false vow to Heaven, and betray the trust of your noble heart!

[*She sinks at his feet.*]

Reuben (*raising her*). Poor child, poor child! Lilian. What! Can you forgive me?

Reuben. Forgive thee! forgive thee! [*Pressing his lips tenderly on her forehead.*] I partly guessed it. You see—by my calmness—I was prepared for it. [*A pause.*] And you!—can you bear a surprise?

Lilian. What can I not bear after this?

Reuben. Then leave me a little while; take a turn in the garden,—take the left path, to the shrubbery! Don't ask why; I may perhaps join you soon. [*Folds shawl round her head.*] The path to the shrubbery—remember!

Lilian (*kissing his hand reverently*). Bless you!

[*He leads her to window, and watches her in silence till she disappears in the walk.*]

Reuben (*advancing slowly to front*). I know the worst! [*Sinks into a chair.*] This is no longer a home for me. Soon, as she passed just now from me down the walk, she'll pass from me for ever. I shall see her no more. Not see her! O, yes; see her always! In strange lands she'll flit before my eyes—my own little playmate, with her straw hat and bright curls, her white frock and the blue sash that I used to tie for her. I shall see her pattering by me as when we plucked the spring primroses. I shall see the young girl with the warm flush on her cheek, as when I rode beside her pony. I shall see her as to day, with her graceful movements and her soft sad face; and I shall see—ah, there's comfort!—I shall see for ever the smile with which she blessed me! Yes, while I live the day will never come that I shall not see Lilian!

[*He bursts into tears; then leans back quietly in the chair.*]

Amy (*bounding in*). O, you're here, Reuben! You promised me a walk, sir. Not a word! O, some bad magician has put him to sleep, and I shall be the good fairy to rouse him. Wake, sleeper, wake! [*She playfully raises his arm, which falls listlessly to his side.*] Reuben, what's the matter? It's Amy, your pet, Amy.

Reuben (*who holds her at arm's length gazes on her wistfully, then strains her to him*). Yes, Amy's still mine!

Amy. She'll never leave you; and Aunt Lilian—

Reuben. Aunt Lilian! [*After a short struggle.*] I've learned Amy's lesson. Aunt Lilian goes away from us—goes where she'll be happy.

Amy. What! And leaves you—

Reuben. Not wretched. Amy, I might have been a villain, and broken her heart. I've done right—I've saved her. [*Rises.*] No, not wretched!

Enter LILIAN and FERGUS, followed by Mr.

TREVOR.

Lilian. Reuben! What does this mean?

Reuben (*who takes the hand of Fergus, places it in Lilian's, and addresses Mr. Trevor*). This is Fergus Graham, Lilian's preserver. He loves her. Your blessing for them. That alone will cure her.

Mr. Trevor. Fergus Graham! He loves her! I see. Reuben, you're a noble fellow.

[*Fergus silently clasps Reuben's hand. Reuben walks apart; Lilian follows him.*]

Lilian (*laying her hand softly on his arm*). My own brother!

[*Mr. Trevor, Fergus, and Amy, approach them.*]

Reuben. You're all very kind to me. I shall think of you often when I'm far away. For I go to a land that asks for a man's pith and sinew, where there are broad forests to be cleared, wide prairies to roam.

Mr. Trevor. No, my lad, I can't lose you.

Reuben. Thank you; but my mind's made up.

Lilian (*imploringly*). For my sake!

Fergus. For our sake!

Reuben. I shall think always that you wished it; but—

[*Shakes his head in dissent.*]

Amy (*rushing forward, and grasping the skirts of his coat*). Reuben, Reuben, will you leave your own Amy?

Reuben (*much moved, and regarding her fixedly*). Amy, Amy! pet, darling, comfort!—O, I didn't guess till now the hold she had on me! Leave her! Heaven that denies me a wife's love has perhaps given me its next blessing in the pure love of a child! It's a hard struggle; but with a clear conscience and her dear help I shall get through, I shall get through! [*Cheerfully*] Yes, Amy; I stay for thee!

[*He sinks into a chair, and embraces her fondly.*]

CHEVALIER PETTRICH'S SCULPTURES—A collection of sculptures and models of a quite unique kind is now on exhibition at the Gallery of the New Water-Color Society. Chevalier Pettrich, a native of Dresden, and pupil of Thorwaldsen for seventeen years, has devoted the maturity of his career to studying the unsophisticated forms of nature among the American Indians of the North and South. In this pursuit he has spent no less than twenty-two years; of which the collection now in London is a result—and a result stamped with every manifest impress of genuineness. Here we find portrait-statues in marble of Indian chiefs—“Tah-Tape-Saah, Chief of the Mississippi Sioux, six feet seven inches high, the finest man the artist ever saw”; historical figures—“The Dying Tecumseh,” who fell fighting for

the British in 1813; historical or national groups—“A Battle between the Win-ne-ba-goes and Creek Indians,” a War Dance, a Buffalo Hunt, or “A Council between the Ministers of the United States, and the two Tribes, the Mississippi Sioux Indians, and the Sacs and Foxes.” With these are some other sculptures, sacred or ideal, exhibiting occasional points of thought, but by no means adding to the real attraction of the gallery. Neither, indeed, are the Indian sculptures noticeable for artistic beauty or perfection. Their interest is in their faithfulness, their detail of national character, circumstance and costume, and their singularity. This interest is neither small nor unimportant; and the collection will well deserve the popularity which it may fairly be expected to attain.—*Spectator.*

From The Spectator, 20 February.
THE LIVINGSTONE DINNER.

THE public dinner given to Dr. Livingstone on Saturday was a brilliant success, and it will serve many useful purposes. Almost an impromptu, struck out only ten days before the company assembled, it was, as Sir Roderick Murchison called it, a "coup de voyageur" which sends off the African traveller with a pocket-pistol of the best spirits for his support, and enabled him and the public of his country to know each other better, to their own mutual advantage. Although as many as three hundred persons were collected by a necessarily hasty form of public invitation, the assembly was as suitable for its purposes as if it had been carefully picked. There were Lords Spiritual and Temporal, Members of the House of Commons, scientific men, commercial men, clergymen—the representatives of all parts of the body politic. Although thus mixed, the company was one of the most harmonious that has ever gathered round the dinner-table. It might be regarded as a great family dinner-party, collected to celebrate an occasion personally interesting to all present. Mixed as the party was and numerous, there was not a single "hitch" throughout the whole evening.

Even little trifles contributed to the completeness of the ovation. The Duke of Sutherland sent his piper to assist in the music; all the airs played by the band, the Grenadier Guards, were Scottish, in deference to the nationality of the traveller and of the chairman. The Queen assisted in the ceremonies of the day, by summoning Dr. Livingstone to a farewell interview before the dinner; and when Sir Roderick Murchison alluded to "the grace and kindness with which she had selected this day for wishing God speed to Livingstone," the allusion elicited far more than the usual fervor of acknowledgment to the loyal toast. Among the toasts proposed was "the Legislature which has furnished the means and the Government which has proposed the measures to carry out the Livingstone expedition"; and in giving this toast the chairman explained one circumstance which has occasioned some chagrin to Dr. Livingstone's admirers. It is now understood that the consulship, which our correspondent Mr. Macgregor Laird, in his letter last week, put on a level with the *gaugership* of Burns, has not been offered to the distinguished explorer as a reward, but that it has only been amongst the means which have been "placed at his disposal." No doubt, this explanation is in part valid: the official character of con-

sul, and even the salary attached to the post, are among the convenient instruments commanded by Livingstone in his future dealings, whether with the natives or with the foreign states whose subjects he may encounter in that wild region. And here again the dinner has called forth practical advantages; for the opinions expressed by the Swedish and the Portuguese Ministers will contribute to produce a sort of public opinion in the diplomacy of foreign states, greatly conducive to the promotion of Livingstone's objects.

Nevertheless, we cannot avoid remarking, that if the consulship and its salary are not intended to be viewed in the light of rewards—if Livingstone's rewards are deferred until the termination of his career—the fact only shows how very differently the official representatives of the country rate the services of the soldier in the field of blood and those of the laborer in the fields of peace. Not for an instant would we underrate the heroism, the chivalry, the Christianity, or the true peace-winning spirit in which our Indian officers have acted; but neither Seaton nor Greathed encountered more arduous marches than those which Livingstone has accomplished; Havelock's march through the diabolical province was more hideous in its incidents, but not so prolonged. Danger, toil, disease, procrastination, and every disheartening influence, have been confronted by Livingstone, with confidence in himself, in his Divine support, and in the purpose of the victory that he has attained. Measure the two kinds of service how you will, and it is impossible to underrate Livingstone's morally, physically, politically, or commercially; yet with similar progress gentlemen wearing red coats would have had their honors, their instalments of distinction, long ago; while Government actually *defends* itself by explaining that what it has done for Livingstone hitherto is neither reward nor distinction, but simply means and appliances for the public service.

It is not altogether of the man himself we are thinking. Livingstone's own reward lies in his work. This was powerfully brought out by Sir Roderick Murchison. Alluding to the marvels of his journeys, his indomitable courage, and perseverance, his scientific *land-marks*, his noble moral character in keeping steadfastly to his word as pledged to the poor Africans who stood by him, Sir Roderick insisted that "the brightest feature in Livingstone's character was, that after receiving the laudation and praise of his countrymen in every shape and form of adulation, he was still precisely the same honest, unsophisticated, and true-hearted David Livingstone, as when he issued from the wilds of Africa."

From The Spectator, 13 Feb.

PROGRESS OF THE SPECIAL SERVICES.

It is with the greatest deference that we ask whether the subject and treatment of all the sermons at Westminster Abbey, or at its chapel-of-ease St. Margaret's, have been of a character to perform the office expected from them? We can perfectly understand the zeal and high feeling of the clergymen, who believe it to be their duty to expound the most sublime truths in the most direct and positive manner—who *will* proclaim their mission and its ultimate object from the first: but we may ask what is the special function of those sermons? It is to draw into the Church those who have hitherto stood aloof, either through indifference, through the exclusiveness of our church-building arrangements, or through any other cause of repulsion. These sermons, therefore, are to act as a bridge for "the heathen," if we may so express it—between the heath and the temple—between the wilderness outside and the sacred enclosure; and on the first entrance of the stranger he is perhaps scarcely to be addressed in a language which is still strange to him. It is the less necessary since there is a broader language through which the ear and heart of the heathen may be reached. We see objections that the services are perhaps too complicated for the purpose; and we could well imagine that the simple preaching of a sermon might in some respects be the most attractive and the least perplexing to the new comers. Yet there are advantages not to be slighted in the music. The Church of England cannot be expected to waive those rites which constitute its form of divine worship; nor have the congregations evinced any indisposition to take part in the services. The fact is, that when men are brought together in considerable numbers, they are seldom or never hardened against the sympathetic influence of an appeal to their religious feelings, and they will almost invariably join with reverence in any form of decorous public worship.

Now what are the sermons that have told best? They have been those on "common things," those which have drawn their illustrations from objects within the view of every one. They appealed to experience within every man's observation; they told those who came to be taught what it was they were *to do* in order to be in harmony with the laws dictated by the Creator for the government of His works, and implanted in the conscience of thinking creatures; for if religion is the life of morality, conduct is its body; and the erring untrained multitude of our towns ever welcome guidance when it comes in the spirit of a true Christianity. Preachers who address their congregation in this

spirit speak in the language which reaches the heart of every created being. They are able to appeal to the works of the Creator as proofs of His laws. In their exalted mission they are empowered to make the creation itself the vestibule of the temple. It is in this style of sermon that the preacher draws from science with its "latest intelligence" the evidence that goes home to the man of the world living in the events of the day, with a power that from the passing time speaks in the voice of eternity. Every additional step in researches of science discloses to us the fact that we are not alone in the creation. The newest discovery, or rather the newest reflections upon discovery, have made us ask whether it is possible that the beings by whom we are surrounded, widely as they may depart from our own type, are themselves without *some* share in that consciousness, or that sense of beauty, or that happiness—that *life*, which they assist in imparting. Is it possible that the rose, the forest, the mountain, the solar system, the firmament, and the firmaments upon firmaments, can exist solely for man? Is it probable that the sense of love which is created by the aspect of beauty can exercise its power only in one direction? While the botanist leads us to explore whole kingdoms of vegetation, he does but open up new evidences from the book of the creation available to the preacher; just as the telescope gives Nichol the materials for an insight into "the Architecture of the Heavens," while the microscope again discloses to us a boundless view of Divine power.

Amongst the myriads of illustrations that crowd upon us, we may take almost any, however minute. One of the most beautiful works which have lately been published is a series of photographs from objects magnified in the microscope. It is issued to subscribers in limited numbers, and may not have reached many of our readers. The last number is devoted to the Bee; whose sting excels the lancet in the elaboration, care, and finish of its manufacture; whose hairy tongue is like a living hair glove, most elaborately designed to collect the materials for honey; and whose powerful wing is aided by a mechanical contrivance of the most beautiful ingenuity. Every one knows, or may know, that the bee has two wings on each side. At the edge of one wing runs a stiff nerve which in the microscope is a bar. Along this bar at frequent intervals are ranged semicircular barbed hooks, like the half of a ring, so placed that the edge of the other wing lies within the semicircles which clasp it, and at the same time permit it to play freely, as the rings of a window-curtain move along the brass bar. By this contrivance,

the two wings become united as one, yet freely play from different hinges. "Design" is a human word implying in its very nature human imperfection, yet it is the only term which we can apply to the purpose which runs through formations like that of the bee's wing. It is the microscope with its minute search that enables us to discover this design in everything that we can dissect,—in all living creatures and the parts thereof, to millions upon millions, always tending to life and happiness. Who can examine those illustrations of the power of the Creator and of the law which rules over His work, and not feel an impulse to sing in his soul "Gloria in excelsis"?"

From The Spectator, 13 Feb.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

THE object of the bill introduced by Lord Palmerston to increase the rigor of our law of conspiracy is political, and it is a sign of a bad case if the measure is brought forward in the guise of a law-amendment. Its obvious though unavowed purpose is to keep the Government of France, in good-humor with that of England: and we should take no exception to such an object if we believed the bill calculated to attain it. We are certainly animated by no hostile feeling towards France,—neither towards official "France," impersonated in the Emperor, nor to genuine France, whose opinions and feelings are just now not to be ascertained through the veil of suppression and falsification. We do not regard the military addresses as expressing any national feeling; but we do not desire to enter into that question. We would wish to leave France alone, not troubling ourselves with what passes within her confines, if she would leave us alone. If we are compelled to notice proceedings on the other side of the Channel, it is not because we wish to criticize them. On the contrary, we heartily desire to maintain all good neighborly relations, including abstinence from prying and criticizing: but we are not suffered to maintain that degree of reserve. France not only drives out refugees, now Royalists, now Revolutionists, now Imperialists or Philippians, according to the fashion that is dominant for the day, but her very authorities forcibly deport recusants and exiles to our shores; and then, when the restless tribe accumulates, her constituted authorities direct our Government to pass laws for the control of the fugitives according to French views. Lord Palmerston, the friend of the Empire from the hour of its incubation, "with an obedient start," hastens to comply, in order to attain the favor of France: but his plan, we are convinced, instead of preserving that favor, will encourage

the worst feeling which our neighbor could entertain towards England.

We are told by our Minister that his new bill is not dictated by France; that the French Government simply pointed out a defect in our law, leaving us to take our own course; that on looking at the case, Ministers find that our law is deficient in means of preventing aggressions conducted by refugees from this country; that the bill will amend that fault; that the addresses in the *Moniteur* are the effect of natural indignation coupled with ignorance of England; that the Emperor has given an ample apology; and that our free-will offering of legislation will be a becoming tribute to the comity of nations and to our own dignity. This is the case as it is dressed up for circulation in England; but, without imputing to Lord Palmerston any thing beyond the desire to make the best of a bad job, we may say that the case thus stated is the reverse of the truth. The apology of the French Government cannot be sincere, for it is not consistent with the acts of the Government. The addresses of the soldiers could not be published in the *Moniteur* through "inadvertence"—they were ordered from head-quarters; *mutatis mutandis*, their language is the language held by the French officials, from the speech prescribed for M. de Persigny to the note of apology; and those who have taken a leading part in them have been rewarded with distinctions by the Emperor. There has been no demonstration from "the French nation," but only from officials and soldiers. We have it on the authority of the Lord Chief Justice of England that our law to punish conspiracies is not deficient; and the proposed bill affords no new checks for prevention, unless it conceals some scheme for empowering our Home Office to act, through an extradition treaty, as the auxiliary of the newly-organized French police. If we must alter our common law at the requirement of foreign powers who cannot carry out their own systems without our assistance, we might find ourselves aiding the Pope in bringing heretics to account before the Inquisition at Rome for conspiracy; or we might be required by the United States to protect the sacred rights of property by helping to carry out their Fugitive Slave Law. Useless for any legitimate purpose at home, fruitless for France, the bill can only be injurious to England.

But a use will be made of it in France. The Emperor is carrying out a new combination similar to that, only more extensive, with which he took possession of Paris. A great show of "national" feeling is got up, the troops doing duty for "the people." They shout for the Emperor, and menace

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England; and the *Moniteur* praises the Army as "the faithful guardian of our institutions." An article in the English *Moniteur*, expressing "pain and regret" at the publication of the addresses, is copied by its French contemporary minus the "pain and regret," and is circulated in France to show how completely the English Government chimes in with the French. English journals, which would at once correct that falsehood and the alleged "ignorance" as to the sentiments of England, are seized and suppressed; the keepers of news-rooms being forbidden even to say that the journals have been confiscated. Denied all information save that of the *Moniteur*, studiously kept in the ignorance which is deplored, the French nation will have Lord Palmerston's new act held up to it as a crowning proof that the threats of the Army have prevailed; that the English Government has known its duty; that the English Parliament has yielded national independence; and that the countrymen of Wellington accept the edicts sent over to them by the successor of the First Napoleon. This is the case as it is represented to France. It is studiously calculated to fill with despair that genuine "France" with whom we have exchanged so many benefits; it must inflate the overweening pride and undying rivalry of our antagonists at Waterloo, our rivals in the Crimea; and, without contradicting the belief in our malignity, it creates a belief in our degenerate timidity. Surely it is not conducive to peace if such a feeling is evoked in France; nor can we be perfectly satisfied, even on reflecting that the monstrous project into which Napoleon has been mislead must break down in the anarchy which it will provoke, from the jealousies of his Imperial seniors on the Continent, the uprising of his oppressed people.

From The Spectator 13 Feb.

THE proceedings of our First Minister in Parliament lead us back to earlier times at the beginning of the present century, when the First Consul, then ruler of France, was making demands upon England. It is a period that we had almost forgotten—one of which the very recollection is painful for both countries; and we should be glad to be relieved of the fear suggested by recent proceedings in France, that they may be followed by such events as grew out of that bad period.

We know that there are differences between the specific demands now made and those enforced by the First Consul; but the differences, such as they are, are unimportant, and they are not to the advantage of this

country. If professedly more friendly, France is not really more courteous than she was then, and England is certainly less firm.

In pursuance of the demands thus made upon him, Lord Palmerston has introduced a "bill to amend the law relating to conspiracies to murder." The bill provides that any person who shall within the United Kingdom, including the Channel Islands, conspire with other persons to commit murder, either within or without her Majesty's dominions, shall be guilty of felony, and shall be liable to penal servitude for any term between five years and life. A second clause extends the liability to any person who shall "incite, instigate, or solicit" any other person. In England, a conspiracy to murder has heretofore been a misdemeanor subjecting the offender to fine and imprisonment; in Ireland, it appears, there has been a severer law, no doubt arising from the conflict kept up between those who were within and those who were without the Pale,—conflicts we have forgotten together with that discreditable law. By the bill now introduced, the law of conspiracy to murder is made uniform throughout the United Kingdom, while its extreme severity in Ireland is mitigated. This is a representation of the measure which enables the Premier to lay it before the House of Commons as a law amendment, while doing his best to keep the political bearing of it out of sight.

But how was it that Lord Palmerston came to introduce the bill at all? In answering that question, we pay no attention to the addresses from Louis Napoleon's Prætorian bands, the spirit of which we sufficiently noticed last week; we refer entirely to the official statements of the French Government—to the carefully-composed reply of the Count de Persigny on receiving the address from the London Corporation, to the despatch of January the 20th addressed by Count Walewski to the French Ambassador in London, and to the answer of Count Walewski when the inconvenient effects of the publications in the *Moniteur* were pointed out to the French Government. In all of these official documents, it will be found that the French Minister, by the order of the Emperor, has expressed an expectation that the English Government will alter the law of this land, in order to prevent conspiracies against the life of the ruler of France, which it is assumed are invariably concocted in England. It is distinctly intimated, that if the law be not altered, the French Government will be unable to prevent the French nation from being convinced that we tolerate conspiracies; and the hint is conveyed, that on refusal we might forfeit the French alliance. The intimation is clear

in Count de Persigny's note; it is put much more forcibly in the *more* official communication of Count Walewski; and it lurks even in the note of apology. In obedience to this peremptory request it is that Lord Palmerston has introduced his bill. Now what is the effect of the proposed enactment? The Imperial Government demands preventive measures; but this measure is *not* preventive. It reverses the whole progress of our penal legislation. We have heretofore sought efficiency of prevention in diminished severity of punishment, and we have persistently refused to admit into our system that species of preventive surveillance and summary interference by the police which is the real meaning of "preventive" measures. In the face of the bill, therefore, it does not serve the purpose. We have no conspiracies of the kind against our own Government; we can control any breach of the law within our own jurisdiction; the new bill is not only unheeded, but is an injury to our statute-book; the only object of its ostensible provisions must be to soothe or to compliment the French. Such a demand made by Naples or Spain would have been met by a point-blank refusal; and if now it is not conceded to fear, it must be yielded to subservience.

It is possible, indeed, that the real working operation of the intended act may not appear upon the face of the bill. The offence has remained a misdemeanor under our code, because it is assumed that a man who has not committed a murder may repent of his intention, and the conspirator who repents before the fact cannot be a proved murderer. It is a great principle in our penal legislation to diminish crime and the inducements to it, by keeping open this locus penitentie. By converting the offence from a misdemeanor into a felony, the bill incidentally confers upon the police powers of arresting, seeking, and pursuing the accused, even, we believe, in private houses; and it is a question, whether, under the Extradition Treaty, by establishing a *prima facie* case,—or on a mere accusation—the new law would not enable the Home Office to hand over the accused for trial in France. At all events, it would enable the English police to act as an auxiliary for the police under General Niel, in the spirit more of Paris than of London.

It might naturally be supposed that such a bill would not be admitted by the House of Commons as a matter of course; and accordingly it was discussed, we might say opposed, in two nights of earnest debating. Some few Members uttered distinct protests against the measure; amongst them the most forcible were Mr. Roebuck, Mr. King-

lake, and especially Lord John Russell. Lord John showed, from historical precedents, that the French Government could not have expected such a concession from ours—that the proposed legislation is inconsistent with the spirit and progress of our laws; and he indicated how Lord Palmerston might have answered the French Government by throwing back upon the Emperor's Ministers the responsibility for enlightening France, while saying, Show us the criminal, and we will have him punished in our own courts. At last, on a division of 299 to 99, leave was given to introduce the bill. But if that division expressed any opinion, it is adverse to the Minister. When any Member of the Cabinet asks leave to introduce a Government bill, it is given almost as a matter of course; to resist and divide upon the merits, is in itself an ominous opposition.

Lord Palmerston no doubt found some genuine support in those who are apprehensive of a rupture with France; who look not only to the "danger," but who have an eye to the effect of any disturbance upon trade. These fears are a reality, and they have their head-quarters perhaps in "the City"; though that illustrious town can be sufficiently warlike too when it is in the mood. Another feeling which has been at work is the good English hatred of assassination: under an access of horror, some who are told that assassins are amongst us fall into the common cry that "*something* must be done," without waiting to ask *what*; and no doubt there are persons even in the House of Commons stupid enough to accept any proposition because it is the so much desired "*something*." There also remains amongst us a party which has a sincere, almost a religious sympathy with arbitrary rule—believes it to be the proper administration upon earth; and which would be glad therefore to see such a régime extended on the Continent and permanently established in France. We have little more than the relics of such a party, whose members are daily dying out. Its organization was destroyed when Peel broke up the Tory ranks into theoretica. "Conservatives" and genuine Moderate Liberals. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli, the official heirs to the political property of the Tory party, may not be sorry to keep open for Lord Malmesbury the position which he held in 1852, or to renew for him any support in Parliament through his French prestige. Lord Palmerston may also have for the nonce the aid of some stray Members stirred by exceptional motives; as in the case of Mr. Thomas Duncombe, whom Gore house traditions convert into an advocate of his quondam associate Louis Napo-

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leon. The popular member for Finsbury has become a teacher of French history, which he reads as it is read out of accredited books to French schoolboys; even the Boulogne expedition being beautified. But what of Lord Palmerston's *majority*, with which he was said to be ruling so prosperously and so resistlessly? Undoubtedly it witnessed the introduction of this French measure with dismay and annoyance. It may bethink itself that if the bill were rejected Lord Palmerston must resign; and parties in the House of Commons, speaking generally, are not yet prepared to reconstruct a Ministry. Nevertheless, in the ulterior stages of the bill, the Parliamentary mind *might* become familiarized with the idea of a resignation, while familiarity with the bill can only bring out more evidently its odious characteristics; and if the Minister persevere, the House of Commons *might* ultimately prefer the inconvenience of a Ministerial crisis to a national disgrace.

From The Spectator, 27 February.

PALMERSTON OUT.

LORD PALMERSTON rode into the House of Commons on the British Lion, over the prostrate bodies of the Manchester men who had opposed him in the China debate; he has been thrown off the back of the British Lion, the tellers of the majority that threw him out being Mr. Milner Gibson and Mr. John Bright, the dispossessed Members for Manchester. The British public is in a state of amazement; some dismayed, some rejoicing, and others unable to judge whether the event is for good or evil. The circumstances of Lord Palmerston's fall appear to be thought inscrutable; and yet to us they seem no more than the natural sequel of his history. He came into the Premiership by an accident, an accident of which his personal qualities enabled him to take advantage; he goes out by an accident, to which his personal qualities and training have rendered him liable. He is a statesman who has always had a present but never a future; and this constituted the incompatibility between his training and his position. He was bred amongst the administrators of a constitution which he believes to be the best the world ever saw; but, trained to administration rather than debate, he was cultivated for the diplomatic career, and he has contracted the habit of governing for the people rather than with them. A master in the art of diplomacy, he has applied it to internal statesmanship. When Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, from the conflict of tendencies within it, came to a dead lock, Lord Palmerston, though untried as Premier, was regarded as the most ener-

getic statesman available. One reason why he was thus trusted was, that he not unfrequently threw out clever hints of opinions much in advance of those with whom he had usually acted; and while people believed him to be acute in his intellectual perception, they knew him to be experienced by training, and saw that he was ready to take up the mission of the day. They calculated that he might be to politics what Sir Robert Peel was to political economy—capable in his mature years of effectuating a truth although he had not been forward to propagate it in earlier years. But he had the advantage over Peel, in a frank and off hand manner, coupled with a sympathy for success, action, and gayety, and a good repute for fidelity to faithful adherents. Much of this confidence of Palmerston went in the teeth of experience. He was believed to be the ablest of administrators, although trial of him in the Home Office under Lord Aberdeen had been the reverse of satisfactory; he was thought to be faithful to his pledges and firm in the vindication of liberty abroad, although the Sicilians had been led to expect his support, precisely as the Italians have more recently been led to expect that he would bring Naples to account.

It is easy to be wise after the event, and to understand why Lord Palmerston has attained so many *semblances* of success without acquiring a complete mastery of statesmanship. Little trammelled by prejudice, a man of the world and of the day, he had felt himself singularly adapted to accommodate the differences between opinion and action. It has so happened in his own life. Where other statesmen have dashed themselves to pieces against the rock of faith political, he has on many an occasion been able, in the words of the hero of *I'll be your Second*, to "arrange this little matter"; and many a success has resulted from a compromise that has enabled the Administration to go on with the sufferance, more or less conscious, of Parliament. This was the way in which he acquired his personal ascendancy. Where others failed he could do; the others being trammelled by their convictions. Lord Aberdeen was compelled to resign office because he was believed to be cold in the war, although there has been no proof that he failed in any essential duty; and as we remarked a year ago, while Lord Palmerston gained credit for his reputed energy, it would be difficult to make out what he had individually done for "the vigorous prosecution of the war," which might not be set to the credit of other men. But he went upon his plan of "arranging this little matter": he arranged the difference between a somewhat reluctant aristocracy and the body of the people, who were

for war; he arranged the difference between the Administration and the House of Commons. Lord Palmerston set on foot some inquiry into the abuses of our military system; but it was Mr. Roebuck's Sebastopol Committee which compelled him, partly to inquire, but partly also to blunt the edge of the Parliamentary inquiry. It was only by compulsion that after all Lord Palmerston awarded any kind of honorarium to Sir John McNeill and Colonel Tulloch, and at this day it would be difficult to know what have been the broad or sufficient results of the inquiry into the organization and conduct of the Army. "In the last Parliament," as we observed now so long ago as May, "Lord Palmerston promised to take the subject of appointing a Minister of Justice into consideration; he has not yet seen his way to overcome the great difficulties in the fulfilment of his pledge": we saw last week the manner in which he spoke of the very idea. Lord Palmerston has spoken as if we were to have a Reform Bill; and that is a promise of which he must still have the credit, for although the complete session has opened without any explanation of it, we are bound to consider that his promissory note is not strictly overdue. It is the same abroad as at home. He has immortalized the expression "*Civis Romanus sum*"—in the history of the two engineers at Naples. He obtained a political advantage at the expense of Lord John Russell and many of the more consistent Liberals, on the score of the energy that he was to display in China—and the late vote of the Commons is the commentary on that vindication of our flag in remote regions. The circumstances of the Vienna Conference have never yet been explained, but two facts are before us: Lord Palmerston agreed through his ambassador at Paris to the principle which he condemned Lord John for adopting at Vienna; and there was a striking coincidence in the treatment of two accredited statesmen—two of the most eminent of the day—M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord John Russell, by their two principals, Louis Napoleon and Lord Palmerston.

It has been remarked that Lord Palmerston is above all things faithful to his personal attachments. In one way or other it is perhaps this better quality which has helped to mislead him in some of the greatest errors of his Administration—his appointments. We have before noticed the general tendency of those appointments to run on a certain level of social rank and in a certain circle of Lord Palmerston's own friends. He has suffered the Liberal party to act with him, and he has consented to be its leader; but the party to which he lent his own active help, it

may be said, was a dinner-party. This fidelity to companionship went to the extent of outraging public opinion when Lord Palmerston took in Lord Clanricarde, and identified his own Ministry with a person of whom society had virtually declared that he cannot hold public office. Perhaps no act has more conspicuously exemplified this trait of Lord Palmerston's character than the fidelity which has subsisted between himself and his Imperial friend in France. Other attachments, including the British constitution, have been broken, but *that* attachment has stood the severest of tests. In pursuance of that brotherhood in arms, his latest act has been the endeavor to control the House of Commons through its fears; the leader of the Commons virtually repeating the threat of the French Emperor and his myrmidons, that we are to lose the French alliance: but the House has confirmed the expectation which we formed of it from the first. The new House of Commons will not place itself in a rank below the last House by suffering itself to be controlled with a threat and submitting to the style of leading on the "Old Bogy" principle.

Now that he has fallen, there is a tendency in certain quarters to pursue Lord Palmerston with vituperation. Some politicians are speaking as if they had "found him out": but Henry John Temple is the same public man that he has been for the last forty years and more—the same in his best qualities as in his foibles. It happened that his Government drifted at last into a political juncture; and, ingenious as he may have been in the arts of a showy administrator, active in the work of a diplomatist, he has never been suspected of being a substantial politician. There is not the slightest reason to suppose that he intended any of the evil consequences which others have inferred from his recent acts. He has, we may assume, only undertaken those things which he thought he could afterwards "arrange" consistently with the honor of the country and even with the honor of the House of Commons. If he is not a Liberal on political conviction, he has still adopted Liberal policy on sufferance, and in some matters of detail he did the agency well. If we never again had a word to print about him, we should protest against the injustice of visiting with unmixed condemnation a character that has won regard by its personal traits, and has been unfortunate chiefly in its political circumstances. For if Lord Palmerston was bepraised for imaginary virtues when he rose to the highest place as a political coincidence, he is not to be trampled on for imaginary vices when he falls only as a political coincidence.

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From The Spectator, 27 Feb.

THE FRENCH QUESTION.

EVERY day adds some new disclosure to the contemporary history of France—that ally whose attitude at present is so menacing for this country. Through Lord Cowley's despatch we learn that our Government had remonstrated with the Emperor and his Ministers on the impossibility of infringing "a great principle of our constitution," the right of asylum to strangers; on the insufficiency of any enactment to prevent "men of desperate minds from entering upon desperate undertakings;" and obviously on the unreasonableness both of the irritation displayed by the Imperial power and the demands which that irritation dictated. Lord Cowley tells us that Lord Clarendon's language—which of course means Lord Palmerston's—was clear and straightforward. The Emperor Napoleon was not long since a trusted guest at Osborne. He is under the deepest obligations to Lord Palmerston, for having supported him from the first; to the Queen, for having admitted him to an equality with one of the oldest sovereigns in Europe; and to the people of this country, for having in a great degree waived their own political principles to tolerate him. But because his police have failed to detect some four or five Italians that sought to revenge upon him the disappointment of the Republican party, he has given vent to a most unmerited feeling of irritation towards England, his ally. From the immense magnitude of the military preparations it would seem that the Emperor Napoleon and his colleagues think it necessary to make preparations for keeping down the majority of the nation. In their quarrel with England they do not calculate on being supported by the bulk of the French nation; and while they place it under military guard, they are obtaining from the puppet Legislative Body laws more severe than any that they have yet attempted, though they have already sacrificed the liberties, franchises, and traditions of France. But something more still is necessary; and the Imperial Government perseveres in that course, copied from the time of the First Napoleon, which systematically shuts out all true information from the French people and supplies them with false information. The Government which, through M. de Persigny, complained that the French nation might be unable to understand the working of our laws, perseveringly holds up England to the people of France as malignantly conniving at assassination, but yielding in subservience under the force of threats. It is obvious from these measures that the Imperial Government is obliged to employ suppression of news, false information, mili-

tary stratagem, and every other practicable device for preventing England and France from coming to an understanding.

If the French were a very dull people, incapable of obtaining any lights save by direct channels, this kind of régime might succeed. But it has not answered even in Spain; and it is evident that the French people have not entirely lost sight of another world besides the one in which they live at present. If nothing else reached us to prove that the French are conscious of their own position, we should derive that knowledge from the speech of M. Emile Ollivier, the man who implored the Corps Legislatif not to pass the Public Safety Bill—because it was obtained under "false pretences;" it created new crimes, such as "grave facts" and "culpable expectancy;" violated the maxim of criminal law, "non dis in idem;" and it can only be "a step in the progress to more terrible measures." "The future," said M. Ollivier, "will not belong to those who go on in the old routine path of laws of presumption, and violence, and iniquities of state." He exposed the fallacy of those who quoted the example of the English William III., because he followed for a time the bad laws of the Stuarts, instead of accepting the real source of his power and his long reign—his sanction of the Bill of Rights, his restoration of English liberties. This speech by M. Ollivier is good in itself; it is the very thing which was wanted to be said in Paris: but under what circumstances is it said? The position of the Government towards the public makes it almost a matter of certainty that the man who uttered this language did it at great risk: it is the language of a patriot prepared to sacrifice himself in order to rescue his country from humiliation, shame, and slavery. The mere utterance of such a speech is a great political event; it proves that Frenchmen know their actual position, see through their Government, and are not silent upon their degradation amongst themselves. Is it possible that a Government which evokes speeches like this can stand?

The Emperor Napoleon and his colleagues are taking measures which are calculated to create a just anxiety. We see how they have treated Lord Palmerston; they have even threatened Queen Victoria and her people. The Committee on the Conscription of 1858 proposes a levy of 100,000 instead of 80,000, for reasons which it imports us much to know. The report says, that with a smaller levy of men it will not be possible to have an army exceeding 500,000; a strength which practical men consider insufficient. It is hinted, indeed, that certain deductions may diminish the amount of the actual levy: but the starting-point is the necessity of

maintaining an army exceeding half a million of effective strength. What is the strength of our army? At the outside it is 222,000; but of that number we have 92,000 in India, 22,000 abroad and in the Colonies, and about 78,000 "on paper." At home we do not muster more than 30,000 men. What change of circumstances in Europe renders it necessary for France to increase her strength? None are obvious. Russia has been appeased; Austria may not be very cordial with France, and Prussia has lately made a marriage with England; but neither of these powers is at present, at least in a military sense, aggressive in its policy. The only change of circumstances that we can observe is, that England has sent an unusual number of men to the extreme East. But surely that is not a circumstance that ought to modify the bearing of the guest of Osborne, the host of Versailles?

THE CIVIS ROMANUS.

THE Civis Romanus "by Shrewsbury clock"

His vaunts and excuses may stammer,
His S.P.Q.R., and the rest of his stock,
Will be shortly consigned to the hammer.

For, bankrupt in credit, his future is clear—

So clear there is nothing as plain as
The fact that a fiat will shortly appear
To wind up the Civis Romanus.

For, hear it, ye ghosts of the Palatine Hill,
And hoot from your urns as we pen it,
This Roman is silent and perfectly still,
While the Gaul pulls his beard in the Senate.

The Gaul, whom he bragged he could pound if
he pleased,

Like a Cribb, or a Belcher, or Thurtell,
When his tongue was unloosed, and his whiskers
were greased

With the fat of the Mansion-house turtle.

Such powers have Mansion-house punch and
port wine

To prick with a twinge of romance

This butt of a Russian or Prussian design,
This English *sous préfet* of France.

The Civis, so plucky if peril's remote,

Romanus, so bold at a distance,
Had threatened to sink the poor Chinaman's
boat,

And did it—with Gallic assistance.

But when the brave bully of China and Greece
Is threatened by neighboring legions,

Who call for free quarters *au bord de Tamise*,
And dominoes, too, in these regions,

When they call for their claret at Broadlands in
Hants,

From the bins of the great Bottleholder,
The Civis Romanus shrinks into his pants,
And trembles at every beholder.

They call him assassin. No answer he sends

To Walewski's impertinent vapor,
For pressing occasion, or some other ends,
Have exhausted his time or his paper.

So fairly upset must the Civis be deemed,

So thoroughly shaken and flustered,
The "Palmerston Sauce" will be lightly
esteemed

Henceforth—with the Palmerston mustard.

Thus, bankrupt in credit, and prostrate with
fear,

No future event is so plain as

The fact that a fiat will shortly appear
To wind up the Civis Romanus.

And so the said Civis "by Shrewsbury clock"

His vaunts and excuses may stammer,
His S.P.Q.R., and the rest of his stock,
Will be shortly consigned to the hammer.

—The Press.

From The Examiner, 27 Feb.

THE DERBY MINISTRY.

It must seem rather odd to the general public, that when a Ministry is turned out by being put in a casual minority, her Majesty accepts the services of another in a far worse predicament, which begins, as it must end, with a minority, and can never possibly have a majority, except by the fortuitous aid of its opponents. Lord Palmerston goes out because he has not the confidence of the House of Commons upon a particular question. In his place Lord Derby comes in, who has never obtained the confidence of Parliament! How is it, people ask, that out of more than four hundred and fifty liberal members, and with so many able and experienced statesmen to choose from, that another combination cannot be made for the construction of a liberal Administration? Are we for ever to be doomed to Lord Derby *faute de mieux*? Is the sovereign of this great empire reduced indeed to this Hobson's choice? Are we to be put on this bread-and-water diet whenever a popular statesman, presuming on his favor, waxes fat and kicks, and is the country thus to pay the penalty for his freaks? Is there purpose in this? As old women sway the nursery with the terror of Boggy's name, are future Parliaments to be deterred from finding fault with future Palmerston Ministries by the warning that Derby's coming—Derby will have them, or which is the same thing, that they will have Derby? Is there no other alternative? Is there no other name in this broad land? Can no changes be run, no variations devised, nothing to relieve, or if not to relieve, to cheat the eye and ear with some semblance of diversity? How can Lord Derby himself be content to be the established political *pis aller*? He is the whipping-block of Parliament and the country. Whenever her Majesty is deprived of the services of a favorite Minister by an uncomplaisant House of Commons, she forthwith calls in the avenger in the person of Lord Derby, to teach them to do the like

again. It is the deterring example of the Crown.

Another view may, however, be taken of the matter. Every now and then there is an accumulation of measures, the passing of which may be inconveniently obstructed by the old Tory opposition. Lord Derby comes in with his Tory minority, and eats up every morsel the Whigs have left in the larder. When he has rendered that economic service, and is driven to forage on his own account, out he goes, and a new score commences. In this view he is the economic save-all of the State. Well, here is dainty cheer now provided for him. First there is a delicate Conspiracy Bill, of which he will make no bones, sure enough. Then there is a fine India Bill ready for dressing—and hanging there is a Reform Bill, which must make his mouth water, not to mention a Church Rates Bill, and several other nice little toothsome tit-bits. Certainly he is well provisioned, but he must not think to eke out the joints by making hashes of them. He must eat fair like the sloth, and when the repast is finished, the support exhausted, like that much belied creature, he must come to the ground. But what of that? His turn will come again, and again, and again, Derby without end. It is stereotyped in the book of fate, and the Court news, "At twelve o'clock yesterday her Majesty sent for Lord Derby to advise with him on the present crisis." It matters not that his followers may dwindle, the recourse to him will be all the same, and, in fact, it does not signify a rush, if a Minister be in the minority, whether it is two hundred, one hundred, or fifty. Nay, perhaps, the smaller the better.

As the Clown cries in the Pantomime, "here we are again!" and without being at all glad to see them in their motley parts, we must confess there are some good and respectable performers amongst them. Still it is the same company that failed in '53 without any accession of strength, unless we must so rate the unquestionable debating power of Lord Ellenborough. But in the House of Peers Lord Derby was always strong, he being there indeed a host himself in oratory. In the Commons Mr. D'Israeli will have to bear all the brunt of the war, his best colleague's forte being the shrewd criticism which is out of place on the Ministerial side of the House. We may be asked whether the new Chancellor, Lord Woodstock, is not to be accounted an accession of strength; our answer is, that the party in the Commons where it wants speaking power is *minus* Sir F. Thesiger, and in the Lords it

is *plus* where speaking power is not wanted. The practical effect is thus some loss. We have nothing to say against Sir F. Thesiger's promotion. We might urge the stale objection, that he is not a Chancery lawyer, had we not experience of the fallacy of that cavil in the brilliant instance of Lord Lyndhurst.

Lord Derby well knows his weakness. He described it with excellent force in stating his reasons for declining to form a Ministry, when he had her Majesty's commission for that purpose on a previous exigency. He had then, as now, failed in several solicitations. Yet he might then have had the aid of Sir E. B. Lytton's brilliant talents. Certain considerations now prevent that accession of strength and reputation. He has wooed Lord Grey in vain, there are enemies bitter enough to wish he had succeeded in winning such a congenial mate. He has courted Mr. Gladstone, and his addresses have been rejected. That he feels his sad wants is as certain as his inability to supply them. But yet he may rub on, with management, for a space.

If Lord Derby understands his position, as doubtless he does, he will forthwith take out letters of administration, and carry faithfully into execution the will of the late Government. By giving effect to all its dying bequests he will obtain for himself a term of grace and power that may stretch to nine or even twelve months. By that time Whigs and Radicals will have forgotten their jars and their jealousies, and Mr. Milner Gibson, who is the Brutus of the Senate House, will be ready with one of his deadly motions, unless indeed he can be restrained under the pending Conspiracy for Murder Bill, the hapless author of which was not protected against his ruthless machinations. But let not Mr. Gibson be blamed, his maxim being that when things are brought to the worst they must mend, whence he brings in Lord Derby.

It is calculated that, if Neptune were annihilated this day, his transmitted ray would continue to be seen for two thousand years, and in like manner, to compare small things with great, the light of the bright Palmerston star may shine for a good year after its orb has been extinguished, and its place filled by a minor and opaque body.

So long as this Ministry sticks to its predecessor's leavings it is safe, but whenever it ventures, or is driven to set up on its own account, and to pretend to a policy, down it goes. As it hopes to live it must be anything but itself.

From The Examiner, 27 Feb.

THE WALEWSKI DESPATCH.

* * * Quisnam
Delator? Quibus indicibus? Quo teste probavit,
Nil horum. Verbosa et granda epistola venit.

MUCH as we may regret the downfall of Lord Palmerston's administration, we cannot deny the justice of the censure under which it fell. Count Walewski's despatch should have been promptly answered. The whole question really involved being one of simple matter of fact, the reply could have been made temperately and firmly without causing any offence or exciting any irritation. Very inconsistent and irreconcilable pleas have been put forth by her Majesty's late Ministers for the omission charged against them, one being that the proper time had not arrived for the reply, the other that the allegations of the French Minister were unanswerable. As for the first line of defence, it is to be observed, that for the character of a nation under aspersion, as for the character of an individual, the earliest moment for the refutation of the calumny is the fittest and best. Lord Cowley, in a weak letter to Lord Clarendon, impartially vouching for the wisdom of all that has been done, and for all that has been left undone, remarks:

"No counter-assertions on the part of her Majesty's Government would have had any effect at that moment, and any official notice on the part of your lordship of Count Walewski's despatch would probably have involved the two Governments in a controversial discussion more likely to have increased than to have calmed the excitement which prevailed. If the object was to soothe, it was important to let time exert its usual influence, and to reserve the official answer to Count Walewski's despatch until it was known whether Parliament would answer the appeal which was to be made to it by her Majesty's Government."

We are utterly at a loss to discover how time could exert any soothing influence in this particular case. The mind of France is inflamed against us by the statement that we not only afford an asylum to murderers, but that our legislation permits assassination to be openly preached and reduced to a doctrine. Now let us ask, can the time during which this infamous imputation remains uncontradicted and unrefuted in people's minds exert a soothing influence tending to peace and amity? Silence seems to give consent to the calumny. Judgment goes against us by default. And can the fact that we have made no defence soothe the natural exasperation of those who therefore regard us as guilty of offending against them, and also against civilization and common humanity?

Why, the belief so established would inflame the French mind the more against us. When time is allied with calumny, it is not as a moderator, but as a destroyer.

Lord Palmerston's defence is quite irreconcilable with the dilatory plea, and rests on the unanswerable character of the charges:

"Honorable members appear to be really of opinion that this despatch imputes to the people of England that they preach and entertain as a doctrine the propriety of assassination. Sir, it does no such thing. There is not a word in that despatch that by any construction is capable of that interpretation. That which the French Government say is this, that a conspiracy for assassination has been hatched in this country, that the persons have issued from this country who have executed this conspiracy, and that the doctrine of assassination has been preached and avowed as a principle by those persons. And then we are called upon to account why we have not indignantly denied those positions. Why, Sir, could her Majesty's Government deny those positions? The assertion of the French Government was that there were some persons in this country who abused the right of asylum. Are they the people of this country? Is it the people of England who enjoy the right of asylum here? Why, it is perfectly clear that the persons alluded to are foreigners who, having received shelter in this country, have abused that right of asylum by proceedings that we must all reprobate."

This is not an exact representation of the allegations of the despatch. Count Walewski distinctly says:

"It is no longer the hostility of misguided individuals, manifesting itself by all the excesses of the press and all the violences of language; it is no longer even the work of factions seeking to rouse opinion and to provoke disorder; it is assassination, elevated to doctrine, preached openly."

The French Minister thus puts out of view the conduct of foreign factions and the few misguided refugee plotters, and, without reference to them so excluded, broadly asserts that assassination elevated to doctrine is preached openly in this country, and under the suzerainty of its legislation. The charge against us as a civilized and Christian people is, that our laws permit of the open inculcation of murder. Was the reply to that averment difficult? Might it not have lain in the simple words, when and where? Might not an instance, a single example in support of so sweeping an accusation have been asked with all calmness and dignity? But we may be told that Count Walewski did not mean

to extend his charge as he appears to do, and in logical effect does, beyond the refugee conspirators; but surely in that case a prompt reply pointing out the miscarriage of his expressions would have been advisable to prevent a misunderstanding tending to the injury of our country's character in the eyes of the world. The fact, however, is that the French Minister's words are hardly susceptible of this construction, for the conspirators are as little likely to preach their doctrines of assassination openly as to proclaim their murderous plots, either of which would be cognizable by our laws. But be that as it may, what possible offence or irritation could have been caused in France by the denial of any public inculcation of assassination and sufferance thereof in this country? Surely a criminated nation may, like a criminated individual, be allowed, without angering its accuser, to plead not guilty, and demand the proof of the charge? Would it be an improvement of the old fable of the wolf and the lamb to suppress the lamb's rejoinders, in order, forsooth, that the gentle beast might take the benefit of the soothing effect of time on the wolf's temper and turn of tooth?

But not at all lamb-like are the people on this side of the water, and the weak temporizing policy which has had no effect of soothing our excitable neighbors, has produced the greatest irritation in this country. And hence the vote of the House of Commons on the 19th, which fairly represents the prevailing opinion. And here we must remark how extremely unfortunate it was, to say the least, that Lord Palmerston had on a previous occasion held a language to the House of Commons which may lead our neighbors to put a very wrong construction on the recent vote. Mr. Griffiths having asked Lord Palmerston whether it was the intention of her Majesty's Ministers to suggest to the French Government the propriety of publishing in the *Moniteur* the Emperor's expressions of regret at the offence caused to this country by certain military addresses, his lordship tartly

"Asked the House *whether it was its wish* that those friendly and confidential relations which now happily subsisted between England and France should be maintained, or *whether it desired to infuse into those relations a spirit of irritation, bitterness, and animosity* by personal attacks in that house upon the Emperor of the French and the French nation."

It is remarkable that the question of Mr. Griffiths and this speech in reply were translated and inserted, word for word, in the *Moniteur*, though they brought to light the craft before suppressed, that a note of apology had been addressed to our Government for

the insolent language of the French colonels published under the Imperial sanction. The motive for keeping this circumstance from the knowledge of a certain part of the French nation was strong, but stronger still seems to have been the motive for making it appear that the first Minister of the only great constitutional Government in Europe was questioning the wisdom and spirit of Parliament. We all know how quickly our mercurial neighbors leap to conclusions, and the inference intended to be drawn from the publication of the quoted speech was that the Executive Government and Parliament of England were coming to a rupture upon the question of the relations friendly or the opposite with France. And no doubt the speculation in many lively minds was whether the Parliament would take the whole government into its own hands, and send the Queen to Carisbrook Castle, or whether Palmerston would imitate the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon, take the Commons out of their beds, beginning with Messrs. Gibson and Bright, and clap them in the Tower, waiting the arrangements for shipping them off to the Bermudas. No understanding of our ways and rules of conduct ever restrains the flight of French fancies, and a revolution is expected to come of every difference between the popular and the executive powers. Well, immediately following Lord Palmerston's challenge to the House of Commons comes the vote on the amendment to the Conspiracy Bill, and this is understood by many in France to be the practical and emphatic answer of the House of Commons to the late Minister's question whether it wished to maintain friendly and confidential relations with France, or whether it desired to infuse into them a spirit of irritation, bitterness, and animosity.

The imprudence of such language must now be manifest, and not less so its unseemliness. For assuming that Mr. Griffiths was indiscreet in putting the question he did, what right had Lord Palmerston to suppose that the whole House deserved to be questioned in so termagant a tone? So long as he claimed the confidence of the House he was bound to have confidence in it in return, or at least to keep up the decent show of confidence. But the truth is that the temper of Lord Palmerston, which so long and so admirably used to serve him, has of late failed on several signal occasions, and more especially in the speech, at once violent and weak, which closed the debate of the 19th. He seems, latterly, indeed, to have lost his head, his calmness, and judgment. There would appear to be a curious sympathy between the Emperor of the French and him, both having at the same time, and from the same causes, gone what the Scotch call *fey*, a word

expressing the unaccountable actions of a man whose days are numbered and few. The former is as Tilburina in the *Critic*, mad in white satin, while our ex-minister performs the part of the faithful waiting-woman, sympathetically distraught in white linen. Who does not regret such a conclusion to a career so brilliant in the main, and replete with national services? And how often have we to repeat the remark that nothing ever happens according to reasonable expectation, and that the rule should rather be to expect the unexpected. Who but one acting on the last rule of judgment could ever have divined that the Parliament which was elected three years ago upon the principle of faith in the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, and the firm persuasion that he was the man to maintain the honor of the country in all difficulties, would extinguish the Government of this man by a vote of censure for truckling to a foreign Power? for that, in plain English, was the meaning of it. How have parts changed. Mark Lord Palmerston swallowing an affront, and Mr. Gladstone holding the language of one of England's worthies. The lion has become a lamb, and the lamb a lion. How noble is this winding up of Mr. Gladstone's speech:

"There are few spots in which institutions that claim our sympathy still exist and flourish. They are secondary places, nay, they are almost the holes and corners of Europe so far as mere material greatness is concerned, although their moral greatness will, I trust, insure them long prosperity and happiness. But in these times more than ever does responsibility centre upon England, and if it does centre upon England, upon her principles, upon her laws, and upon her governors, then I say that a measure passed by

this House of Commons—the chief hope of freedom—which attempts to establish a moral complicity between us and those who seek safety in repressive measures, will be a blow and a discouragement to that sacred cause in every country in the world."

Heartily do we regret the change of Government, much and seriously do we believe it for the worse, both at home and abroad; but the man we find most to blame for it is Lord Palmerston himself. He has been turning himself out for the last three months. He has been doing all that a man does whom the gods have doomed to destruction by disordered judgment. He has presumed too much on his fortune, on his long train of successes. He has thought he could do any thing with impunity, that public opinion would bend compliantly to his behests. If he has not even now found his mistake, his friends have discovered it for him. A statesman commits a fatal mistake if he fancies that because he can do great things well he can do little things ill. Fatal often are the festering places of things not of the first order of importance, especially if they offend the moral susceptibilities of the country. Yet with all his faults, and making the most of them, who will deny that Lord Palmerston has great claims on public gratitude for a large balance of brilliant services? Nor can his colleagues be parted with without a just tribute of acknowledgment and respect. The late was essentially a good working administration, and it will not be easy to match it in administrative efficiency. In our long experience we have never seen a wreck of better materials, out of which two Ministries might be built superior to the scantling and unseasoned stuff of Lord Derby's Government.

DEADENING WALLS AND CEILINGS.—Men of ingenuity lend us your ears. There is no greater nuisance in modern houses than of the transmission of sound through parti-walls. Any practical, inexpensive, and efficient means of deadening sound will be a great boon. Solid walls and solid floors transmit sound in the highest degree. The Metropolitan Building Act provides that all parti-walls shall be solid, of a certain thickness in proportion to height and length. How is the evil to be overcome? "For eight years," writes a studious friend to us, "I have occupied a house in London; and, during the whole of this time, three have been neighbors having young families. They are musical, and I must confess, labor most industriously at the scales: morning, noon, and night, one or the other child howls and strums, apparently without making any progress." There is no objection to neighbors' children learning music and singing; quite the reverse; but it is most objectionable that walls should so readily transmit sound, and render the young

ladies' efforts so widely known. Some persons always take a corner house so as to be free from such nuisance from one side at least. Is there no remedy? The late Mr. Cubitt had some trouble at Balmoral with certain floors, and remembered that in taking down an old palace floor (many years before) vast quantities of cockle shells fell out from betwixt the joists. These had been used in plugging. The idea was acted upon. Cockles were dredged, and brought; the shells were cleaned, dried, and used, with beneficial effect. The cellular spaces thus produced absorbed sound. Some highly cellular texture may be applied to walls, ceilings, and floors, which shall resist fire and ordinary decay, allow of finish, and yet deaden sound. Who is to invent and introduce such materials? They may patent the invention and make a fortune, if they will only abate the existing nuisance, and enable us to have solid parti-walls and fire-proof floors without being compelled to hear what is going on up-stairs in the next house.—*The Builder*.

From The National Magazine.
RECOLLECTIONS OF MARY LAMB.

BY ONE WHO KNEW HER.

THOSE belonging to a great man,—his immediate family connections,—who are, as it were, a part of himself, are always reflectively interesting to his admirers. His female relatives especially, who form so integral a portion of his home existence, possess this interest, perhaps, beyond all others. In a more than usual degree was Charles Lamb's sister—Mary Lamb—blended with his life, with himself; consoiated as she was with his every act, word, and thought, through his own noble act of self-consecration to her. The solemn story of this admirable brother-and-sister couple is told in all its pathetic circumstances by Thomas Noon Talfourd in his *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*; and there Miss Lamb is pictured with esteeming eloquence of description. To that account of her are now appended a few remembered touches, by one who enjoyed the privilege of personal communion with "the Lambs," as they were affectionately styled by those who knew them in what Wordsworth calls their beautiful "dual loneliness" of life together. So simple, so holy a sobriety was there in all their ways, that to the unperceiving eyes of youth they scarce appeared so great as they really were; and yet less did any idea of the profoundly tragic secret attaching to their early years present itself to the imagination of her who knew them as "Mr. and Miss Lamb," prized friends of her father and mother, taking kindly notice of a young girl for her parent's sake.

Miss Lamb bore a strong personal resemblance to her brother; being in stature under middle height, possessing well-cut features and a countenance of singular sweetness, with intelligence. Her brown eyes were soft, yet penetrating; her nose and mouth very shapely; while the general expression was mildness itself. She had a speaking-voice, gentle and persuasive; and her smile was her brother's own,—winning in the extreme. There was a certain catch, or emotional breathingness, in her utterance which gave an inexpressible charm to her reading of poetry, and which lent a captivating earnestness to her mode of speech when addressing those she liked. This slight check, with its yearning eager effect in her voice, had something softenedly akin to her brother Charles's impediment of articulation: in him it scarcely amounted to a stammer; in her it merely imparted additional stress to the fine-sensed suggestions she made to those whom she counselled or consoled. She had a mind at once nobly-toned and practical, making her ever a chosen source of confidence among

her friends, who turned to her for consultation, confirmation, and advice, in matters of nicest moment, always secure of deriving from her both aid and solace. Her manner was easy, almost homely, so quiet, unaffected, and perfectly unpretending as it was. Beneath the sparing talk and retiring carriage, few casual observers would have suspected the ample information and large intelligence that lay comprised there. She was oftener a listener than a speaker. In the modest-habited woman simply sitting there, taking small share in general conversation, few who did not know her would have imagined the accomplished classical scholar, the excellent understanding,—the altogether rarely-gifted being, morally and mentally, that Mary Lamb was. Her apparel was always of the plainest kind; a black stuff or silk gown, made and worn in the simplest fashion conceivable. She took snuff liberally; a habit that had evidently grown out of her propensity to sympathise with and share all her brother's tastes; and it certainly had the effect of enhancing her likeness to him. She had a small, white, and delicately-formed hand; and as it hovered above the tortoise-shell box containing the powder so strongly approved by them both in search of a stimulating pinch, the act seemed yet another link of association between the brother and sister, when hanging together over their favorite books and studies.

As may be gathered from the books which Miss Lamb wrote in conjunction with her brother,—*Poetry for Children*, *Tales from Shakespeare*, and *Mrs. Leicester's School*,—she had a most tender sympathy with the young. She was encouraging and affectionate towards them, and won them to regard her with a familiarity and fondness rarely felt by them for grown people who are not their relations. She entered into their juvenile ideas with a tact and skill quite surprising. She threw herself so entirely into *their* way of thinking, and contrived to take an estimate of things so completely from *their* point of view, that she made them rejoice to have her for their co-mate in affairs that interested them. While thus lending herself to their notions, she, with a judiciousness peculiar to her, imbued her words with the wisdom and experience that belonged to her nature and her maturer years; so that while she seemed but the listening concurring friend, she was also the helping guiding friend. Her valuable monitions never took the form of reproof, but were always dropped in with the air of agreed propositions, as if they grew out of the subject, in question, and presented themselves as matters of course to both her young companions and herself.

One of these instances resulted from the

kind permission which Mary Lamb gave to the young girl above alluded to,—Victoria Novello,—that she should come to her on certain mornings, when Miss Lamb promised to hear her repeat her Latin grammar, and hear her read poetry with the due musically rhythmical intonation. Even now the breathing murmur of the voice in which Mary Lamb gave low but melodious utterance to those opening lines of the *Paradise Lost*,—

“Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our
woe,”—

sounding full and rounded and harmonious, though so subdued in tone, rings clear and distinct in the memory of her who heard the reader. The echo of that gentle voice vibrates through the lapse of many a revolving year, true and unbroken, in the heart where the low-breathed sound first awoke response, teaching, together with the fine appreciation of verse-music, the finer love of intellect conjoined with goodness and kindness. The instance of wise precept couched in playful speech pertained to the Latin lessons. One morning, just as Victoria was about to repeat her allotted task, in rushed a young boy, who, like herself, enjoyed the privilege of Miss Lamb’s instruction in the Latin language. His mode of entrance, hasty and abrupt, sufficiently denoted his eagerness to have his lesson heard at once, and done with, that he might be gone again; accordingly Miss Lamb, asking Victoria to give up her turn, desired the youth—Hazlitt’s son—to repeat his pages of grammar first. Off he set; rattled through the first conjugation post-haste; darted through the second without drawing breath; and so on, right through, in no time. The rapidity, the volubility, the triumphant slap-dash of the feat perfectly dazzled the imagination of poor Victoria, who stood admiring by, an amazed witness of the boy’s proficiency. She herself—a quiet, plodding, little girl—had only by dint of diligent study and patient persevering poring been able to achieve a slow learning, and as slow a repetition of her lessons. This brilliant off-hand method of despatching the Latin grammar was a glory she had never dreamed of. Her ambition was fired; and the next time she presented herself book in hand before Miss Lamb, she had no sooner delivered it into her hearer’s than she attempted to scour through her verb at the same rattling pace which had so excited her emulative admiration. Scarce a moment, and her stumbling scamper was checked.

“Stay, stay! how’s this? What are you about, little Vicky?” asked the laughing voice of Mary Lamb. “O, I see. Well, go on; but gently, gently; no need of hurry.”

She heard her to an end, then said, “I see what we have been doing—trying to be as quick and clever as William, fancying it vastly grand to get on at a great rate, as he does. But there’s this difference; it’s natural in him, while it’s imitation in you. Now far better go on in your old staid way—which is your own way—than try to take up a way that may become him, but can never become you, even were you to succeed in acquiring it. We’ll each of us keep to our own natural ways, and then we shall be sure to do our best.”

On one of these occasions of the Latin lessons in Russell Street, Covent Garden, where Mr. and Miss Lamb then lived, Victoria saw a lady come in, who appeared to her strikingly intellectual-looking, and still young; she was surprised, therefore, to hear the lady say in the course of conversation, “O, as for me, my dear Miss Lamb, I’m nothing now but a stocking-mending old woman.” When the lady’s visit came to an end, and she was gone, Mary Lamb took occasion to tell Victoria who she was, and to explain her curious speech. The lady was no other than Miss Kelley; and Mary Lamb while describing to the young girl the eminent merits of the admirable actress, showed her how a temporary depression of spirits in an artistic nature sometimes takes refuge in a half-playful half-bitter irony of speech.

At the house in Russell Street, Victoria met Emma Isola; and among her pleasant juvenile recollections is the way in which Mary Lamb thought for the natural pleasure the two young girls took in each other’s society by bringing them together; and when, upon one occasion, there was a large company assembled, Miss Lamb allowed Emma and Victoria to go together into a room by themselves, if they preferred their mutual chat to the conversation of the elder people. In the not too spacious London lodging Mary Lamb let them go into her own bedroom to have their girlish talk out, rather than have them feel restrained. Most, most kind, too, was the meeting she planned for them, when Emma was about to repair to school, at the pleasant visit of Dulwich. Miss Lamb made a charming little dinner; a dinner for three, herself and the two girls—a dinner most toothsome to young feminine appetite—roast fowls and a custard-pudding. Savory is the recollection of those embrowned and engraved birds! sweet the remembrance of that creamy cate! but pleasant, above all, is the memory of the cordial voice which said in a way to put the little party at its fullest ease, “Now, remember, we all pick our bones. It isn’t considered vulgar here to pick bones.”

Once, when some visitors chanced to drop

in unexpectedly upon her and her brother, just as they were going to sit down to their plain dinner of a bit of roast mutton, with her usual frank hospitality she pressed them to stay and partake, cutting up the small joint into five equal portions, and saying in her simple easy way, so truly her own, "There's a chop a-piece for us; and we can make up with bread and cheese, if we want more." With such a woman to carve for you and eat with you, neck of mutton was better than venison; while bread and cheese more than replaced varied courses of richest or daintiest dishes.

Mary Lamb, ever thoughtful to procure a pleasure for young people, finding that one of her and her brother's acquaintances—Howard Payne—was going to France, she requested him, on his way to Paris, to call at Boulogne and see Victoria Novello, who had been placed by her parents in a family there for a time, to learn the language. Knowing how welcome a visit from any one who had lately seen her friends in England would be to the young girl, Miss Lamb urged Howard Payne not to omit this; her brother Charles seconding her by adding in his usual sportive style, "Do; you needn't be afraid of Miss Novello; she speaks only a little coast French."

At the "Lamb's house" Victoria several times saw Colonel Phillips (the man who shot the savage that killed Captain Cook), and heard him describe Madame de Staël's manner in society, saying that he remembered she had a habit while she discoursed of taking a scrap of paper and a pair of scissors, and snipping it to bits as an employment for her fingers. That once he observed her to be at a loss for this her usual mechanical resource, and he quietly placed near her a back of a letter from his pocket; afterwards she earnestly thanked him for this timely supply of the means she desired as a needful aid to thought and speech. He also mentioned his reminiscence of Gibbon the historian; and related the way in which he would hold a pinch of snuff between his finger and thumb while he recounted an anecdote, invariably dropping the pinch at the point of the story. The colonel once spoke of Garrick: telling how, as a raw youth, coming to town, he had determined to go and see the great actor; and how, being but slenderly provided in pocket, he had pawned one of his shirts ("And shirts were of value in those days, with their fine linen and ruffles," he said) to enable him to pay his entrance at the theatre. Miss Lamb being referred to, and asked if she remembered Garrick, replied in her simple-speech way, "I saw him once; but I was too young to un-

derstand much about his acting; I only know I thought it was mighty fine."

There was a certain old-world fashion in Mary Lamb's diction which gave it a most natural and quaintly-pleasant effect, and which heightened rather than detracted from the more heartfelt or important things she uttered. She had a way of repeating her brother's words assentingly when he spoke to her. He once said (with his peculiar mood of tenderness, beneath blunt abrupt speech), "You must die first, Mary." She nodded with her little quiet nod and sweet smile, "Yes, I must die first, Charles."

At another time, he said, in his whimsical way, plucking out the words in gasps, as it were, between the smiles with which he looked at her, "I call my sister 'Moll' before the servants, 'Mary' in presence of friends," and 'Maria' when I am alone with her."

When the inimitable comic actor Munden took his farewell of the stage, Miss Lamb and her brother failed not to attend the last appearance of their favorite; and it was upon this occasion that Mary made that admirable pun which has sometimes been attributed to Charles, "Sic transit gloria *Munden!*" During the few final performances of the veteran comedian, Victoria was taken by her father and mother to see him when he played Old Dornton in *The Road to Ruin* and Crack in *The Turnpike-Gate*. Miss Lamb, hearing of the promised treat, with her usual kindly thought and wisdom, urged the young girl to give her utmost attention to the actor's style. "When you are an old woman like me, people will ask you about Munden's acting, as they now ask me about Garrick's; so take particular care to observe all he does, and *how* he does it." Owing to this considerate reminder, the very look, the very gesture, the whole bearing and manner of Munden,—first in the pathetic character of the gentleman-father, next in the farce character of the village cobbler,—remain impressed upon the brain of her who witnessed them as if beheld but yesterday. The tipsy lunge with which he rolled up to the table whereon stood that tempting brown jug; the leer of mingled slyness and attempted unconcernedness with which he slid out his furtive thought to the audience, "Some gentleman has left his ale?" then, with an unctuous smack of his lips, jovial and anticipative, adding, "And some other gentleman will drink it!"—all stand present to fancy, vivid and unforgettably.

Still more valuable was Mary Lamb's kindness at a period when she thought she perceived symptoms of an unexplained dejection in her young friend. How gentle

was her sedate mode of reasoning the matter, after delicately touching upon the subject, and endeavoring to draw forth its avowal! More as if mutually discussing and consulting than as if questioning she endeavored to ascertain whether uncertainties or scruples of faith had arisen in the young girl's mind, and had caused her preoccupied abstracted manner. If it were any such source of disturbance, how wisely and feelingly she suggested reading, reflecting, weighing; if but a less deeply-seated depression, how sensibly she advised adopting some object to rouse energy and interest! She pointed out the efficacy of studying a language (she herself at upwards of fifty years of age began the acquirement of French and Italian) as a remedial measure; and advised Victoria to devote herself to a younger brother she had, in the same way that she had attended to her own brother Charles in his infancy, as the wholesomest and surest means of all for cure.

For the way in which Mary Lamb could minister to a stricken mind, witness a letter of hers addressed to a friend,—a mother into whose home death had for the first time come, taking away her last-born child of barely two months old. This letter, sacredly kept in the family of her to whom it was written, is now for the first time given to the eyes of the world. Miss Lamb wrote few letters, and fewer still have been published. But the rareness of her effusions enhance their intrinsic worth, and render it doubly imperative that their gentle beauty of sense and wisdom should not be withheld from general knowledge. The letter bears date merely "Monday, Newington," and the postmark is undecipherable; but it was written in the spring of 1820.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Since we heard of your sad sorrow, you have been perpetually in our thoughts; therefore you may well imagine how welcome your kind remembrance of us must be. I know not how enough to thank you for it. You bid me write a long letter; but my mind is so possessed with the idea that you must be occupied with one only thought, that all trivial matters seem impertinent. I have just been reading again Mr. Hunt's delicious essay,* which I am sure must have come so home to your hearts. I shall always love him for it. I feel that it is all that one can think, but which no one but he could have done so prettily. May he lose the memory of his own babies in seeing them all grow old around him! Together with the recollection of your dear baby, the image of a little sister I once had comes as fresh into my mind as if I had seen her as lately. A little cap with white satin ribbon, grown

* Entitled "Deaths of Little Children," which appeared in *The Indicator* for April 6th, 1820, and which had its origin in the sorrowful event that occasioned Miss Lamb's letter.

yellow with long keeping, and a lock of light hair, were the only relics left of her. The sight of them always brought her pretty fair face to my view, that to this day I seem to have a perfect recollection of her features. I long to see you, and I hope to do so on Tuesday or Wednesday in next week. Percy Street! I love to write the word; what comfortable ideas it brings with it! We have been pleasing ourselves ever since we heard this piece of unexpected good news with the anticipation of frequent drop-in visits, and all the social comfort of what seems almost next-door neighborhood.

Our solitary confinement has answered its purpose even better than I expected. It is so many years since I have been out of town in the spring, that I scarcely knew of the existence of such a season. I see every day some new flower peeping out of the ground, and watch its growth; so that I have a sort of an intimate friendship with each. I know the effect of every change of weather upon them—have learned all their names, the duration of their lives, and the whole progress of their domestic economy. My landlady, a nice active old soul that wants but one year of eighty, and her daughter, a rather aged young gentlewoman, are the only laborers in a pretty large garden; for it is a double house, and two long strips of ground are laid into one, well-stored with fruit-trees, which will be in full blossom the week after I am gone, and flowers, as many as can be crammed in, of all sorts and kinds. But flowers are flowers still; and I must confess I would rather live in Russell Street all my life, and never set my foot but on the London pavement, than be doomed always to enjoy the silent pleasures I now do. We go to bed at ten o'clock. Late hours are life-shortening things; but I would rather run all risks, and sit every night—at some places I could name—wishing in vain at eleven o'clock for the entrance of the supper-tray, than be always up and alive at eight o'clock breakfast as I am here. We have a scheme to reconcile these things. We have an offer of a very low-rented lodging a mile nearer town than this. Our notion is, to divide our time, in alternate weeks, between quiet rest and dear London weariness. We give an answer to-morrow; but what that will be, at this present writing, I am unable to say. In the present state of our undecided opinion, a very heavy rain that is now falling may turn the scale. 'Dear rain, do go away,' and let us have a fine cheerful sunset to argue the matter fairly in. My brother walked seventeen miles yesterday before dinner. And notwithstanding his long walk to and from the office, we walk every evening; but I by no means perform in this way so well as I used to do. A twelve-mile walk one hot Sunday morning made my feet blister, and they are hardly well now. Charles is not yet come home; but he bid me, with many thanks, to present his love to you and all yours, to all whom and to each individually, and to Mr. Novello in particular, I beg to

† Whither Miss Lamb's friend was about to remove her residence from the farther (west) end of Oxford Street.

add mine. With the sincerest wishes for the health and happiness of all,

Believe me ever, dear Mary Sabilla,
Your most affectionate friend,
MARY ANN LAMB."

Many a salutary influence through youth, and many a cherished memory through after-years, did Victoria owe to her early knowledge of Charles Lamb's sister. This revered friend entered so genuinely and sympathetically into the young girl's feelings and interests, that the great condescension in the intercourse was scarcely comprehended by the latter at the time; but as age and experience brought their teaching, she learned to look back upon the gracious kindness shown her in its true light, and she became keenly aware of the high privilege she had once en-

joyed. Actuated by this consciousness, she has felt impelled to record her grateful sense of Mary Lamb's generous genial goodness and noble qualities by relating her own individual recollections of them, and by sharing with others the gratification arising out of their treasured reminiscence.

This Victoria Novello was a namesake of honored Mary Lamb, having been christened "Mary" Victoria. When she married, she abided by her first and simpler baptismal name, as being more in consonance with the good old English (plain, but *clerkly*) surname of her husband, and became known to her readers as

Her faithful servant,
MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

Half-hours of Translation, or Extracts from the best British and American Authors to be rendered into French, and also Passages translated from French contemporary Writers to be reproduced into the original Text. By Alphonse Mariette, M.A., Professor of the French Language and Literature at King's College, London. Relfe Brothers.

PROFESSOR MARIETTE is a teacher without dulness, who adds to a close intimacy with the literature of his own country the relish of a well-read Englishman for English books. The first part of his excellent little volume, entitled *Half-hours of Translation*, is a well-chosen series of extracts from good English writers, very various in style, and in the form of idiom employed. Now it is the prose of Milton, now the prose of Charles Lamb that yields an extract for translation into French, this passage is from Dr. Johnson, that from Mr. Dickens. The range of selection is, in fact, over the whole of the wide field of English prose between the essays of Lord Bacon and those of contemporary journalists. The choice of each extract has been obviously founded not upon its merit more than upon its convertibility into French. Every passage may be so translated that a good translation shall seem to contain not the words only but the thoughts also, and some one of the moods of a Frenchman. In foot-notes, carefully appended to each passage, the labor of the pupil is lightened,—or the work of self-education is assisted,—by the supply of fragments of translation where the two languages differ in idiom. In the second part of the book, Professor Mariette has taken the trouble to translate from contemporary French authors choice illustrations of the French of to-day, and so to translate them that they may by a skilful hand be faithfully returned to France. Here again notes help the student to secure a mastery over French idiom, but the help becomes less frequent as the volume draws towards a close. In the extracts

from French writers there is the same regard paid to variety of tone, and the student who throughout the first part of the book is speaking the thoughts of his own land in the language of a neighbor, in the second part of the book when he does not mistranslate, is actually writing French thoughts in the Frenchman's way.—*Examiner*.

A Zulu-Kafir Dictionary, Etymologically Explained, with copious Illustrations and Examples. By the Rev. J. L. Döhne, Missionary to the American Board.

AN elaborate work, the result of twenty years' labor and investigation among various tribes of Kafirs. It was originally undertaken as a work of love among the Eastern frontier Kafirs, and the author found when he came to Natal that the work had almost to be begun again. At last, after many difficulties, and some patronage not very unlike that which Dr. Johnson encountered with his Dictionary, the author was called to Cape Town under the auspices of Sir George Grey the Governor; and the work was there completed and printed.

The Dictionary is not formed on the plan of a common vocabulary, simply indicating the parts of speech to which the words belong, and interpreting their meaning. The object of the author is to connect the Kafir tongue with the other languages of Africa, and forward the higher purpose of furnishing a contribution towards tracing languages to one primæval origin. His plan was to track every word up to its root; and this of course formed his great difficulty. For ethnographical objects the proceeding was necessary; nor can it be considered labor in vain, for to the philologist the most barbarous language is interesting, as indicative of the social and mental state of the people who use it. For itself, the Kafir language and its products seem scarcely worth the pains.—*Spectator*.

From the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.
PAINTING BY COMPULSION.

An artist of talent who has been making studies in Algeria, has recently arrived in Paris, bringing from his artistic expedition real treasures of research and study; landscapes, monuments, interiors, types of all races, costumes, animals and stuffs. He has observed and collected every thing, studied every thing, with intelligence and with his pencil, and has the materials for making a multitude of fine and curious pictures.

He has brought also many things as mere curiosities, and among these is a set of very exact copies made by him of some original paintings which decorate one of the pleasure houses of the ancient days, situated some hour's distance from Algiers.

The copies at first appear singular, and they are so in fact; but the circumstances under which the originals were executed, are still more remarkable.

It was in the first years of the present century. The Dey of Algiers took a fancy to collect in the Court of the Kasaba all the European captives that he had at that time in his power. He ranged them in a line and passed them slowly in review before him—

"Do you know how to paint?" he asked abruptly the first captive. "No" replied the prisoner, "I don't know how to paint." The Dey made a sign and a slave, armed with a long yatagan, made the head of the captive fly.

"Do you know how to paint?" asked the Dey of the second prisoner. The latter, frightened at the spectacle he had just seen, covered with blood, and not understanding very well the question, opened his eyes wide without making any answer. At a signal his head flew off like that of the first.

At the question, "Do you know how to paint?" the third, frightened out of his wits, answered, "Yes, I believe I do, I think that"—"Ah, you are not sure," said the Dey, and a third head rolled in the dust.

"Do you know how to paint?" asked the Dey, smiling, of the fourth prisoner. This fourth captive was a bold and fearless Parisian, formerly a Paris street-boy, who had very often stopped before the doors of wine merchants or restaurateurs to see sign painters illustrating the outside with bottles and full glasses, legs of bacon and venison pies. "Do I know how to paint," cried he. "Certainly I do; am the best pupil of the illustrious David, painter to the Emperor. What do you

wish for, most mild and clement Dey, speak and be obeyed." "You shall know immediately what I want," said the Dey, and went on with the review.

The example of the Parisian had taught the others what was to be done. All replied that they knew how to paint. The Dey, enchanted with the success of his measures, put all the painters, there were about thirty, under the orders of the Parisian; he then led this battalion of impromptu artists to one of his pleasure-palaces, and directed them to ornament the walls with paintings like those which decorate the palaces of European sovereigns.

"I wish you to paint Mecca, the tomb of the Prophet, my principal naval victories, and then anything you please, provided the paintings be worthy of me if they are not, I will cut off all your heads."

"Light of lights you shall be satisfied," replied the Parisian.

Colors and brushes were sent for, and our artists went to work. The Parisian was not destitute of imagination. The Mussulman religion forbidding the representation of the human form, the task was very much simplified. He painted the sea and naval battles, where ships were to be seen but not a sailor. Bullets and bombs were crossing each other in the air, which was darkened by smoke and reddened by fire, but not an artilleryman was seen at the pieces.

Calling to his aid the recollections of his childhood, he made skies of one bright blue, in which he placed Mr. Sun, Madame Moon, and the Miss Stars. Then he painted the great phenomena of nature—storms, torrents, volcanoes in eruption, vomiting flame and smoke. The Parisian and his battalion of painters made use of the most lively and crude colors, the effect produced was not very harmonious, but it was striking. The Dey was enchanted.

Happily, strangers who were connoisseurs in painting, never penetrating into this pleasure palace, the voluptuous retreat where the favorites of the Dey passed the summer season, no criticism was made, and the Parisian passed in the eyes of the Dey, for one of the greatest painters in France. Not only he and his assistants kept their heads upon their shoulders, but to reward them the Dey bestowed upon them their liberty.

It is these paintings which have been copied by a real artist. Strange as they are, there are some of them which show a singular intelligence on the part of the Parisian. These pictures are, moreover, very interesting specimens of what can be done, by the most absolute inexperience, and the most complete ignorance of art, having to contend with necessity and strengthened with the sentiment of the preservation of life.

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